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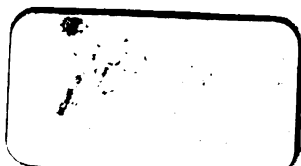
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THE
CONTINENT
IN 1835.
SKETCHES

IN
BELGIUM, GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, SAVOY,
AND FRANCE;

INCLUDING HISTORICAL NOTICES;

AND
STATEMENTS RELATIVE TO THE EXISTING ASPECT OF THE
PROTESTANT RELIGION IN THOSE COUNTRIES.

BY JOHN HOPPUS, M. A.

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IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

VOL. I.

LONDON
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1836.

331. ~~III~~



LONDON

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PREFACE.

HE who ventures to add to the list of travels, over regions that have become familiar to so many who leave their native shores in quest of health, or relaxation, may, perhaps, hazard, from some, the imputation of vanity, or presumption.

Others may be disposed to a more lenient construction of his motives:—he received, it may be, intense gratification from many of the objects which came under his observation:—they appeared to him invested with as great a charm of novelty, as though no one had trodden the same ground before him; and this might have been the impulse which prompted him to compose his journal on the spot, and afterwards to begin transcribing it,—originally with the view of fixing in his mind, by a permanent record, scenes which he might never more revisit. After some attention had been devoted to this review of his notes, the impression might

easily be felt, that he had materials for a volume, which might gratify some indulgent friends,—especially if they themselves had thrown into the scale, the weight of their own expressed wishes for some details.

In a manner similar to this, the author has been induced to submit the following pages to the candour of his readers: and it occurred to him that by adding some compendious historical notices, connected with the several countries, he might render the publication in some degree instructive to Young People; and that by interspersing an ordinary subject with references to that which, of all others, is the most momentous in its bearing on the welfare of nations, and of individuals—the State and Progress of Religion, his work might not be destitute of a Moral Use.

If the author has expressed himself freely respecting the Roman Catholic religion, or the tenets that have been avowed by many of the Protestants on the Continent, he has taken the common liberty of giving utterance to his own views of Truth:—but it is his entire conviction that no body of men ought to suffer any inconvenience whatever, as members of the State, on account of their religious opinions,—or their mode of worship, so long as the latter does not necessarily involve, in itself, some overt breach of public order, or morality. Argument and persuasion are

the only proper weapons of Truth, and perfect Religious Liberty is the best arena on which she may achieve her triumphs. To withhold equal civil rights, benefits, or advantages, from any portion of our fellow-men, on account of religion, is bigotry, intolerance, and persecution:—to regard all religious opinions alike, is incompatible with maintaining the idea of a Revelation.

London, July, 1836.



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SKETCHES ON THE CONTINENT,

IN 1835.

LETTER I.

Voyage; and its contrast with one in August 1835—Landing in Belgium—Ostend—Siege of 1601—Travelling—Romanism in Belgium—Military mass at St. Peter's—English Church—Sunday Evening—Canal, and country—Bruges—Nunnery—Churches—Academy—Former prosperity, and subsequent decay of the city—Passage to Ghent—Superstition—Approach to Ghent—Ancient grandeur of Belgium—Ghent—Its vast size—Costume—Churches, and charge for funeral masses—Town-house—Grand Mass at the Cathedral in honour of Leopold's accession—Splendour of the church—Costly pulpit—Anecdote of Napoleon and the Ghent clergy—Public library and garden—Charles V.'s cannon—Trade.

MY DEAR FRIEND: An evening in July, 1835, saw our party on board the Earl of Liverpool steam-boat; with the advantage before us of sleep-

ing away part of the voyage. I rose at an early hour, and found that we had advanced far down the river, and were rapidly gliding on, with the water as smooth as glass, and every prospect of a delightful passage to Ostend.

How different the scene—when, two summers ago, some of us crossed the same sea, from Antwerp to the Thames, at the commencement of that awful storm which bestrewed the shores of the Channel with the wrecks of so many vessels, and caused so many human beings to drink death in the briny wave; and among the rest, the unhappy convicts who crowded the decks of the *Amphitrite*!—Then a wild, ominous blackness, and a chill whistling blast, at the outset of our voyage, were the presages of a sea that ran fearfully high, and swept over our deck, so as to imprison us all closely in the cabin; while the rapid and thundering pulsations of the steam-engine contending with the fury of the adverse winds and waves, the heaving and straining of the vessel, and her incessant rolling and clashing with the billows—added considerable apprehension of danger to the distressing malady of the sea.—Night then closed on an increasing storm, and the friendly beacons looked dim on the shore, long ere we were permitted to reach it—having escaped, by the gracious providence of Heaven, the more hair-breadth danger that awaited the passengers in the *Talbot*, from

Ostend, whom the merest casualty had prevented us from joining; and who, after bearing all the brunt of the storm for two whole nights and the intervening day, were wrecked in the harbour from which they had set out; some being washed into the sea out of the small boat, though happily without loss of life.

But now all was the reverse—a brilliant sun—a calm, luxurious atmosphere, breathing but a zephyr over the mighty expanse, without sensibly affecting the motion of the vessel; which moved so steadily along, that but for the sound of the rushing water, we might almost have imagined ourselves propelled across the surface of a vast solid mirror, whose varied and ever-changing tints blended beautifully with the reflected azure of the heavens. An agreeable company of between thirty and forty persons, the placid easy countenances of the helmsman and the sailors, and the quiet leisure air that pervaded the whole party, conspired with the weather to give a character to this voyage, in no way more formidable than that of a trip on the Clyde from Glasgow to Dumbarton, or from London to Richmond on the Thames. —The declining sun was pouring an undiminished flood of golden light upon the sea behind us, when our near approach to the low flat shore of OSTEND, and the foreign appearance of the church, the lighthouse, and the town-hall, announced that we

had measured the gulf which has been the appointed guardian of Britain's independence; and has proved to her a more powerful defence than a rampart of Alps, or a standing army equal to the hosts of Xerxes. The distance from London is about one hundred and thirty miles, but land was not out of sight more than two or three hours.

This harbour is one of the finest in Europe: and the basin and the sluices, chiefly the work of Joseph II. of Austria, deserve notice. The town itself is very strongly fortified, recalling to the mind the deeds of war, of which it has been the scene—especially that memorable siege, begun in 1601, which ended, after three years, in its capitulation to Albert of Austria, to whom the Netherlands were given with the Infanta of Spain, by Philip II. In enforcing the claim of Albert, 80,000 Spaniards perished in the trenches of Ostend; 50,000 of the inhabitants, and of the garrison, fell victims to famine, pestilence, and the sword; and the conquerors were at length masters, not of a town, but of a heap of ruins. Such is the devastation of war!

The walk between the ramparts and the sea is magnificent, and is the great point of attraction during the bathing season; and the sea-view, along an extensive shore of sand, is exceedingly fine. The town is respectable in its appearance, and the

size of many of its buildings gives it an imposing air.—Here began that interminable annoyance to the English traveller, the passport and searching system. This settled—and the scramble for us among the inn-keepers' agents over—we were comfortably domiciliated, with about a dozen other English people, at the *Cour Impériale*. Some of the party with whom we had crossed the water, set off immediately for Brussels; and the clumsy and inelegant carriage that was provided for them, drawn by horses of unequal height, very indifferently harnessed, and with rope traces, reminded us that we were no longer in our own land. The large white caps of the women, the hoods of their black cloaks, used instead of bonnets, and the appearance and sound of their wooden shoes, tended to confirm the impression that all around us was foreign.

To the English, who, happily, are not accustomed to see Popery as a national religion, the churches on the continent, almost always open, are objects of curious, and often of painful interest. Belgium, from the times of the Spanish dominion, and the terrors of the Spanish sword in support of Romanism, became almost proverbial for bigotry and superstition; and it may seem extraordinary that the present pope is reported to have declared, that the two countries which now give him the most satisfaction, are Belgium and America;—

for it is said that in America, the Jesuits have made not a little impression by their schools.

St. Peter's church is showily ornamented in the interior with images and pictures, but contains little that is remarkable. We observed at the altar of the Virgin, many small waxen models of arms, legs, teeth, and the like; which had been hung up as offerings in her honour, for cures supposed to have been received through her agency: the same was the case at other altars. In this way do these poor devotees worship the creature rather than the Creator! On the outside of the church, in carved and painted wood, is a horrible representation of purgatory. The poor wretches are seen tortured in a flaming dungeon, and their countenances have a truly piteous expression of beseeching agony. An inscription in Flemish appeared to be an appeal to the compassion of the passer by, to help the miserable souls in purgatory, by money and good works! There is also outside the north door, in a glass case, an image of the Virgin, as large as life, attired in a flowing white-muslin veil; a long taper is placed on each side, which, if lighted, in so narrow a space, would apparently expose *our lady* to no small danger, and might render necessary the manufacture of another goddess. Beneath this case is an inscription, stating that the Holy Virgin is the *help of man, particularly in death!* This is the common doctrine of popery,

and the Virgin may, without much allowance for figure, be said to be the great idol of the Romish community. There is also, in another case, an image of Christ; or, in the language of the Catholics, a *bon Dieu*; and at each of these two places, as well as at the Purgatory, is a strong chest, with a chink for money: the Virgin, however, seemed to have more visitors than either the Saviour or the tormented souls.

It was Saturday evening when we arrived at Ostend. On the following morning, previously to attending the Protestant service, we again looked into the church to witness the Catholic worship. A regiment of soldiers marched in, with drums beating, and took their position in the middle aisle. At the moment when the priest appeared in his gorgeous mantle at the altar, bowing in solitary pomp before the holy symbol, the drums saluted him with a sort of *rappel*, which continued for some time. The effect, viewed as connected with the professed worship of God, was irreverent in the extreme. Mass began, and the soldiers still wore their caps, and appeared totally indifferent to the service, as though it were not *meant* for *them*. The officers, especially, in their gay regimentals, seemed very smiling and careless. The service was the military mass, and was very short; for, in these parts, soldiers appear to be a sort of privileged beings; even religion must accommodate itself to

their convenience ; and it is too evident that their profession is but ill-adapted to cherish habits of devotion. They certainly did not seem to take the smallest interest in what was going on, any more than if they had been keeping guard in a Hindoo temple : the people in general, however, with whom the church was filled, were apparently very devout. It is impossible not to pity the people ;— they so often appear simple and sincere : but to believe that the priests do not know better, is felt to be a somewhat greater demand on charity ; though we should never forget to make allowances for their very exclusive and bigoted education.

We now repaired to the English episcopal church—a plain, neat place, without galleries, but containing a small organ, and capable of holding about three hundred persons ; which is more than double the number that was present. The sermon was practical and useful, and was delivered in a very distinct and becoming manner. There is a pew in this church appropriated to the king ; and we were told that when Leopold comes to Ostend, he appears to join devoutly in the Protestant service. The Archbishop of Mechlin, however, was employed to baptize the heir apparent to the Belgian crown : this was one of those compromises, in a Protestant Prince, which may be regarded, perhaps, as a necessary piece of *worldly policy* ; but even the stability of a throne is dearly purchased.

by such a sacrifice.—Many of the shops were open, and others half-open, during the day; but in the afternoon, all semblance of the Christian sabbath appeared to be thrown off; the coffee-houses and public-places were crowded; and, later in the evening, all the children and young girls of the place seemed to be gathered together for the purpose of dancing.

Early on the following morning, we were on our way to Bruges, on board the *Elégante Messagère*, a very convenient vessel, drawn along a magnificent canal, by horses on its bank, through a very flat, but rich and well-cultivated country. Not far from Ostend, were pointed out the remains of one of the old mills for sawing timber, of which there were twenty in a row, during the period of the Belgic wealth and industry; but the French destroyed these machines, or took away their works, at the time of the great revolution. Yet, though the trade, and the glory of the olden days of Belgium, are departed, the fertility of nature remains, and our eyes were greeted by the plentiful harvest, now standing in luxuriant sheaves in the beautiful corn-fields; while, here and there, the sound of the matin-bell was obeyed by neatly-dressed worshippers, repairing along the banks of the canal to church. Protestants might learn many lessons from Roman Catholics; and, among the rest, their habit of early devotion.

BRUGES pleased us much: it is situated in a rich plain, about twelve miles from Ostend; and is a very fine city,—exceedingly clean, and with a considerable appearance of business. The lofty and curious tower of the 'Town-House, in the spacious square, is a striking object, consisting of two structures,—the lower being square, and supporting another which is octangular; and the brilliant and musical *carillon*, or chimes, the finest it is said in Belgium, which are continually telling in shrill, yet harmonious tones, of the lapse of time, unite with the antiquated and sombre grandeur of many of the buildings, to lend to the scene an impression of romance. In the convent of St. Jean, to which we obtained admission, some beautiful old paintings were shown, which carried us back four hundred years, into the midnight depths of superstition. The dress of the nuns presented another unaltered feature of the Romish dominion over mind and conscience. In the gallery of the gloomy chapel, which is paved with black and white marble, the inmates, who are in number twenty-two, were chanting in a tone which sounded dolorous and servile, and any thing but the accent of happy, cheerful piety: it was like the mechanical responses of charity children, but vastly more plaintive; and we fancied that these poor recluses could not fail to draw many a painful contrast between their own formal

and monotonous existence, and the light-heartedness they witness in those travellers whom curiosity attracts to their dull convent.

The churches in this city are fine. St. Anne's is a handsome building in the Grecian style, and was under repair. The cathedral of St. Donato is a large and massive, but somewhat inharmonious structure, containing the tomb of John Van Eyck, the inventor of painting in oil,—two of whose pictures are here. The interior of this church, as well as that of Nôtre Dame, is richly ornamented with paintings, and with carved altars, pulpits, and confessionals. Nôtre Dame and Saint Salvador are both numerously peopled with statues. In the former were uncovered the magnificent tombs of Charles the Bold, and his daughter Mary, of the house of Burgundy; which, in the fifteenth century, united in itself the petty sovereignties of the Netherlands. These gorgeous sepulchres present the figures of the duke and his daughter, of copper gilt, in a reclining posture; and were repaired by order of Napoleon. This church is also said to contain the splendid vestments of Thomas à Becket, adorned with precious stones; but we did not see these memorials of that proud, ambitious saint. It has also one of those magnificently carved pulpits, so frequent in the Netherlands, which a Protestant can scarcely gaze on without thinking of the

contrast there is between the simplicity of the gospel and the pomp of some of these half-heathen temples. The splendour of St. Salvador in candelabra, altars, marble, and paintings, is extreme: the screen, of black and white marble, is furnished with gates of brass; and the walls of the church are adorned with the productions of the genius of Van Os, of Cels, and of Vandyke. Here were exposed for sale, wax tapers, models of saints, and their legendary tales in the form of small tracts. Several of the tapers were purchased by devotees, and immediately placed before some favourite image. A party of women entered the church, and either to save trouble, or exhibit friendship, one dipped her finger into the holy water, and gave a hasty touch to the rest: this sufficed as a preparation for approach to the altar. In all these churches are chests, some of them very large, placed before the pictures and altars; indeed, scarcely a saint is without his money-box.

Bruges was once eminently distinguished for the fine arts; and it still possesses an academy containing some fine old paintings, and a handsome room for the sittings of the members. The *tragical* generally leaves a more powerful impression on the mind than the beautiful; and one piece here struck us as peculiarly horrible, representing a man being flayed alive, in the most formal and solemn manner, by several executioners; but the history

of this painting we did not learn, as the woman who attended us could speak not a word of any thing but Flemish.—The number of priests seen walking in the streets of this city, the very marked appearance which their black robes and cocked hats give to them, their courtly and perpetual bows to the citizens, and their politeness to strangers, stamp a decided character on the scene, which cannot fail to be felt by the traveller who has recently left England.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Bruges was the mart of nations; and during the period of its prosperity, a forest of shipping might be seen in its port of Sluys. It was a leading city of the Hanseatic league, which was a confederation of sixty towns for the protection and advancement of commerce; and here was the grand dépôt of their naval stores. The merchants of all nations had their magazines and their consuls, in this place—the heart of European trade; and eighteen Gothic mansions, adorned with towers, statues, and coats of arms, still remain, as memorials of the past, to testify what was once the commercial glory and the wealth of Bruges. The queen of France, when in this city in 1301, is said to have exclaimed, ‘I thought I should have been the only queen here; I find, however, there are hundreds more.’ But luxury and pride, in connexion with political dissensions, and

quarrels with the ruling powers, proved the ruin of this immense trade; and, like Tyre of old, Bruges fell from her envied and dangerous elevation. The Hanseatic league withdrew their factories from the place, in a great measure on account of the haughty and overbearing spirit manifested towards them by the citizens; and Maximilian of Austria, husband of the sole daughter and heiress of Charles the Bold, blocked up the port. Bruges never recovered this blow, though it has still a considerable trade, and is a flourishing town. Many retired merchants reside here; and many English families have selected Bruges as their residence, considering it one of the cheapest and most agreeable places of abode.

Another boat took us to Ghent, through a country still more richly cultivated, and considerably wooded. This canal is not so wide as that between Ostend and Bruges; but the landscape is prettier, and more enclosed, often adorned with rows of trees along the water side, and occasionally interspersed with quantities of linen, the industry of the country, bleaching on the banks; while the vessels we every now and then met, of the same description as our own, coming from Ghent, added life and bustle to the otherwise magnificent monotony of these straight and unvarying canals. Another circumstance, however, tended to relieve the dullness, though

not in the most pleasant way; for one of our track-horses suddenly became restive, and kicked and plunged in such a manner as to be within a little of thrusting the two other horses, and the driver, down the high and steep bank into the water; the vessel at the same time was violently jerked, so as almost to throw us, for the moment, off our feet; but the rope was instantly detached, and after ten minutes' delay we proceeded in safety: the same horse, we were told, had, a few days before, dragged the two others into the canal. Most of the horses we saw in this part of Belgium were large and powerful; and the wagons had an antique, but not inelegant appearance.—Everywhere in this fine country you either see the sombre and monastic remnants of former superstition, in the ancient and heavy buildings which remain as its representatives; or you trace its lingering forms on the living population. We had observed that many of the young women of the country wore a ring on the fourth finger of the right hand; this we were informed by a very intelligent lady on board, is used as a kind of *charm*,—it having been *blessed by the priest*, and being designed to drive away from the wearer all evil! Is it possible that the priests can believe this?

As we approached GHENT, several country seats adorned the banks of the canal; and the

sun, which was setting immediately behind us, poured along the extended line of water a glowing but chastened radiance, and beautifully illuminated the distant vista; which with the richness of the fields and plantations, formed a scene of quiet glory; and as the light diminished, the double lines of trees extending for a league in length up to Ghent, and a massy tower closing the view, and reflected in the water with the dark foliage of the trees on both sides, produced, as we drew nearer, an effect of peculiar solemnity and grandeur. The shadows of the past seemed to hover over the scene; and fancy could not but dwell upon the times of which these canals are the splendid monuments:—the Burgundian and Spanish dynasties seemed present to imagination;—the former splendour and opulence of a country that possessed resources greater than any other part of the vast empire of Charles V.;—the cruelties of the Spanish dominion;—the deep and murderous bigotry of the papal church, aided by the arm of the civil power;—the atrocities of the infamous Duke of Alva;—and whatever memory recalled that was illustrious, or tragical, in the history of this remarkable country; which, especially in this part of it, seems to the traveller to abound in images and memorials of decayed grandeur.

It was the dusk of the evening before we arrived at the *Hotel de Flandre*, having been seven hours

travelling about thirty miles—the distance from Bruges. The charge for four persons, was eight francs, or scarcely twenty pence each;—from Ostend to Bruges only seven francs and a half, including breakfast: these conveyances, however, are certainly somewhat tedious, but the country is seen to more advantage than from the inside of a carriage. The next morning we set out to explore some parts of this vast city, which is three miles in length, and about seven in circumference, with a population of eighty thousand. This town was once larger than Paris, which led to the *bon-mot* of Charles V., who said he could put all Paris into his glove, (Gand.) Almost all the women we met in the streets wore cloaks which seemed far more adapted to winter than to an oppressively hot day in summer. We also observed that, generally, they had ornaments, apparently of gold, such as chains, clasps, and rings. Ghent might employ the traveller a week, but we could spare no more than a day. It is much larger than Bruges, but less pleasing in its general appearance; though the views of the massy ranges of buildings from some of its three hundred bridges over the canals which surround it, and from some other points, are fine. In the church of St. Michael, the objects that struck us were eleven rich and splendid altars; an *ecce homo*, or a statue of Christ crowned with thorns; Vandyke's beautiful painting of the cru-

cifixion; and some other pieces of great merit:—in short, finer efforts of the pencil, ancient and modern, than we had before seen since we landed. The nave of this edifice is admired for its bold and imposing effect. The organ also is remarkable, resembling a large shrine—an idea that has been imitated in the beautiful new church at Margate. The interior of St. Nicholas is handsome:—but that of the church of the Dominicans presented a striking exhibition of decay; its old pictures, altars, and ornaments, all being faded in the extreme. Our guide, who seemed intelligent, and not very well affected towards the priests, informed us, while in this church, that they are frequently very exorbitant in their charges for masses for the dead; and that the expense of the highest funeral service amounts to an enormous sum.

The university, founded in 1816, is a handsome edifice, with a numerous staff of professors, and four or five hundred students: it contains a very fine hall with a number of pictures highly worth seeing, among which are many modern works. The Town-Hall is magnificent and immense, with a front which has nearly a hundred windows: this splendid edifice, however, is too much confined to be seen to advantage. The deep and sonorous sound of the bell of the ancient Belfry Tower, the lower part of which is

used as a prison, now arrested our attention ; and we found that this day was the fourth anniversary of the accession of Leopold. We hastened to the splendid cathedral of St. Bavon, rich in black and white marble ; and in this land of costly churches one of the finest. At eleven o'clock a most pompous mass began, performed by richly-dressed priests, and accompanied with the musical thunder of the pealing organ reverberating through the aisles ; so that the whole effect was very striking. But, oh—to call this divine worship ! some people were walking about ; some crossing themselves at the receptacle for holy water ; some gazing at the magnificent altars ; others down on their knees praying by themselves, and appearing to have no sympathy with the general service. The church was crowded with military, who as they stood in their ranks down the nave, talked and laughed in the most unconcerned manner possible. It was truly a strange mixture of a holiday, with all the genuflections, and bowings, and mummeries of popery. The church was hung with pictures in tapestry ; and the Bishop of Ghent, attended by a great number of his clergy, was present on the occasion, in his robes and mitre, as the great hierophant of these unmeaning ceremonies, which were also attended by the municipal authorities. We obtained a very good place, not far from the high altar, and had an excellent view of the whole

affair, which was certainly showy enough;—but as a religious service truly melancholy. When mass was over, the bishop passed down the aisle between the soldiers to give them his blessing; which, to judge from appearances, they did not very highly value. We were now at leisure to survey the church, which has no less than twenty-four side chapels, adorned with a profusion of pictures, and rich in brass and marble. The pulpit, of oak and white marble, is beautiful, and is supported by several large white marble figures of admirable expression: it cost, said the man who attended us, 120,000 florins, upwards of 10,000*l.*—a goodly price for a pulpit, and one that might have sufficed for several apostolic churches! There are also, here, some fine tombs, especially that of Bishop Trieste, who gave the four splendid candelabra near the altar:—the statue of the bishop is admirable.

Perhaps there are few incidents which convey to the mind a stronger impression of the absolute authority of the great modern autocrat—the deposer and the maker of potentates and powers, civil and ecclesiastical, than the anecdote related of him by Mr. Boyce, in his ‘*Belgian Traveller*.’ The Prince of Broglio, Bishop of Ghent, had offended Napoleon; who, in consequence, imprisoned him, and supplied his place by a successor. The indignant clergy would not say

mass with the new bishop, nor in any way acknowledge his authority. The imperial autocrat, with his usual despatch, immediately ordered the ecclesiastics, to the number of two hundred and seventy, to be marched off to Antwerp, to work at the fortifications then going on at that place! —Who, in Europe, in the nineteenth century, could have ventured on such a command, but either the Czar of all the Russias, from his icy palace on the Neva;—or the Turk under the sanction of the scymitar and the holy crescent;—or Buonaparte himself!

We visited the public library, formerly the church of a convent, and well adapted for the reception of ten thousand volumes: it is furnished with a curious machine for using a great many books together, and turning them, as convenience may require, with no danger of their falling off. The shades of the Botanic garden near the library, were very grateful after the intense heat of the town. On returning to the inn, we passed near the linen market, or *Marché de Vendredi*, the enormous cannon, eighteen feet long and three wide, which Charles V. placed here, to keep the citizens in awe. The town has grown up around the old castle in which this monarch was born: it has been a place of prodigious trade, and still carries on manufactures to a great extent.

LETTER II.

Road to Antwerp through the Pays de Waes—Traces of the siege of 1832—Changed feeling towards Catholic clergy, and remark of Bishop Hall—Expense of travelling—Passage across the Scheldt from the Tête de Flandre—Antwerp—Hotel d'Antoine—Former vast trade, and wealth—Cathedral—Quintin Matsys—Church of the Dominicans, and its Calvary, and Purgatory—Church of the Jesuits—Museum—Citadel—Bombardment of the city by the Dutch in 1830—Siege and capture of the citadel by the French in 1832—Impressive effect of contrast—Waelham—Mechlin—Cathedral; its massy pulpit—Vilvorde—William Tyndale—Anticipations from the rail-road system—Brussels—Hotel de Brabant—Passport—Town-house—St. Gudule—Extraordinary pulpit—Jubilee of two hundred and fifty years in honour of the Très-Saint Sacrement de Miracle; and the origin of this festival—Ignorance—Manner in which devotions are sometimes performed—Nôtre Dame—St. Jacques—Park—Peter the Great—Palace of the Prince of Orange—Palace of the States General—Museum—Université Libre de Belgique.

MY DEAR FRIEND: On leaving the great and important city of Ghent, we passed through the towns of Lokeren and St. Nicholas, to Antwerp. This country, which is called the PAYS DE WAES, is famed as a complete model of agricultural industry. Every part is in the highest state of cultivation,

and bears traces of the immense and unwearied labour, which has overcome the natural sterility of the sandy soil, and has rendered this tract a continued garden; it is scattered over with houses, and occasionally a handsome château presents itself. The roads are paved, in consequence of the looseness of the soil, which occasions a great deal of dust. The country is much enclosed, and there is an abundance of hemp and flax. Some lace-makers sitting at their doors at work on the pillow, reminded us of some parts of England. As we approached Antwerp the scene entirely changed; large tracts being covered with sand, and the inundations which remain, presenting a gloomy contrast of the wasting effects which have followed in the train of war, to the cheerful results of human industry; for these desolations, having the appearance of widely-extended lakes and marshes, were occasioned by the Dutch cutting through the dykes, during the late siege, in order to lay the country under water.

We had three or four priests, as fellow-travellers, in another part of the diligence, each with a book under his arm, and looking very clerical; every time the diligence stopped they immediately got down, and went into the inn; and on inquiring the cause which, in perfect simplicity, we thought might be some Romish errand, we were amused at the reply of a lady who travelled with us, in the

interior, *Ah Monsieur, les prêtres ont toujours soif !* The public feeling towards the priests, even in this favourite land of popery, is changed since the time when, upwards of two centuries ago, good Bishop Hall thought himself in danger, at Antwerp, in gazing on a procession of holy fathers, in consequence of his 'willing unreverence;' had not, as he says, 'the hulk of a tall Brabanter*' shadowed' him from notice. As a specimen of the travelling charges, by diligence, in this country, it may be stated that we paid twenty-two francs, in the *intérieur*, or about four and sixpence each; the distance is thirty-two miles. The most disagreeable part of this journey was crossing the Scheldt, in a small crowded boat, from the *Tête de Flandre* to Antwerp, which in rough weather, must be a great inconvenience, as the distance is nearly half a mile. The lofty tower of the cathedral, rearing itself to heaven in solitary pre-eminence, has a remarkable effect across the water. The magnificent *Hotel d'Antoine* in the *Place Verte* received us. At the table d'hôte some very free remarks were made respecting Leopold; and the impression appeared to be that he was not very firmly seated on the throne—but time will prove;—his alliance with France is certainly his palladium.

ANTWERP is a most imposing city: the quays and basin are grand works, constructed by Napoleon :

* Jones's Life of Bishop Hall.

the *Place de Mer*, in which is a royal mansion, is considered one of the most magnificent streets in Europe; and the stately, antique edifices, which here and elsewhere rear themselves, as the representatives of ages that are past, have a solemn and impressive effect, and silently record the story of departed greatness. But the general appearance of the city is much injured by the intermixture of sumptuous buildings with inferior houses; and the want of pavement is greatly felt here, as is the case in many continental towns. The splendid Town-House, in the great market-place, may be regarded as the tomb of Antwerp's glory;—for its date, of the latter part of the sixteenth century, is coeval with that of the decay of the commerce of what was once the paragon of cities. The Exchange, which furnished the model of that of London, was built at the beginning of the same century.

When the trade of Bruges declined, Antwerp rose at the expense of the sister emporium; the Italian, Hanseatic, and English merchants, were now seen to frequent the Scheldt; and in the time of Charles V. this city became the liveliest, the most commercial, and the most splendid in Europe. From the waters that paid their homage to its renown, the fruits of Flemish industry found their way to Arabia and the East; the productions of both the Indies, of Turkey, and of all trading countries from north to south, might be seen in its vast magazines, and

its crowded markets; and Flemish bills were accepted in every quarter of the globe. In the middle of the 16th century, the Scheldt often bore on its bosom, at the same time, two thousand sail of merchantmen; and it was not uncommon for five hundred, daily, to enter and leave the port; while the weekly arrivals of carts and wagons, from various parts of the continent, were prodigious, and almost surpassing belief. The fortunes of the Antwerp merchants were such as kings might envy; and it is related that when Charles V. had accepted an invitation to dine with one of them, of whom he had borrowed nearly a million sterling, the citizen-Cræsus threw the security into the fire, saying, that the honour his imperial guest had done him was equal to the value of the bill. But Antwerp was destined to see the wane of her glory: civil despotism, and ecclesiastical oppression, under the galling yoke of Rome-ridden Spain, combined with the scourge of war, destroyed her immense trade; and she has been for centuries but the shadow of her former self.

The cathedral is a magnificent gothic pile, of vast dimensions, with a tower of exquisite proportion and beauty, and the loftiest but one in Europe; from which, on a former visit to this place, on the way to Holland, I enjoyed a view, to an immense extent, of a very flat, highly cultivated, and populous country. The nave of this church is con-

sidered to be unrivalled in Belgium; and as there is no screen, the view is uninterrupted, and on entering, the fine effect of the spacious interior is at once felt. An immense number of vaulted arcades are supported by massive pillars, to form the aisles, which are more numerous than in most of the cathedrals in Christendom. The absence of showy ornament adds much to the impression, which, as you enter at the west door, is chiefly that of simple majesty and grandeur. Here are Rubens's celebrated pictures, the *Elevation of the Cross*, and the *Descent*. The painting of the *Descent from the Cross*, in the north transept, attracts all eyes: the ghastly but superhuman countenance of the dead Saviour, and the deeply impressive effect of the whole scene, strongly arrest the amateur, whatever defects the professional connoisseur may detect in this master-piece. The *Ascension of the Virgin*, also by Rubens, adorns the high altar. There are some other beautiful pieces by the same and other hands, among which is a head of Christ, in the chapel of the Virgin, painted on marble by Vandyke. The superb organ; the pulpit; the marble pavement of the choir; the admirable imitation of bas-relief, in painting, at the back of the high altar; the exquisitely-sculptured tomb of Bishop Ambrose Cappello, by Verbruggen; the altar-piece; the candelabra, and the supporters of the cross, at the

altar; a picture of the agony in the garden, in a side chapel, with a striking expression of resignation; some relics of saints; and, to crown the whole, the figure of the Virgin as large as life, holding in her hand a large doll, representing the child Jesus, both being dressed in a very costly manner, with candles burning before them,—were the principal remaining objects that attracted our attention, in surveying this proud and spacious temple of error. Near the west front of the church, is the ornamental iron pump, made by the famous blacksmith, Quintin Matsys, before his love for the daughter of Flors made him a painter, in order to conciliate the good-will of her father, himself an artist. The tomb of Matsys, near the same spot, bears the inscription, *Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem*.

The church of the Dominicans is exceedingly handsome; and the orange-trees which were placed regularly under the arches had a very pleasing effect. Here was an immense and magnificent organ, many pictures of scenes in the life of Christ, splendid confessionals, all supported by saints and angels in carved wood, beautifully executed; some fine statues; a figure of St. Eligius with his unapostolic mitre, and living devotees bowing before him; and everywhere money-boxes: one of the figures which support the pulpit had an aperture, oddly enough, cut in his breast to receive

contributions. The outside of this church, and the backs of a number of houses, form an open space, which is the most popular resort of superstition in Antwerp; being a very remarkable specimen of those contrivances called *Calvaries*. In the corner of the area or court, at the end of the path leading across it, rock upon rock is piled up to a great height, in rude and striking, though artificial grandeur; and the whole place is crowded with statues of scriptural, legendary, and angelic personages. On the top of the dark rocks is the Saviour, on the cross; many yards below, an angel is catching, in a chalice, a large stream of blood which is made to pour from his side; and under a rude arch at the base of the rocks, and below the level of the ground, is the holy sepulchre, where lies an image of Christ, pale and enshrouded in death, like a corpse laid out. A little to the left, in a gloomy recess, is represented all that imagination can conceive of the horrors of the purgatorial torment—agonized wretches with the most ghastly expression of countenance, are confined in the midst of fierce, red flames, behind bars of massy strength, and seem, from the dungeon of their tortures, to cast imploring looks on the spectators; who, if Catholics, very readily understand the meaning to be a request for a prayer on their behalf, or for alms to procure masses for their deliverance from this fiery prison! The cloisters

of the church lead to this superstitious spot, and people were continually coming in and going out, who explained to us the various objects in reverential whispers. Here, one would be kneeling at a distance, with arms outstretched towards the scene of the crucifixion; another pondering at the sepulchre; and a third crossing himself, as he entered the place where the carving representing purgatory inspired him with ghostly horror! What a system for enslaving the minds of men with gloomy terrors!

The church of the Jesuits, which has been reopened since the Revolution of 1830, is not large, but its front is extremely rich and imposing: its interior is highly ornamented, and more obtrusively marked by superstition than many other churches, having in the centre a large canopy, beneath which were figures of the Virgin and Child, dressed in the most costly manner, and before them four wax-candles, and many tapers, burning: the candelabra, and the ornaments in general, are splendid, and the architecture is in the Grecian style. Myrtles, pomegranates, orange-trees, with the finest oleanders, and other flowers, in the richest bloom, decorated this temple. What benefits might not have been conferred on mankind, had but a portion of that wealth which has been so abundantly lavished in adorning the apostasy of Rome, been devoted to the alleviation of the temporal and spiritual miseries of the world!

Before leaving this interesting and solemn-looking city, we paid a visit to the Museum, which contains many of the works of Rubens, some of which students were copying. Among those we admired most, was Christ crucified between the thieves, which is exceedingly expressive; also the Virgin and the Infant Jesus: the Burial of Christ, by Matsys, is beautiful;—the countenance is death itself, and the expression of grief in some of the females is exquisite. There are also other paintings in this fine collection, by Matsys, Albert Durer, Martin de Vos, Vandyke, Jordaens, and other masters. Here also is Flors's hideous, but well-executed painting of the Fallen Angels, who are represented as transformed into all imaginable monstrous and horrible shapes: on the body of one of these is the bee which Matsys painted in the absence of Flors, who on his return was about to brush it off, when he discovered that Matsys had become a painter. Here, too, Rubens's chair is preserved; and in another part of the building is a collection of statues by Flemish masters, chiefly copied from the antique.

On a sultry afternoon, we set off to explore the Citadel, which was strangely contrasted with what it was when I saw it, several years ago, when behind its parapets were standing the furnaces for red-hot shot, which were employed in the late conflict between the Dutch and Belgians. This fortress is,

or rather *was*, a monument of the Spanish dominion, having been constructed in 1568, under the direction of the Duke of Alva. During the progress of the Revolution of 1830, the Dutch retired into it, being driven from the city, on which it opened a dreadful fire, for seven hours, with two or three hundred pieces of cannon, showering down a storm of bomb-shells, and red-hot shot; burning the vast entrepôt, the arsenal, and many houses, amidst the terrors and shrieks of the flying inhabitants; who endeavoured, through this terrible cannonade, to make their escape over the flooded fields; while, all night long, the roar of artillery was heard at Brussels, and the blazing magazines, in which there happened to be a great quantity of sulphur, threw the terrific glare of war over a space of twenty leagues around.

The Dutch were not dislodged from this stronghold till December 1832; when France and England united to compel them to fulfil the conditions of the treaty of the Five Powers, to which, as relating to the surrender of this fortress, the Dutch King was understood to have previously consented, by accepting the articles of the protocols. Immense lines of batteries were thrown up, in the adjacent fields, by Marshal Gerard, the French general; who, with a large army, countenanced by the presence of the English fleet at the mouth of the Scheldt, wrested this last fortress from the tenacious grasp of the

Dutch, after a three weeks' siege, on which all Europe looked with the most intense interest, from the possibility that the drama of the revolution might not end in this scene, but lead to a general war; which happily, however, has not been the case. The citadel was literally razed to the ground; but now, at the distance of two years and a half, it exhibits considerable symptoms of restoration. The underground communications conveyed the idea of great strength; and we here saw the apartments occupied by General Chassé. The perfect silence and solitariness of the extensive grassy area, and of the adjacent country, over which the death-bearing shell once traced its fiery path in every direction in the sky, and the quiet repose of the neighbouring city, and its superb cathedral-tower, seen in the sultry atmosphere of an intensely hot and brilliant afternoon, excited those powerfully contrasted feelings, which can scarcely be realised but on the very locality of great events. The storm of human passions, more terrible than any elemental war, was now hushed into a calm; and the very stillness that reigned around seemed eloquent to tell of the madness and folly of mankind.

On our way to Brussels, having passed through Waelham, one of the principal scenes of the revolutionary conflict between the Dutch and Belgians, we stopped for the night at MECHLIN, or Malines, which is an open, handsome town, with lofty and

spacious houses, having the usual antique gable-end fronts with squared edges; and in this land of fair cities, Mechlin made less impression on us, only in consequence of the very fine towns we had already seen. It is distant about twelve miles from Antwerp. In 1672, in the war which issued in the rejection of the Spanish yoke by the seven Provinces of Holland, and in the confirmation of the bondage of the other Netherlands, this town was the scene of the most unprovoked and brutal cruelties of the soldiers of the notorious Alva.

The cathedral is the metropolitan church of Belgium: its massy tower, of extraordinary height, would have been almost a second Babel, had the original design for its elevation been executed; but though unfinished, it is still a sufficiently towering monument of ecclesiastical ambition. This church is certainly a magnificent edifice, and one of the most striking we had seen, for its architecture, its statues, and its remarkable pulpit, which is an enormous mass of carved wood, adorned with figures.

On the continent you are continually reminded, in some way or other, of war: on our return from the church, a detachment of soldiers was marching through the town, escorting a train of artillery, each piece of cannon being drawn on a carriage by six horses; we could not but reflect with grateful pleasure on the isolation of our own land from foreign enemies, and the consequent ex-

emption it enjoys from the necessity of being always in a hostile attitude.

The country from Antwerp to this place was highly cultivated, and the harvest abundant; the chief difference between the appearance of the landscape here and in many parts of England being the very frequent rows of trees, and the want of hedges by the road side. The head-dress of the Flemish women, and the diligence, drawn by three horses, also gave the scene a foreign air. In going from Mechlin to Brussels we passed through Vilvorde, by the immense House of Correction, which will contain as many as two thousand prisoners. This prison, the extent of which looks rather ominous for the morals of the neighbourhood, is said to be a model of organisation and administration in general, and almost resembles a town, in the multitude of its workshops, in which a great variety of articles are manufactured. It was at Vilvorde that William Tyndale, the zealous English reformer, to whom we are indebted for the first English version of the Scriptures, was strangled, and his body burnt to ashes, after he had been long confined in prison, at the instigation of Henry VIII. and his court. He died repeatedly and fervently praying, 'Lord, open the King of England's eyes!' As we advanced, the country assumed a more undulating appearance, with agreeable slopes and hills covered

with villages and villas. The steam-carriage from Brussels to Mechlin was passing rapidly along, on our left, performing the distance, which, by the road we came, was eleven or twelve miles, in half an hour. The good people of Antwerp, it seems, are cherishing golden visions from the progress of the rail-road system in Belgium; some being willing to predict that it will recall to their city a prosperity which may be paralleled with that which it enjoyed in the most prosperous times of the Burgundian and the Spanish dominion.

Within two miles of Brussels is the village of Læken, and the royal palace of *Schoenberg*, which answers well to its name, having a handsome appearance, and being charmingly situated on elevated ground. This mansion was the occasional residence of Napoleon, whose palaces were almost as numerous as the apartments of those of other monarchs. The interior is said to be in the most splendid style. But one would suppose, from the existing position both of Belgium and of France, that their kings must, for some time to come, feel as though the sword of Damocles hung over them:—even the coins which we received in exchange, seemed to tell an impressive tale of the uncertainty of thrones and dynasties; for on looking over some pieces, we found the heads of Louis XV, Louis XVI, Napoleon, Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis Philippe.

On our approach to BRUSSELS, the barges on the

canal,—crammed with people, the concourse assembled in a neighbouring field, and the crowds that were pouring down that magnificent promenade of nearly a mile and a half in length, the *Allée Verte*, soon made known to us that we were entering the city, at a time when, in a place of less magnitude, accommodations might have been difficult to obtain;—as it was the grand day of the races. Whether this amusement is here attended with the demoralisation which has usually accompanied it in England, I know not; but it certainly appeared for the time, as much as with us, to absorb all other considerations among the votaries of pleasure, and to produce even a temporary suspension of business. In London, every thing, whether sacred or profane, is made to bow before the great Dragon; but the style of transacting business in the capital of Belgium would seem to be rather different, and the reign of Plutus somewhat less absolute. Having occasion to go to a banking-house at an early hour in the afternoon, before the usual time for closing the doors, I found that every thing was at a stand, and not a clerk to be seen: all were gone to the great scene of attraction, and the reply to my inquiries was, *On est allé à la course*.

Our accommodations at the *Hotel de Brabant*, which, though badly situated, is a magnificent inn, were far beyond what would have satisfied our ambition. I sallied forth to the Park, in the intense

afternoon sun, on the important and perpetual business of the passport; and, after a very long walk, found the office of the Prussian ambassador, for we were going into the dominions of his sovereign. I was here told that application must first be made at the British embassy, where I was informed that it was necessary to go to the Brussels police-office. I finished by learning a lesson, which all travellers will do well to remember; that is, never to take the annoyance of the passport on themselves, but to give it to the commissioner of the hotel; who, on being told when it will be wanted, is sure to return it at the proper time, duly signed, without any further trouble to the owner, and with a small charge.

It would require far more than a mere sketch to describe a capital city, seven miles in circumference, containing 100,000 inhabitants, with extensive suburbs without the walls, many elegant houses, charming walks, ornamental fountains, spacious squares and areas, sumptuous public buildings, magnificent hotels, fine churches, and numerous collections of the works of art. The town rises from the river Senne to an eminence on the east; and though, in the lower and more ancient parts, many of the streets are narrow and crooked, those in the neighbourhood of the Park are straight and spacious; and in this modern quarter there reigns an air of taste and elegance

far beyond any thing we had seen in Belgium. The *Place Royale*, is a very handsome, uniform square, containing some superb hotels, and other fine buildings. Brussels has little of that aspect of decayed grandeur which is so striking in Antwerp: its well-stocked and crowded markets, its numerous and busy shops, and its frequented streets;—the cheerfulness and beauty of its more modern parts, and the bustle and activity which prevail throughout, conspire to form a scene of liveliness and of traffic, which well harmonizes with its importance as the metropolis of this fine country. Though, like the other great cities, it has fallen from its ancient commercial importance, it still carries on manufactures to a considerable extent.

Belgium is remarkable for the splendour of its municipal edifices; and the noble Town-House of this city, which forms one side of the magnificent oblong called the *Grande Place*, and rears its beautiful gothic steeple to the height of three hundred and sixty feet, has been the pride of Brussels for three or four centuries. After dark, the time was curiously indicated by the illumination of the single existing hour on the surface of the clock, smaller figures being used for the minutes.

The church of St. Gudule is truly magnificent: its rich and beautiful storied windows, some of which are commemorative of Charles V.; its statues; its sepulchral monuments; its altars; its

with villages and villas. The steam-carriage from Brussels to Mechlin was passing rapidly along, on our left, performing the distance, which, by the road we came, was eleven or twelve miles, in half an hour. The good people of Antwerp, it seems, are cherishing golden visions from the progress of the rail-road system in Belgium; some being willing to predict that it will recall to their city a prosperity which may be paralleled with that which it enjoyed in the most prosperous times of the Burgundian and the Spanish dominion.

Within two miles of Brussels is the village of Laeken, and the royal palace of *Schoenberg*, which answers well to its name, having a handsome appearance, and being charmingly situated on elevated ground. This mansion was the occasional residence of Napoleon, whose palaces were almost as numerous as the apartments of those of other monarchs. The interior is said to be in the most splendid style. But one would suppose, from the existing position both of Belgium and of France, that their kings must, for some time to come, feel as though the sword of Damocles hung over them:—even the coins which we received in exchange, seemed to tell an impressive tale of the uncertainty of thrones and dynasties; for on looking over some pieces, we found the heads of Louis XV, Louis XVI, Napoleon, Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis Philippe.

On our approach to BRUSSELS, the barges on the

at is *offered, with the prayers of the throne.**

the hand-bills that were put up appeared that this was one of the Jubilee of two hundred and fifty to commemorate the re-establishment of the city in 1585, after the troubles of the late reign, and the translation of the miracle, *l'ant Sacrement de Miracle,* which was ordered to preserve it from the plague. The festival was celebrated by plenary indulgences, and various good works ; and the services of the priests, one of which was the Mass, over, with a simplicity and devotion, was very interesting : it was a lesson in self-denial, but it was not the monkery and superstition which I think that a numerous population have no means of escaping from the want of salvation.

The rigorous oppression of the Netherlands under the yoke of the Spaniards, and the attachments of the people, and the other than the civil war, many year-



numerous chapels, of which several are quite gorgeous; and its ornaments in general, render it exceedingly striking. The pulpit is the finest in all the Netherlands, and is a most extraordinary work; it is less massy than that at Mechlin, but far more exquisite and costly; and if the sermons preached in it bear any analogy to the rostrum from which they are delivered, they must indeed be of no common order. It is a wonderful piece of carving, in oak, representing the banishment of our first parents from Eden by an angel with a flaming sword: death appears behind; and the serpent is seen coiled round the tree of knowledge:—above, under a canopy sustained by two angelic figures, are the Virgin, and the child Jesus, who crushes the serpent's head. The morning on which our perambulations led us to this temple of Romish splendour, happened to be that of a great festival; and the church was hung with festoons of flowers, and many beautiful pieces of tapestry: high mass had commenced with great pomp, to the sound of triumphant music, and the 'full-voiced choir;' and a great number of priests, in their mantles of embroidery and gold, and in all the paraphernalia of Rome, were officiating, amidst a profusion of tapers, and those clouds of incense which strongly remind the Protestant of the derogation which the church of Rome casts on Him whose intercession is so beautifully alluded to in the Revelation, as the

*much incense that is offered, with the prayers of all saints, before the throne.**

On looking at the hand-bills that were put up in the church, it appeared that this was one of the fifteen days of the jubilee of two hundred and fifty years, designed to commemorate the re-establishment of the Catholic religion, in 1585, after the troubles of the Low Countries; and the translation of the miraculous host, '*le très-Saint Sacrement de Miracle*,' which had been concealed to preserve it from the Iconoclasts. This event was celebrated by plenary indulgences, for certain specified good works; and by the sermons of various priests, one of which was delivered after mass was over, with a simplicity and fervour of manner that was very interesting: it consisted of an exhortation to self-denial, but it was the self-denial of meritorious monkery and penance; and it was painful to think that a numerous and listening auditory should have no means of hearing a clear exposition of the way of salvation.

The Protestant religion, though rigorously opposed, had spread considerably in the Netherlands during the reign of Charles V.; and under the yoke of Philip II. his son, the encroachments of the Spaniards on the liberties of the people, and the terror of that tribunal which was no other than the inquisition without the name, produced a civil war, which desolated the country for many years.

* Rev. viii.

The murder of William, Prince of Orange, by an emissary of Spain, in 1584, did not prevent the emancipation of the Batavian provinces from going forward; but, in the southern states, the cause of Spain, and of that fierce and bloody Romanism which had emerged from the halls of her Inquisition, to desolate Christendom, prevailed, in 1585, by the submission of the principal cities to Philip, and, among them, Brussels, where it was a part of the conditions, that the Protestants should restore the churches which they had previously appropriated to their own use: it was to celebrate this event that the present festival was held.

It is no violation of charity to remark, that in Catholic countries the bulk of the people commonly evince an extreme degree of ignorance; and it is easy to perceive how the aphorism that 'ignorance is the mother of devotion,' though most fallacious in itself, may have been pronounced, by scepticism, over the follies of superstition. I asked a woman who was coming away from kneeling at a shrine in St. Gudule's, what shrine or tomb it was? The poor woman seemed quite at a loss, and replied, *Monsieur, j'en saurais vous dire; demandez à Monsieur*, pointing to a military-looking personage, who, in these Catholic cathedrals, marches about, furnished either with a halbert or a sword, and frequently with a cocked-hat on his head.—The summary way in which even the priests frequently perform their

private devotions in the churches, borders hard upon the ludicrous. At one place, while looking at an image of the Virgin, we suddenly heard a peculiar rush behind us, which caused us to turn round: it was a very comely and well-conditioned priest, who, *en passant*, had fallen upon his knees, in the twinkling of an eye, and had as suddenly proceeded on his course across the cathedral. It is not uncommon to see a priest taking a pinch of snuff on his knees, in the church.

There are several other fine churches in Brussels. In Nôtre Dame de la Chapelle, the large organ, and the beautiful pulpit, strike every beholder. The Corinthian portico of St. Jacques is a handsome ornament to the fine area of the *Place Royale*; and in the interior we noticed the elegance of the organ, and the beautiful form of the tabernacle for holding the host. In these, and the other churches, the Catholic religion has laid its usual embargo on the fine arts; and numerous paintings, statues, and monuments, unite to throw around its errors the charm of whatever is beautiful and imposing in the labours of the pencil and the chisel. During the revolutionary conflict between the Dutch and the Belgian troops, the *Place Royale* was one of the principal scenes of action, and some of the sumptuous buildings in the square were perforated through and through with cannon-balls. The Park, which is close by the *Place Royale*, is the

most delightful part of this fine city, and is surrounded by splendid edifices; among which are the Royal Palace, and that of the Prince of Orange; and on the opposite side, is the Palace of the States-General, or Parliament-house, occupying the centre of a magnificent street, which forms, on the north-eastern end of the Park, a noble façade. The garden of the Park combines in some measure the symmetry of the French with the ease and variety of the English style, and is ornamented with fountains, basins, and statues of admirable sculpture, while the deep umbrageous foliage of some parts furnishes a grateful shelter from the heat of a July sun. An incident which occurred here, shows how easily princes may acquire popularity. Peter the Great, when at Brussels, in 1717, sat down to regale himself with wine, on the margin of one of the basins: this circumstance has been commemorated by an inscription, in which it is said, *Petrus Alexiowitz, Czar Moscoviæ, aquam hujus fontis nobilitavit, libato vino!* Had Peter not been a reformer, rather than a saint, surely this basin might have served all the churches in Brussels with holy water.

Every one who visits this metropolis, goes to see the palace of the Prince of Orange, which is uninhabited, and remains exactly in the state in which it was at his last visit in 1830, when he came to Brussels in hope of quelling the insur-

rection. It is remarkable for its splendour and costly ornament, and forms no mean item in the loss which the House of Nassau has suffered by the revolution. Visitors slide, rather than walk, in cloth slippers, over a suite of thirteen or fourteen superb apartments, the floors of which are of beautifully inlaid wood, and of the highest polish, being as smooth as glass. Several of the rooms are lined with marble, and rich satin hangings; and the whole suite is furnished in the most costly manner. Magnificent candelabras, ornaments of lapis-lazuli and marble, rich and splendid articles of upholstery, and some valuable presents from Russia, all of which are in the most perfect state of preservation, attest the wealth, taste, and connexions of the late owner of this princely residence; who built it, we understood, a few years before the revolution, from his own private resources, for himself and his Russian princess. There are some good paintings, and among others, a very fine one of the Emperor Nicholas; who is here represented as a very elegant young man, and extremely different from the impressions we should be apt to form in England of the despotic Czar, who has so tyrannically crushed the poor Poles, and endeavoured to exterminate from among them the very name of national freedom. Before the Belgian revolution, the royal family and the court were accustomed to

reside alternately at Brussels and at the Hague ; the States-general were also holden, by turns, at each place.

The Palace of the States-General is a very handsome and commodious edifice, with an Ionic portico, and worthy to be the seat of a nation's government. Spacious staircases lead to the chambers: that of the peers is small, but richly fitted up; and that of the deputies, in which the throne is placed, is much larger, and extremely elegant. One of the private rooms contains a painting of the battle of Waterloo, and the wounding of the Prince of Orange; there is also a much finer picture of the battle of Nieuport, in which Prince Maurice, son of the murdered William of Orange, obtained a signal victory, in 1600, over Albert of Austria, who had married the Infanta of Spain, and received the promise of the sovereignty of the Netherlands from her father Philip II. A few years afterwards, Spain was compelled to acknowledge the independence of the Northern Provinces.

The Museum, which is in the former palace of the governors of Belgium, under the Austrian dominion, was closed; but some of us had seen it on a former visit: it contains a valuable collection of Flemish paintings, and some sculptures: there is also a library of one hundred thousand volumes, and a cabinet of natural history, in which may be

seen some curious relics of the ancient times of the Netherlands; also a collection of philosophical and agricultural instruments, and various kinds of models.

On the 20th of November 1834, a University was instituted at Brussels, with the title of *L'Université Libre de Belgique*, which is designed to furnish an education in all the branches that are preparatory to any of the professions. At present the lectures are delivered in some apartments of the Town-Hall; but I was informed by one of the professors that they are in hopes of having a new edifice expressly for the object, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Park, and to harmonize with the style of building which prevails in that elegant and attractive part of the city. In this University there are five faculties, namely—philosophy and letters; natural and mathematical sciences; law; political and administrative sciences; and medicine. The council is chosen by the subscribers, and composed of eleven members, in whom the government of the institution is vested. The professors are about twenty-five in number, besides *agrégés*, or additional teachers: at seventy years of age, or after twenty years of service, they are to become *emeriti*, and to be entitled to a pension for the remainder of their lives. The students are admitted at sixteen years old, but exceptions may occur in favour of those who have not attained that age.

A fee of registration, of the amount of fifteen francs, is paid annually by each student; and the sum of two hundred francs, or about eight pounds, annually paid, admits to all the courses of any one faculty;—fifty additional francs, entitle the student to add one or more courses, in other faculties. Prizes are annually distributed for excellence. In the foundation of this free institution, may be traced the progress of public opinion in Belgium, with regard to popery. The *Catholic* University, recently established, by the Belgic bishops, at Mechlin, is entirely exclusive: all the functionaries must be Roman Catholics, and must take an oath of obedience to the episcopal body.

LETTER III.

Road through the forest of Soignies—Waterloo—Carnage at this and the preceding battles—Road to Namur—Country near the city—Its situation—Churches, including the Cathedral—Heights—Sunday fair—Fête de la Sainte Vierge—Historical Sketch, from the Roman Invasion—Battle between Cæsar and the Nervii—Frankish dominion—Dependence on the Empire—Petty States—House of Burgundy—Spanish connexion and dominion—Charles V.—Philip II.—William of Nassau—Cruel persecutions—Atrocities of Alva—Union of Utrecht—Assassination of William—Ancient opulence of the Cities of Brabant and Flanders—Archduke Albert—Louis XIV. and the Triple Alliance—War of the Spanish succession—Peace of Utrecht—Austrian dominion—Incorporation with France—United Kingdom of the Netherlands—Leopold of Saxe Coburg, first King of the Belgians.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The Namur road led us to Waterloo through part of the ancient Arduenna, mentioned by Cæsar,—now the forest of Soignies. The village church is an affecting spectacle, its walls being lined with marble slabs, to the memory of the officers who fell on the melancholy field of Britain's

glory. At Mont St. Jean, a small hamlet, upwards of a mile farther on, the road gradually rises; and at the distance of another half-mile, you come to the farmhouse, which was the key to the British position, being the centre round which the allied army was arranged nearly in the form of a quadrant, across the two diverging roads leading from Mont St. Jean, to Nivelles and Genappe. You now lose sight of the forest, and an ascent conducts to the ridge along which the British army was placed. The road to Genappe crosses the position of its centre, where stood the tree, now cut down, near which the Duke of Wellington and his staff were posted, between two sand-banks, during the greater part of the action. Near the same spot are two monuments, one to Colonel Gordon, and the other to the officers of the German legion, who here fell.

In the distance, on the left, is pointed out the wood from which, at the close of the day, the Prussians emerged to extinguish the last ray of hope for the French army, and to inspire the British for the final effort of the dreadful struggle. On the right, marking the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded, is a mound from the summit of which those of us who were here before, obtained a commanding view of the field. This huge pyramid, if left as a mere earthen tumulus, without being crowned by the Belgic lion, would have remained, in all future time, a most impressive monument to the

thousands of the slain; for it is no less than two hundred feet high, which is the elevation of the barrow of Alyattes, in Asia Minor, probably the largest in the world.

The road led close by La Haye Sainte, near which farm-house the terrible conflict took place, between the British troops and the imperial guard of Napoleon; and at a distance, on the right, in the middle of the valley, was the château of Hougomont, the scene of a most murderous and continued conflict, and the spot where a number of the wounded of both armies perished in flames. This château lay between the original positions of the two armies; and behind it was placed the second division of the French, under Jerome Bonaparte, who began the battle by an attack on the British troops, which was accompanied with a dreadful fire of artillery. We now passed the little inn of La Belle Alliance, near the place where the road crossed the centre of the position of the French army; and where Napoleon remained during the greater part of the battle, till he made his last charge at the head of his imperial guards.

This battle was unquestionably one of the most memorable that ever occurred in the history of the world; whether we consider the elements that mingled in it, or the magnitude of its results. It presented the spectacle of the flower of European armies, combined to give a mortal blow to the insuffer-

able ambition of the mighty Goliath of war, who for so many years had been the terror of all Europe ; and had kept the continent in awe by the thunder of his arms. It was the last storm raised by that great disturber of the world ; and it was signally marked by the fury with which it raged ; for nothing could exceed the terrific violence of the French charges, the indomitable steadiness and energy with which they were repelled by the British, or the destructive reprisals taken by the Prussians, for their defeat at Ligny, on the retreating French. And the consequences of this sanguinary conflict were nothing less than the final downfall of Napoleon, the pacification of the continent, and the elevation of Britain to the highest pitch of influence among the powers of Europe. The guide who conducted some of us on a former visit to this field of blood, then crowned with the fruits of harvest, said that he made one of about four thousand persons who were employed, for a whole week, in burying the slain !

It is computed that, in this battle, which took place on the 18th of June, 1815, and that of Ligny on the 16th, the carnage amounted to no less than about seventy thousand men,—an awful example of the ravages of war, and awakening the appalling reflection that these myriads of human souls were hurried into eternity, and the presence of their Judge, reeking with each other's blood, and often breathing the most malignant passions ;—

for the French and Prussians gave each other no quarter !

The sudden cry of battle, at night ;—the excitement it occasioned in Brussels during a splendid ball, and the hastening of the military* from the gay circle to the field of slaughter, have been impressively compared to the “knell of death,” producing consternation in the midst of a “marriage festival:”

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star !

• • • • •
And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but *above* shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low !

A road, upwards of forty miles in length,

* Though the recent advantages and the approach of Bonaparte must have been too well known to admit of *surprise* in the army, it is easy to suppose that the nearness of the seat of war would produce a great sensation at Brussels.

and passing through Genappe and Quatre-Bras, continued across a well-cultivated but unenclosed country, to Namur. On arriving at Sombrèffe we learned that a kind of *patois* here begins to be spoken. The blue frocks of the peasants in this neighbourhood appear to be a sort of characteristic costume. The country became more and more open,—hills with fine valleys succeeding each other, beautifully interspersed with villages; and as we approached Namur, the fields along the slopes, on the right, presented the appearance of pieces of patchwork, and were delightfully studded with cottages.

NAMUR is romantically situated, between two lofty hills, at the junction of the Meuse and the Sambre: and the fortifications, situated on the heights, appear very strong, and give the town a warlike air. It seems to be a place of deep superstition:—some of the churches are very showy and tawdry; and in one was the profane inscription, applied to the Virgin, *Peccatorum Refugium*: nor was there in these temples any lack of holy relics, or of people confessing to the priests. The cathedral is an elegant structure in the Grecian style, with a handsome dome and portico. There are some fine paintings in the interior, and a beautiful pavement of black and grey marble; and the two pulpits, of light bluish marble, with the imitation of hangings above them, have an elegant effect. There was a

money-box here for the benefit of this cathedral, and,—as the inscription on it stated,—for the reception of the offerings of those who *eat meat in Lent*. The church of the Jesuits, the interior of which, we understood, is a still finer specimen of architecture, was closed.

This town, compared with those we had visited, is in general of mean appearance, though in the central part there are a number of very good shops: the people were of a different character from those we had seen, and much less polished; and a good deal of begging seemed to be going on. The marble quarries, and mines of iron and copper in the neighbourhood, employ many of the population. The number of bright brass kettles which are carried about by the women for household purposes, and the vessels of the same metal, which abound in the cottages of the poor, form a striking feature of this city and its vicinity. On a survey of the exterior of the town, it appeared highly fortified, surrounded by a moat where it is not flanked by the river; and the ramparts, on one side, are of such an immense height as to give it a very curious and imposing aspect. Some parts of the ramparts form an agreeable promenade; and in one spot is a small showy chapel of the Virgin, containing a multitude of offerings like those we had noticed at other places, such as waxen legs, arms, and images of children; also crutches, bandages, and little pictures. A number

of female devotees were kneeling, both within and without this small building.

On the sabbath, we could make no public improvement of the day, as there was no Protestant worship in the town. Whether it were our fancy or not, we certainly thought that after we had let the servant who had waited on us know we were Protestants, she behaved in a manner which indicated considerable antipathy towards us.—Almost every shop in the town was open throughout the day, and a sort of fair was held ; the houses were decorated with flowers, and placards announced a comedy to be performed at the theatre. On the approach of the evening, we found that the festival of the Virgin was to be celebrated. An altar was dressed up in the street close to our inn, by the inmates of a boarding school, and lighted candles were placed on it, with beautiful flowers and shrubs. The procession, of which we had a complete view from our windows, soon came up : first were women, strewing evergreens ; a priest, bearing a high cross, followed, and little boys on each side carrying long lighted tapers : then came about twenty or thirty priests, chanting ; and, beneath a canopy, a figure of the Virgin, dressed in a costly manner, was borne on the shoulders of ten or twelve men : next were about thirty little girls in white, with wreaths of flowers round their heads, from which hung white veils reaching to the ground behind them : these

children walked two and two, bearing between them baskets filled with flowers, which they threw around the altar, where the procession rested. A band of music, and incense thrown high in the air from censers, prepared the way for the host, which was carried by a dignitary under a canopy of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold fringe and plumes of white feathers: then followed a number of men, bearing lighted tapers more than a yard in length; and a multitude of people closed the procession. When the priest walked from under the canopy to elevate the host at the altar, all the crowd fell on their knees. After a number of prayers and ceremonies, the affair ended. Such was the sabbath in this city of christianised heathenism !

Namur has often been the scene of bloody conflicts; and its neighbourhood is remarkable, as having been the theatre of one of the most violent struggles between the Romans and the Belgic Gauls. Every school-boy, who has had Cæsar in his hand, remembers the words in the opening of the Commentaries on the Gallic War, in which, speaking of the different nations of Gaul, the Roman conqueror describes the people whose country was to a considerable extent identical with the new kingdom of Leopold, by saying, *horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ*. The words *les braves Belges* were uttered, we observed, on various occasions, by travellers,

and sometimes when military were in view;—though generally by way of joke.

Rome, by her invincible arms, brought into notice nations previously unknown to fame; and the Belgæ, like many other tribes whose history begins with their subjugation, paid dearly for their place in the Roman annals. They did not, indeed, tamely yield to the eagles of Cæsar; but formed against him a general confederacy: and the battle on which the fate of their country ultimately depended, which was fought on the banks of the Sambre, not far from Namur, was obstinate and bloody. Cæsar describes it minutely in his second book of the Gallic war; and his language indicates that the bravery with which this oppressed people resisted their ambitious invader, excited his admiration.* Nothing, however, could save them from his iron grasp; for in this engagement the Nervii, the most warlike of all the Belgic tribes, were almost totally annihilated, and the waters of the Sambre were stained with the blood of nearly sixty thousand warriors, who fell victims to the Roman sword.

The numerous northern hordes that swept like a flood over the Roman empire, diffused themselves to the Gallic provinces; and towards the end of the fifth century, Clovis, king of the Franks, suc-

* Cæs. De Bello Gallico, ii. 27.

ceeded in destroying the last remnants of the Roman domination in Gaul. By the end of the seventh century, the Frankish monarchy had extended itself, with the Christian religion, over the Netherlands, and they subsequently formed a part of the overshadowing empire of Charlemagne; on the division of which among his successors, these provinces became chiefly dependent on Germany. In the course of time, the more powerful vassals rendered themselves almost independent of the imperial crown; and in the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, the Low Countries were broken up into a number of petty states, the governors of which were connected partly with the Empire, and partly with France. An incessant struggle was kept up between the encroachments of feudal tyranny, and the growing spirit of civic freedom; and, in the conflicts that ensued, the warrior-bishops frequently bore no inconsiderable share, rendering the term *militant*, as applied to the church, somewhat more than a merely figurative epithet.

In the fifteenth century, the powerful house of Burgundy was in possession of the greater part of these provinces; and they formed a dukedom, the wealth and resources of which surpassed that of the monarchies of Europe, and provoked their envy. The marriage of Mary, daughter of Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, to Maximilian,

afterwards Emperor of Germany, brought the Netherlands under the dominion of Austria. Philip the Fair, son of Maximilian and Mary, obtained with the Infanta the reversion of the monarchy of Spain; and Charles V, the next heir, united, in his own person, the inheritance of the imperial sceptre of Germany and the Spanish crown; so that the Netherlands became but an appendage to these immense dominions; though, at the accession of Charles, in 1516, they had acquired the highest rank among commercial nations, and formed the richest portion of an empire which had known no parallel since the time of Charlemagne.

The Spanish connexion was to the Netherlands the beginning of woes before unknown: their ample resources were drained to supply the coffers of the monarch; and the doctrines of the Reformation, which had found a cradle among a people whose triumphant commerce had imported a spirit of inquiry, were crushed to please the ecclesiastics. Charles, with a policy not uncommon among princes, tolerated, in one part of his dominions, a religion which, in another, he punished as a crime. In Germany, the adherents of Luther were too formidable to be put down; but, in the Netherlands, they were persecuted with the utmost rigour. The dungeon,—the axe,—the flames,—the burial of the living,—were all put in requisition to extinguish heresy in its birth! No age was ex-

empt,—no rank was screened,—no sex was spared,—no privacy was sacred; and this fine country was covered with lamentation and mourning for her children, of whom from fifty to a hundred thousand are computed to have died martyrs to religion, during a reign of forty years!

Ambition was the ruling passion of Charles, and this led him frequently to act the despot;—but his son, Philip II. of Spain, was pre-eminently a bigot: he was worthy to be the husband of Mary of England; and his ascension on the Spanish throne was, to his Netherland dominions, as the rising of a malignant star. Born and nurtured in Spain, and possessing a temper harsh and gloomy, he was eminently fitted to be the tool of priests and monks; and he completed the work of persecution which his father had begun. To this end, fourteen new bishoprics were created, as additional centres of ecclesiastical power; and the inquisitorial court was made to exert all its fearful and appalling energies to arrest heresy, in a manner worthy of Spain itself; for the relentless king sent orders that the victims should here be secretly destroyed; and the Princess Governant, the Duchess of Parma, was commanded to aid the movements of the ecclesiastical tribunal with all the force of the civil power. Executions took place in all the principal towns of the southern Netherlands; the rigour of the inquisition produced public tumults, and partial insurrec-

tions; one hundred thousand families fled their country, through terror of its infernal machinations; and the influence of William of Nassau, who afterwards founded the Dutch Republic, in resistance to the Spanish power, alone prevented these violent measures of Philip from being pursued in the north.

In 1566, a confederation was organised against this fierce and bigoted tyrant; the inquisition was loudly denounced, in a public manifesto, which called for a united effort to oppose it; and a spirit of discontent and revolt became general in Flanders. The Protestants assembled in thousands and tens of thousands, to hear the *speakers*, as they were termed; and, among so mixed a multitude, many were actuated by the most ungovernable passions, and were provoked to retaliate on the cruel despotism of Popery, by acts of outrage and violence. William of Nassau, though firmly attached to the doctrines of the Reformation, was aware that this reaction would but infuriate the court; and Antwerp was, for a while, preserved from these ebullitions by his presence: on his departure, however, the popular fury was no longer restrained. This city was the point of union for the three grand denominations — the Calvinists, Lutherans, and Anabaptists: of these an immense multitude broke into the cathedral, then the richest in Christendom next to St. Peter's at Rome, pillaging and destroying everything, including the organ, which was the

finest in existence. Every other church in Antwerp, and over the whole country, four hundred churches in all, shared the same fate.

Alarmed for the consequences of his tyrannic severity, but still determined to maintain it, Philip resorted to the sword; and in 1567, the Duke of Alva, with a veteran army of from ten to fifteen thousand men, and with almost sovereign power, arrived, from Spain, under the walls of Brussels. The cruelties of this monster would fill a volume; and his name is, to this day, held in detestation in the Netherlands, for the atrocities of which he and his council, called by the people the *Bloody Tribunal*, were guilty. This was the re-establishment of the inquisition in its most terrific form. Little distinction was made between the innocent and the guilty: many wealthy merchants were dragged ten or twelve miles to trial, tied to a horse's tail: at Valenciennes, fifty-five citizens were executed in one day. Burning, hanging, beheading, and quartering, were common occurrences; some were drowned, for having been once present at Protestant worship; others put to the rack, to induce them to discover their associates; various modes of torture were resorted to, such as screwing the culprits into a machine, so as to produce the most exquisite agony; scorching them with hot irons; or tearing them asunder by means of horses; husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters,

were put to death for daring to afford each other a temporary shelter from the fury of the Spaniards; and the wretched people, driven to frenzy and despair, fled to perish in the woods and marshes. The whole extent of the Netherlands was one wide scene of carnage and ruin; and the savage Alva, after succeeding in extirpating, subduing, or driving into exile, the greater part of the Protestants, boasted that, during the six years of his power, he had caused the death of eighteen thousand heretics by the hand of the executioner; about fifty per day! As many more individuals perished by the sword; and upwards of a hundred and twenty thousand of the most ingenious and industrious of the population, abandoned their native soil.

For these services Alva received a consecrated hat and sword from Rome! His lust of blood was only equalled by his appetite for gold; and this afflicted and miserable country was now regarded as so prostrate, that it would tamely endure the most grinding and rapacious taxation, as the final climax of injury and oppression. But if the cruel butchery that had followed the steps of this grim and marble-hearted tyrant, exasperated the remaining relatives of those that had been put to death, an exorbitant and ruinous taxation, from which none were exempt, was felt by all; and the final issue, after long and bloody wars, was the emancipation of the seven northern provinces from

the Spanish yoke, which they virtually threw off by the union of Utrecht, in 1579, under the guidance of the noble William, whom Alva had in vain sought to bring within his power; or he would, no doubt, have glutted his eyes with his execution, as he had already done with that of William's friend, Count Egmont, in the great square at Brussels. Spain, however, kept a malignant eye upon her most formidable foe; and after several failures, Balthasar Gerard, her last emissary, assassinated the Prince at Delft. Notwithstanding this calamity, the Dutch Republic struggled into existence; while the Belgic provinces, the wreck of what they had once been, were still destined to remain under the disastrous auspices of Spain.

The opulence of the cities of Brabant and Flanders, in the days of their glory, was without previous example in modern times; and nothing could exceed the magnificence of the dresses adorned with gold and diamonds, the splendour of the entertainments, and the pompous displays of wealth, that were common among the princely merchants of these trading towns. Mechlin,—though never like Bruges, or Antwerp, the queen of commerce,—on one occasion sent a deputation to the latter city, consisting of three hundred and twenty-six horsemen, richly attired in satin, with a profusion of gold and silver ornaments; and Brussels deputed three hundred and forty, as splendidly clad, attended by seven

huge triumphant chariots, and seventy-eight others of a smaller size ; and this at a time when carriages were far from common. But now the inquisition, and the sword, had reduced this fine country to a wilderness ; and in their train followed the ruin of commerce, with famine, disease,—and even the ravages of beasts of prey, which seemed almost to have mistaken what were once the finest parts of the country, for the savage desert ; for it is said that more than a hundred persons fell a prey to wolves and hungry dogs, almost under the very walls of Ghent.

After the death of Philip II, the Low Countries fell to his son-in-law, the Archduke Albert of Austria, in virtue of his marriage with the Infanta ; but on his dying without issue in 1621, they reverted to Spain. In 1648, the United Provinces obtained a ratification of their independence, by the Treaty of Westphalia : and twenty years afterwards, Louis XIV., taking advantage of the weakness of Spain, compelled her, by his successes in Belgium, to make vast sacrifices of territory in the treaty of Aix la Chapelle ; and had not England, Holland, and Sweden, combined in the Triple Alliance to throw up a barrier against the French monarch, the whole of the Spanish Netherlands would, in 1668, have been overwhelmed by his power. On the death of Charles II. of Spain, the war broke out which related to the Spanish succession, in

which were involved the claims of the grandson of Louis XIV. and of the Archduke Charles. The peace of Utrecht, in which this war terminated, in 1713, consigned these provinces to Austria; to secure whose dominion over them, and to prevent their falling under the power of France, had been the object of the armed confederacies of the reigns of William III. and Anne, of England. They were subsequently overrun, and conquered, by the arms of Louis XV; but were restored to Austria by the Congress of 1748. In 1792, the French Revolution deprived Austria of the sovereignty, and these provinces were decreed an integral part of the French Republic, under the name of Belgium. In 1793, this afflicted country, which has so often changed masters, was again almost entirely in possession of the Austrians; but in the following year, it was regained by the French, and was once more incorporated with France; under the power of which it remained till the triumph of the allies over Napoleon, placed in their hands the destinies of Europe; and in 1814, the Congress of Vienna erected Belgium and Holland into the United Kingdom of the Netherlands, under the government of William, Prince of Orange. This connexion lasted till 1830, when the revolution placed Leopold of Saxe Coburg on the throne of Belgium.

LETTER IV.

View of Namur—Valley of the Meuse—Huy—Aspect of the country—Liege—Church of St. James, and St. Odilia's veritable eye, and eau bénite—Cathedral—University—Palace of the Prince-Bishops—View of Liege from Belle Vue—Long-continued clearness of the atmosphere—Pavillon Anglais—View from one of the bridges—Dialect—Liege prompt to join in the Revolution of 1830—Causes of the Revolution—Dislike of the Dutch connexion—Preference to France—Effect of the previous French Revolution of 1830—Taxes of the mouture, and abbattage—Political prosecutions—Van Maanen—Acts of violence August 25—Efforts of the Prince of Orange ineffectual—Provisional government—Dutch troops driven from Brussels—Belgic Congress—Leopold elected king—Manifestation of feeling towards Romish ceremonies—Brief sketch of the history of the Protestant religion in Belgium—Exterminating persecutions—Revival under the Dutch sway—Check it received in 1832—Recent efforts—Romish clergy opposed to religious freedom.

MY DEAR FRIEND: We left Namur for Liege, distant about forty miles, at six in the morning, with an atmosphere clear and cloudless, as it had been ever since our landing in Belgium. For the first

time, we now travelled on a macadamised road, a most agreeable relief after the *pavé*, which, perhaps, the lightness of the soil generally renders necessary. The jingling of bells on the horses' collars was now substituted for the noise of the wheels on the paved roads.

The city, with its nine or ten spires and towers, and overhanging heights, had a striking effect, as we began, after crossing the Meuse, to move along the truly charming and picturesque valley, through scenery of a totally different character from any we had hitherto witnessed; and constituting no mean earnest of the beauties of the Rhine. We had not gone far, before the rocks and cliffs reminded us of Undercliffe, in the Isle of Wight; and the lofty crags, which sometimes impended over us, luxuriantly ornamented with trees, or surmounted by a château, or a ruin, formed a scene of romantic beauty. Indeed, the road from Namur to Huy is altogether of the most diversified and striking character, and is justly regarded as a part of the enchanted ground of Belgium; but this tract, and the whole of the valley from Namur to Maestricht, which forms one continued series of studies for the painter, ought, we were told, to be seen from the river itself, though the road all the way to Liege runs along its banks. We re-crossed the Meuse about the middle of the day, having had it on our left till we passed the bridge of the ancient town

of Huy, which, with its cathedral-looking church, lies romantically under the surrounding hills, and is crowned by its strong and most commanding fortress, which is seated, proudly dominant, on the rocks above the river. After leaving Huy, the valley opened, and the scenery became less bold; but the vineyards, reaching to the very summit of the crags, and the beautiful patchwork fields, gave the impression of a country in a high state of cultivation; while the numerous châteaux and villages, increasing in number as you approach Liege, the works of industry in coal and iron, and the large English cotton factories, combine to indicate an immense population in these parts.

Upwards of two hundred years ago, Bishop Hall spoke of 'a delightful passage up the sweet river Mosa,' and of visiting 'the populous and rich clergy of Leodium:'* the features of nature remain the same, and the Meuse still meanders between its lovely borders; the works of man, however, are not only mutilated and destroyed by the hand of time, but still more by the violence of human passions: within the last two centuries, LIEGE has frequently been the immediate arena of war; and its churches, especially, have suffered much, from the reaction of revolutionary fury on the enslaving ecclesiastical despotism of Rome. Yet

* Jones's Life of Bishop Hall.

this city, upon the whole, appeared to us a very striking and exceedingly agreeable place; and it still possesses a considerable trade, being celebrated for its manufactures of iron, cloths, hats, and some kinds of cutlery. It is of great extent, and is romantically situated,—part of it being built on a high hill; and the bulk of the town beneath, in the valley of the Meuse, which intersects it in various directions. Several of the streets and squares are very airy and pleasing; and of the public walks, the most frequented seemed to be the magnificent one that lines the long terrace which is open to the river, the other side of which is very agreeably adorned with gardens. This town has nothing of the close, confined appearance of Namur, which seems as though it existed almost only for the sake of its ramparts and fortifications.

On the day of our arrival at Liege, we were witnesses to one of those pieces of superstition, the frequency of which, in these Catholic countries, every Christian philanthropist must deplore. The whole of that district of the city which is near the church of St. James appeared in motion; and great numbers were flocking toward this point from all quarters: infants were drawn in their cots, and sometimes three generations were seen in companies. The church was full of people: about fifty persons at a time knelt without the rails of an altar; and within stood a priest, who slightly and

rapidly touched the eyes of each individual, with a sort of box, or ring, which was fastened on his finger, and which he wiped, every time, with a cloth. The ring was held to every person to kiss, and this precious relic was said to be no other than the 'true' and 'veritable' eye of St. Odilia, enclosed under glass, in a gold case, and pronounced to be an infallible cure for sore eyes! Once a year, on this day,—the festival of the saint,—all come to this ceremony who have bad eyes, or who are anxious to avoid having them. The guide who led us to the church said that he had formerly received the application;—though quite a youth, the poor fellow, seemed perfectly priest-ridden; and when he told us some strange stories about miracles and relics, we found it impossible to shake his belief, and were obliged to leave him fully persuaded of the supernatural virtues of St. Odilia's 'veritable eye!'

Here, as usual, the poor deluded devotee was obliged immediately to pay for a supposed benefit: an acolyte carrying the never-forgotten money-box, followed the priest, and every person contributed a coin. It would require more than an ordinary degree of charity—not to have the impression that this was a shocking spectacle of extortion and imposture. At the west end of the church they were bringing buckets of water from the ground-floor of the tower, and selling it in tumblers, and bottles. A woman, on being asked what this meant, re-

plied that it was some of the *eau bénite de Sainte Odile, bonne pour les yeux, et bonne pour la purification de l'estomac*:—they were giving it to several very young children; whose minds are thus enslaved by superstition, at the moment when reason dawns! It was humiliating to behold the degradation of the human intellect, in this ridiculous affair; and it was yet more painful to reflect on the deeper moral mischief it involved. We thought the priest did not appear quite comfortable, as we stood gazing, with a variety of emotions, on this piece of folly. Surely this rubbing is more likely to *communicate* diseases of the eye, than to cure them. It was a relief to turn away from this impious farce, to notice the stained windows, and the coloured ceiling of the church.

The cathedral of Liege is richly ornamented, and has a very fine, old window, and a screen of the red marble of the country, and of white Italian marble; also, some fine paintings, by Caravaggio, Rubens, Bertholet, and others. The skull and bones of St. Lambert are among the sacred treasures of this church, and it is also pretended that there is here a veil, once belonging to the Virgin Mary; but we did not see any of these precious relics. On one of the altars is a beautiful small statue of the Virgin, with the child Jesus, executed in white marble. In the Chapelle du Monument, also, there is a striking sculpture, in

marble, of our Saviour in the tomb; the two angels are beautifully carved in wood. The University is a neat building, on a site that has been redeemed to nobler purposes from the Jesuits, who once had a foundation on this spot: the professors are nearly twenty in number; the students upwards of four hundred; and the collection of natural history, of which we had but a hasty survey, appeared to be a fine one. The new street of the University, though short, is handsome and spacious; and this part of the town contains some fine shops.

The *Palais de Justice* is a magnificent edifice, with piazzas surrounding the quadrangle, the Moorish columns of which, have an interesting, though heavy effect, from their massive thickness. This was formerly the residence of the Prince-Bishops of Liege, once most influential personages, at a time when the overgrown ecclesiastic, equally ready to wear the mitre or the helmet, often made his importance to be felt by monarchs: but the day is fast waning when, in virtue of their office, the professed successors of the apostles will be permitted to maintain almost regal establishments. The Prince-Bishop of Liege has long since exchanged his principality for the station of Archbishop of Mechlin, metropolitan of all Belgium.

From a vineyard terrace, called *La Belle Vue*, in the highest part of the town, is a splendid view of the city, with its fifteen or twenty steeples—as well as of the country, to a great extent. At

sunset, a few light clouds appeared in the horizon, for the first time since we left England, after a succession of many days of azure weather, with an intense sun. The next morning, the atmosphere was still cloudy, and more resembled an English sky. We set off from our hotel, the *Pavillon Anglais*—a very comfortable house, far more like an English inn than any one we had before visited—and proceeded still farther to explore the town. The fruit and flower market was close at hand, held under the shade of trees, in the centre of a large parallelogram, ornamented with three fountains: there was a plenteous supply of flowers and fruit, which were sold by women, whose immense round hats had an odd effect. The vegetable market is in the quadrangle of the Palais de Justice.—We remarked that, instead of the chairs we had seen elsewhere, the churches here contained long seats, or benches, for the accommodation of the people; and they appeared to have fewer paintings than usual, but a great deal of sculpture. In the course of our perambulations, we pronounced Liege to be one of the most picturesque and open places we had seen; and we much admired the beautiful view from the first of the bridges, on the road leading to the Prussian frontier. The dialect of the common people here is the Vallon, or Koeter-Walsch; but at the inns, and in the shops, French is spoken.

Liege was prompt to join the party of the Belgic revolution in 1830, immediately responding to the call of the metropolis; and the unanimity which prevailed in this city, prevented the confusion from occurring here, which for some time reigned in the capital.—In tracing the *causes* of the recent event, it is worthy of remark, that one of the most signal changes in the politics of Europe which followed the great French Revolution, was the annexation of the Austrian Netherlands to France; and there were elements in that union, which gave far greater promise of durability, than was to be found in many of the other territorial aggrandizements, either of the French Republic, or of the military sovereignty of Bonaparte. Other countries were separated from France by the great boundaries of nature; but between her and these fine provinces, no Alpine range reared a barrier,—no sea interposed,—no great river rolled its tide, as a line of visible demarcation: the traveller, on the contrary, might pass the frontier of the two countries, scarcely aware of the change; for he found the French language still reigning, as the medium of intercourse, and of business,—the Catholic religion still presenting, everywhere, the symbols of its worship,—and a people in general more resembling the French, than the Dutch, in their manners, feelings, and habits. In thus possessing Belgium, however, France gained the object,

which it had been, for ages, the grand fundamental principle of the chief European powers to prevent her from obtaining; and which had long been preserved from her grasp, by their upholding the dominion of Austria, as calculated to keep her ambition within bounds. The revolution of 1789, breaking, like a mountain-torrent, upon the artificial barriers which legitimacy had raised against the encroachments of the *Great Nation*, swept many of these obstacles away; and Belgium, more naturally than any other country, fell under the power of France,—and so continued, with a short interval, till the fall of Bonaparte.

The Congress of Vienna became, for the time being, the arbiters of Europe; and Belgium was annexed to Holland,—to frame with it a new kingdom, though few unions could have been formed containing more of the principle of repulsion; for the Dutch would rather have returned to their Republic, and the Belgians preferred France to Holland. The news of Bonaparte's return from Elba, produced a profound sensation in Belgium;—and all who had acquired wealth, or possessed employments, under his sway;—or who had fought beneath his eagles, were ready to receive him again with open arms: and the traveller who visits the field of Mont St. Jean, is told, that while the destinies of Europe were in suspense, during that sanguinary conflict, the arms of the House of Orange

were actually effaced from the colours that were flying at the village of Waterloo; and while the artillery of the English allies was thundering upon the hosts of Bonaparte, the people of Brussels, expecting the victory would be his,—and expecting but what they desired, were making preparations for giving a cordial welcome to the imperial army. The Belgians protested, in 1815, against their separation from France, and their incorporation with a country which—they urged—had few interests, in common with their own; and which loaded Belgium with burdens that did not belong to her. Whatever sympathy might have existed between the northern and southern provinces, when the illustrious founder of the Orange dynasty fought the common battle, against the tyranny of Spain,—those days were gone by; and the fate of the two countries had been totally different;—the one maintaining the character of an independent state;—the other always continuing under the dominion of some superior power, and still destined to be the theatre on which the battles of Europe were to be fought;—the one country decidedly Protestant,—the other remaining deeply rooted in the most bigoted Romanism.

Nations may be compared to the human body, which imbibes disease according as it is predisposed to receive contagion. The French revolution of July 1830, could not fail to produce its

effect, on a people who had never cherished towards their government any feelings but those of distrust and jealousy; for these elements of mischief had always been working in the very constitution of the United Kingdom of the Netherlands. The three days of Paris, did but increasingly prepare the materials of discord for a ready explosion, by means of any casualty that might occur; as combustible substances, previously dried by the heat of the sun, are more easily ignited by a spark. Thus a crisis, already impending, was hastened on; and the barricades of the Rue St. Honoré, and of the Boulevards, became, after the lapse of a few weeks, the models of those of the Rue de Flandre, and the Porte de Schaerbeek.

Ancient and rooted prejudices existed between the Dutch and the Belgians; among which, the difference of religion was no insignificant element. The Belgians also, jealous of the superior wealth and moral energy of their Protestant neighbours, were ready enough to detect every thing in the king's conduct which might be construed into a deficiency of liberality towards Belgium,—partiality to Holland,—or want of discernment, in reference to the clashing interests of the two countries; one of which was principally commercial—the other, though once the emporium of the world, now chiefly characterized as agricultural and manufacturing. The Dutch debt, moreover, was felt to be a galling

drag on the southern Netherlands, as it was much heavier than their own, and was nevertheless divided between the two countries, in equal portions; hence arose a great increase of taxation, as compared with what they had paid when allied to France. The Belgic provinces, at the time of the union, reckoned a population of considerably more than three millions,—the Dutch little more than two; yet the same number of representatives, which was fifty-five, was assigned to each. An evident feeling of national hostility was often to be witnessed among the deputies; and the absurd spectacle was exhibited—of a legislative assembly, sitting in grave debate, some of the members of which, delivered their speeches in a language which the rest did not understand! The liberty of the press, also, was shackled by legal equivocations and obscurities.

The Belgians were much attached to the trial by jury;—but as this practice was not established in the criminal courts of Holland, it had been arbitrarily abolished in Belgium. The judges, too, were removable at the pleasure of the government; and the king's ministers were not distinctly responsible for their acts. The French language had been universally employed in records, and at the bar, as well as in the affairs of commerce; but now the Dutch, or the Flemish, was ordered to be used; and no documents written in any other tongue could become valid by a legal stamp:—the con-

sequence was, that many Belgians, knowing nothing but French, became immediately disqualified for their professions, and were deprived of the means of subsistence. Not only was the sovereign a Hollander;—the court—the ministers—and most of the officers in the army, were also Dutch; and in the Chamber,—though the numbers were balanced,—one single Belgian deputy, gained over by ministerial influence, might, at any time, turn the scale in favour of a measure, by which the interests of Holland were chiefly advanced.

The disaffection of the Belgians was increased, in consequence of their being accustomed,—whether right or wrong,—to trace the ruin of the commerce which had survived their ancient desolations, to the Dutch connexion. The character of the administration, moreover, had been practically obnoxious. Van Maanen had guided the councils of the cabinet, from a period almost coeval with the existence of the new kingdom; and had employed his talents, which were great, in pursuing a career of absolutism, with a blindfold firmness of purpose, not less decided than that of De Polignac, the premier of Charles X. Van Maanen was indeed the ascendant planet of the revolution, and so malignant an influence did the Belgic party consider his arbitrary councils to shed over their provinces, that they pronounced him to be a sort of second Alva,—

not indeed a military executioner,—but a political autocrat—an ‘Alva in ermine.’

The system of taxation, also, was peculiarly odious to the Belgians,—as they became possessed of the idea, that it sacrificed their agriculture to the Dutch trade; and the mode in which the taxes were levied, was also felt to be annoying and oppressive. The *mouture*, and the *abattage*, were special sources of discontent;—the former being a tax on grain, which was attended with certain vexatious regulations, and raised the price of bread—the latter, a tax on the slaughter of cattle, accompanied with conditions equally obnoxious.

Several very unpopular prosecutions, attended with fine, imprisonment, and banishment, had occurred, within about two years of the final explosion;—the press had been subject to still more stringent laws;—and the smothered elements of discord continued to work in secret, till the revolution of the three days, in Paris, found them ready to break forth. As in other cases, the most heterogeneous mixtures were found combining to produce the result; and liberals, and Catholics, were alike disaffected. The anti-Dutch party had ascertained their strength, in 1829, during which year, three hundred thousand persons had signed petitions against Van Maanen’s continuance in office; demanding, among other objects,—the independence of the Catholic church, on the state,

in all religious matters ; for the Catholic party did not like the attempts that had been made to repress bigotry, and spread education.

At length, on the 25th of August, 1830, a trivial circumstance sufficed to throw Belgium into a blaze—a riot in Brussels, against the local *mouture*, or tax on grain, as increasing the price of bread. The first act of violence was manifested towards the printer of a ministerial paper ;—afterwards, the house of Van Maanen, among others, was set on fire ; and private property became insecure. Indeed, at first, mischief seemed to be the chief object ; and to this, the distresses of the manufacturing classes unhappily furnished ample incitement ; for poverty and taxation were, among the mob, the grand theme of complaint.

A declaration was now drawn up, demanding an execution of the laws of the Union, without restriction or partiality,—the dismissal of Van Maanen,—the suspension of the *abattage*, or slaughter duty,—a new and more popular system of taxation,—the re-establishment of trial by jury,—the freedom of the press, without censorship,—the legal responsibility of ministers,—the establishment of high courts of judicature in the southern provinces,—the termination of all judicial processes against liberal writers,—the reversal of all sentences for political offences,—and assistance to workmen, till the state of affairs should allow them to resume

their labour. The civic guard, who were under arms to protect property, declared that if the king's troops attempted to enter Brussels, they would resist them. The king, whose personal character rendered him highly worthy of esteem, was naturally in great perplexity: and, perhaps, by instantaneous concession, might have saved half his kingdom;—but he regarded this procedure as beneath the dignity of the crown, and intimated as much to the deputies who were sent from Brussels to the Hague. He, however, promised to take every thing into his serious consideration;—and immediately convoked the States-General:—but nothing occurred that was satisfactory to a people, now, every day, increasing their demands, and seeking further changes;—or if concessions were made, they came beyond the eleventh hour.

The artificial tie which, for sixteen years, had bound the two nations together, being once relaxed,—the opposition of their sympathies manifested itself, in all directions, every moment; for while the Dutch idea of government savoured of the old Stadtholdership, the Belgians were attached to the principles of the French revolution. The Prince of Orange, after threatening to attack the city with his troops, was obliged at last to consent to enter it, attended simply by his staff, and to traverse streets that were defended with barricades; and on his arrival at the *Grande Place*,

he found eight or ten thousand bayonets bristling around him,—and the tri-colored flag of Brabant floating over the Hotel de Ville. Though the prince was respectfully received, he retired to his camp, without having effected any favourable result; and, at length, the insurgents declared that nothing would content them, short of the separation of the two countries,—the king still remaining the head of both; as precedents for which scheme, they urged the cases of Sweden and Norway,—Russia and Poland,—Austria and Hungary.

The document containing the king's reply to the question—whether he would agree to the separation,—being unsatisfactory, it was publicly trampled under foot, at Brussels; and a provisional government was now formed. On the 26th of September, the king's troops were compelled to evacuate the capital; and, by this time, the flame of revolution had so spread through Belgium, that to subdue it was a hopeless task: the Dutch dominion was pronounced to be at an end; and De Potter, returning from banishment, headed the party who advocated a republic; but the Belgic Congress, after declaring the country independent, and discussing, for three days, the question of the future form of government, determined on a hereditary monarchy. After many debates and negotiations, the offered crown was accepted by Prince Leopold, who was installed King of the Belgians, at Brussels, on the 21st of July, 1831.

Leopold had scarcely grasped the sceptre, when he was obliged to exchange it for the sword; for immediately after the existing armistice, between Holland and Belgium, had expired, the Dutch entered the country; and the Prince of Orange met, in the field of war, him whom he had once seen carrying off the rich matrimonial prize, in England, to which he had himself, in vain, aspired,—and who had, now, taken possession of more than half the kingdom to which he was the legitimate heir. Leopold, however, was routed, and compelled to make a hasty retreat, pursued by the Prince; who soon came up with him, before Louvain, and obliged him to surrender that city: and it was evident that the Dutch would very soon have been in force at Brussels, had not the march of a French army, of forty or fifty thousand men, into Belgium, saved Leopold, and his already tottering throne. His subsequent marriage with the daughter of France, has undoubtedly much strengthened his position.

On leaving Liege, we met a funeral procession: the deep and peculiar tones in which the mournful dirge was chanted by the priests, with their hands joined in the attitude of prayer,—had a solemn effect; but the whole scene excited only the sneers of our fellow-travellers. How lamentable that popery should be all these people know of Christianity! The common remark—that France, and

Belgium, *want* a religion,—appears strikingly true. Nations, in the mass, are not formed for the cold abstraction of entire unbelief; the spread of knowledge in Catholic countries, may indeed, produce an infidel laxness towards every thing sacred; but the approach of death will bring back the prodigal to the arms of the church;—the *people* must have something,—good, or bad,—which meets their hopes and fears. When shall the pure light of the Truth diffuse its illumination over this land of moral and spiritual darkness! We were informed, on our voyage to Ostend, by an inhabitant of that place, that the Belgian government had lately voted ten thousand francs for the support of the English Protestant churches at Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels,—the ministers of which, are elected by the English inhabitants of those towns: but the grand energies of Protestantism, will be found to consist in the spontaneous exertions of its children. The Catholic clergy are appointed by the government.

The history of the Protestant religion in Belgium has already been shown to possess a painful interest, on account of the exterminating persecutions of the 16th century. Early after the commencement of the Reformation, in Germany, its doctrines found, in the seventeen provinces of the Low Countries, many warm friends and advocates; and in the course of a few years, the principal

cities numbered, in their population, as many Protestants as Catholics. After the intolerable persecutions and butcheries of the reigns of Charles V. and his son Philip II., which roused the seven northern provinces, now called Holland, to throw off the iron yoke of fierce and bigoted Spain, the Protestant religion, which finally triumphed in those parts,—had, in the south, become almost extinct; and under the Spanish, and the Austrian sway, in the 17th and 18th centuries, very few Protestant churches remained in the provinces now constituting the Belgian monarchy.

During the period that the country remained incorporated with France—from the time of the French Revolution to the fall of Napoleon,—a few Protestant chapels were opened in some of the larger cities. After the southern provinces of the Low Countries were annexed to the northern, by the Congress of Vienna,—to form the United Kingdom of the Netherlands, under the government of William of Nassau,—successful efforts, encouraged by the king, were made to promote the Protestant religion: churches and chapels were now to be found in most of the important cities of Belgium, and the cause of truth made considerable progress. M. Merle d'Aubigné, now president of the Evangelical School of Theology at Geneva, preached for several years at Brussels, during the latter part of the Dutch dominion,—and with considerable success.

Belgium, *want* a religion,—appears strikingly true. Nations, in the mass, are not formed for the cold abstraction of entire unbelief; the spread of knowledge in Catholic countries, may indeed, produce an infidel laxness towards every thing sacred; but the approach of death will bring back the prodigal to the arms of the church;—the *people* must have something,—good, or bad,—which meets their hopes and fears. When shall the pure light of the Truth diffuse its illumination over this land of moral and spiritual darkness! We were informed, on our voyage to Ostend, by an inhabitant of that place, that the Belgian government had lately voted ten thousand francs for the support of the English Protestant churches at Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels,—the ministers of which, are elected by the English inhabitants of those towns: but the grand energies of Protestantism, will be found to consist in the spontaneous exertions of its children. The Catholic clergy are appointed by the government.

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Flemish. M. Boucher conducts a religious periodical entitled *La Vérité*; and this faithful and zealous young minister preaches to a congregation at Brussels, apparently with success. M. Devismes, another devoted minister of the gospel, labours at Dour, near Valenciennes; and has been very useful to the miners of that region. About 400,000 children are instructed, in schools, throughout Belgium: they have, till of late, been very destitute of Bibles, but are now being supplied, through the agency of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In the schools of Brussels, eight hundred and forty copies of the sacred records have been distributed, very lately, in the course of a few weeks; and *colporteurs*, or itinerant venders of the Scriptures, are continually employed in diffusing and explaining them, wherever they can find opportunity.

By means of these, and similar exertions, not a few of the Belgians have, within these last five or six years, been brought to the Protestant faith, at Brussels, and other cities: but the overwhelming mass still remain Roman Catholics, and, next to those of Spain, are reckoned the most bigotted on the continent of Europe. From a pamphlet written about the beginning of 1835, by M. de Potter, who took so conspicuous a part in the Revolution,—it would seem, that the priests have tried every indirect means in their power, to contravene the spirit of the charter, in regard to religious freedom.

LETTER V.

Road to Aix-la-Chapelle—Prussian frontier—Germany—Town-house—Mineral waters—Change in the coin—Public walks—Cathedral—Charlemagne—Relics, in the sanctuary—General outline of German history—Conflicts between the German tribes and the Romans—Empire of Charlemagne—Its division—Extinction of the Carolingian dynasty in Germany—The German empire elective—House of Saxony—House of Franconia—House of Suabia—Great Interregnum—Rudolph, and the first Austrian dynasty—Second Austrian dynasty, or Lorraine branch—Dignity of the Holy Roman Empire—Effect of the French Revolution, and the subsequent power of Bonaparte—Confederation of the Rhine; and dissolution of the German empire—Austrian empire—Gigantic efforts of Germany against the return of Bonaparte to power, in 1815—Germanic Confederation.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The road to Aachen,—or, as the French call it,—Aix-la-Chapelle, passes through a very rich country, covered with many villages; but we were much annoyed with immense clouds of dust; and while we had dust from without, there was

smoke within, for the pipe was now, for the first time, introduced, without ceremony, into the diligence;—but we were on the borders of Germany. As we advanced, the road wound beautifully between the hills, and the country was delightfully wooded, on an immense scale. Near Verviers, where is manufactured the finest cloth of the Netherlands, our passport was very civilly inspected, preparatory to entering the Prussian dominions; and, farther on, it was regularly *visé*; and the luggage was searched by the Prussian authorities. At Néaux, or Reipen, another manufacturing town, all the inscriptions on the houses became at once changed from French to German, indicating that we were now in the territory which, after the downfall of the French dominion, was annexed, by the Congress of Vienna, to Prussia,—once a petty duchy of the German empire, but which has, by degrees, become a first-rate European power. As we proceeded,—the road became worse and worse; we had before experienced nothing like it;—the jolting was quite electrical.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE is a city of Roman origin,—the ancient coronation-place of the German emperors. The entrance to it is very handsome, by a uniform, new street; and as you proceed into the town, there are very good walks and boulevards. This city was the birth-place of Charlemagne. It possesses at present only a fraction of its former population, but has still all the

air of a place of great importance. The central part contains the Town-House, a very large building, situated in the Market-square, on the site of Charlemagne's favourite palace. I was obliged to repair to this place, to obtain another passport,—the Belgic one, procured in London, being no longer of any avail. In the Town-House, is the spacious room which was the banquetting-hall of the emperors, in the day of their new imperial glory. One of the towers of this edifice is a work of the Romans. Opposite the entrance is an ancient fountain, constantly projecting several streams of water, and surmounted with a very fine copper statue of Charlemagne, who seems honoured in this city as a kind of tutelar saint.

The sulphurous waters were celebrated in the time of this monarch, and still attract many visitors,—giving to the town the decided character of a watering-place, with all the usual accommodations for the invalid and the fashionable. There is a new and elegant building, in the best part of the town, under the portico of which, at the base of a flight of steps, the hot spring is made to issue, in two streams, from a lion's mouth. A band of music was playing, and the company were parading the neighbouring public walks, as at Cheltenham or Leamington;—but German and French, instead of English, met the ear. The water contains a large quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen, with a

smaller proportion of carbonic acid gas; and, according to Bergman, the solid ingredients are nearly five grains each—of carbonate of lime, and muriate of soda, and twelve grains of carbonate of soda,—in a pint of the water. The taste is not very unpleasant.

At Aix-la-Chapelle, we first began to experience the inconvenience of a change in the money. All through Belgium, French coins prevail; consisting of gold *napoleons*, or *louis*; *francs* and their fractional pieces, in silver; and,—in copper, *centimes*, and the old *sous*. The French franc is worth about ninepence, and three fifths, English, more or less; and is divided into a hundred parts, called centimes, of which the sous contains five. Dutch money is also current, in *florins* and *cents*. The value of a ten-florin gold piece is twenty-one francs and a half, or seventeen shillings English. At Aix, the Prussian money began to be current, and our bills were now made out in *thalers*, *silber-groschen*, and *pfennings*: a thaler, or dollar, is worth about three francs and three-quarters, or nearly three shillings English; thirty groschen make a thaler; and there are twelve pfennings in a groschen, so that ten pfennings amount to about a penny English.

We found, on consulting the excellent *Tableaux des Monnaies*, by Charles Jugel of Frankfort, that, at the inns, advantage was generally taken, in

giving change, for money of one kind, in coin of another: the difference, however, was seldom of any consequence. We had availed ourselves of the convenience of taking with us circular exchange notes, payable at a great number of places; and not the slightest difficulty or delay occurred in obtaining cash at the banks, without any discount, at the current rate of exchange for the time being,—unless, for the sake of convenience, gold were desired, which always bore a premium. It is also a wise precaution, to have always in reserve, a few English sovereigns, or French napoleons,—as they will go every where, without much loss; and thus the traveller will avoid being in the awkward predicament of one or two gentlemen whom we met with;—who, with plenty in their pockets, were penniless, because their stock of cash was exhausted, at a distance from places at which their exchange notes were payable.

The public promenades, on the outskirts of the city, are very extensive, and commodious;—but they were so filled with clouds of dust,—that to walk in them was a work of supererogation: the citizens of Aix do not seem, as yet, to have arrived at the summer luxury of watered roads. Early in the morning after our arrival, I took a walk along the old ruined wall, which commands a fine view of the town; but its appearance was not near so imposing as that of Liege, from the heights above it. Aix

is much sheltered by hills, but there is a distant prospect of a more open country, towards the south. Some of the modern parts of the town, are very fine and spacious, and the pump-room, and the theatre, certainly have a splendid appearance. At the corners of many streets, particularly in the ancient part, are images; and it is evident that here, as elsewhere, superstition has, ages ago, struck deeply its roots. In some places, wreaths of flowers, evergreens, and festoons of eggs, mingled with small pieces of glass, continually tinkling in the wind, were hung across the streets, in honour of some saint.

In the decorations of Romish churches, there seems to be an endless variety. In one, situated east of the cathedral, the pillars were ornamented with mirrors, each of which had a candle placed before it. The underlings were going about collecting money as usual; for either the money-box, or the bag, like an inverted velvet cap, suspended at the end of a stick, meets you at every turn.

The cathedral did not fail to attract a considerable share of our notice; which it well deserved, as being rich in the associations of the past, and in relics of the deepest and most costly superstition. The nave, which was built by Charlemagne, is an octagon, approaching to the general appearance of the churches of the holy sepulchre: its exceedingly massy and heavy pillars

support a gallery, the ceilings of which are finely painted, in fresco; and the centre of the dome is rich Mosaic. The loftiness of the choir is prodigious, and has a fine effect. Beneath the dome is a plain marble slab, with the inscription *CAROLO MAGNO*; for it was here that this mighty monarch was interred, in 814. After the lapse of a century and three quarters, his successor, the emperor Otho III., indulged in that ghostly curiosity which has often led to the attempt to bring again to light those who have, for ages, dwelt in silence and darkness: on the sepulchre being opened, the extraordinary spectacle presented itself, of the embalmed monarch, sitting in a marble chair, crowned, and attired in imperial robes—adorned with the most costly ornaments of gold; and having the gospels, in golden plates, on his knees.

Nor was the body of Charlemagne, even after this disclosure, allowed quietly to repose; for, in 1165, the emperor Frederic I. took a fancy to pay him another visit; and two bishops were now ordered to remove his remains, and to place them in an antique sarcophagus, exquisitely carved, representing the story of Proserpine. The French, in the pride of their triumph,—when they claimed the spoils of Europe as their own,—carried off this Roman monument to Paris: it has, however, been restored. The ancient and costly columns which

supported the nave were, at the same time, taken away, but part of them have also been returned.

The marble chair, no longer the throne of him whom the strange fondness of survivors desired to render, as it were, the monarch of all the dead, when he could no longer reign over the living,—was transferred to the gallery of the church, to be the coronation-seat of future princes; and our party were ambitious enough to ascend for a moment, by its marble steps, this chair, on which Charlemagne sat in his tomb for three hundred and fifty years; and on which six-and-thirty sovereigns have been inaugurated to reign over the holy Roman empire, in the midst of all the splendour of the Gothic and feudal times. The pomp of the coronations was aided by the erection of a temporary flight of steps, reaching from the floor of the church to the foot of this chair of state,—which was covered, on the occasion, with plates of gold.

Among other remarkable objects, are some paintings of Albert Durer, whose pieces are highly valued on account of their scarcity:—also, the altar of black and white marble, with its tabernacle of blue marble; and the pulpit, which is only exhibited on high days and holidays, excepting to strangers. It is usually kept covered with a carved case which, when removed, discovers a front of what were once,

at least, plates of gold, ivory, and precious stones: how far gilding and paste may now supply them, we were not informed; but the appearance is magnificent.

In Belgium, we had not observed much repetition of the responses; but, here, the people appeared quite in earnest, and sang them in a very loud tone, alternately with a priest, who went into the pulpit and read. Afterwards, a very common-looking man, in a blue frock, came into the church, and began uttering his prayers aloud, in a standing posture, without book, and in German. His eye was fixed,—his manner impassioned, and the whole effect bordered strongly upon the fanatical: after a while, a number of people joined him, as they had before accompanied the priest.

But the objects, in this church, which leave the strongest impression on the mind, are the *Holy Relics* for which it has been, during many ages, so celebrated. We were conducted, by the verger, into a gloomy chamber, where a priest was soon in readiness, to show us these sacred and far-famed curiosities. Two candles were lighted immediately on our entering the sacristy,—probably to keep away any malignant influence which these holy things might receive from the gaze of heretics;—for the room was not so dark, as that candle-light was of any service; and we had fancied, on previous occasions, that our approach to any thing sacred, was

frequently accompanied with this lighting up of candles.

The *great relics* are kept in a large shrine, of silver gilt, and of venerable antiquity, in the form of a gothic tomb—ornamented with several sculptures in relief, and magnificently wrought with what are said to be precious stones. This case being opened, the following articles were gravely announced :—the large cloth in which the body of John the Baptist was wrapped, after his decapitation ;—the robe of the Virgin Mary ;—the swaddling clothes of the manger ;—and the linen which our Saviour wore on the cross, retaining visible traces of his blood. This last relic is regarded as the most important of the whole ; and when these objects are exhibited for public adoration, the final *benediction* is pronounced in connexion with it.—These relics are shown, for a fortnight, every seven years, from the gallery of the church, to crowds of devotees ; after which they are wrapped in new silk, of red, white, or yellow ; and the old silks which have been so long in contact with these sacred things, and have imbibed from them the odour of sanctity, are cut in pieces, and distributed as presents.

The multitude of strangers that used, formerly, to throng this city, during the septennial festival, almost exceeds belief. The houses were crowded with pilgrims ; while so many still kept flocking into the town, that the gates were obliged to be shut, until

some had given place to others ;—and, at times, numbers were even trampled to death. It is said that in 1496, on one single day of the festival, there were no less than one hundred and forty-two thousand arrivals, and the golden pieces offered to the Virgin, in the same year, for the miracles supposed to be wrought by means of the holy relics, were in number eighty thousand !

Next were shown to us, what are termed the *small relics*, which are carried round the city in grand procession, once a year, and are contained in a variety of shrines, and cases. We now had the privilege of gazing on what were said to be—the point of one of the nails with which our Saviour was pierced—a piece of the wood of the cross—a tooth of St. Catherine—a bone of Charlemagne's arm, inclosed in a large case of silver, representing a hand and arm—a piece of the cord, with which the hands of our Saviour were bound, on the cross—and his leathern girdle, sealed with the seal of Constantine ;—some hair of John the Baptist—an *agnus Dei*, or impression of a lamb bearing a cross, consecrated in 1434, and accompanied with various relics—a link of the chain which bound St. Peter in prison—a morsel of St. Simeon's arm, in which he held our Saviour—and another bone of Charlemagne ;—a piece of the sponge with which the lips of Jesus were moistened on the cross, set in a golden sun, ornamented with enamel—a spine of

the crown of thorns—another considerable piece of the cross, inserted in a crucifix of gold—the skull of Charlemagne, and his hunting-horn ;—and the girdle of the Virgin Mary.

The bones said to be those of Charlemagne, are probably his real remains. There are many other relics ; but surely these may be regarded as enough ! The costliness, and beauty of the cases in which they are enshrined, are extreme ; and several of the objects are seen under glass. The number of the depositories which contain these relics, is between thirty and forty, varying in size,—from massy shrines, like small tombs of silver and gold, to smaller cases of various forms,—of the same metals, and of ivory,—the whole being more or less adorned with precious stones, or their substitutes. The priest who was in attendance, thinking, perhaps, that we betrayed symptoms of scepticism, said, *Du moins ces reliques sont ici depuis plusieurs siècles* :—a remark quite as forbearing towards heretics as could be expected, in such an atmosphere.

Among other curiosities, which are also here preserved, and which were shown to us, with the relics, are two exquisitely elegant crowns of gold, set with pearls, rubies, and diamonds : these ecclesiastical *regalia* were given by one of the Duchesses of Brabant,—to adorn the images of the Virgin and Child. In short, nothing conveyed to the mind a more impressive idea, than this church and its contents,

of the amazing hold which superstition has been able to gain over mankind !

It is professed that many of these relics have been on this spot for nearly a thousand years ; and that Charlemagne, who collected the greater part of them, obtained several of the most important from Jerusalem, having become master,—on his coronation at Rome, on Christmas Day A.D. 800, as Emperor of the West,—not only of the Holy Sepulchre, but of many other sacred places and treasures, which were presented to him by the King of Persia. He is said to have received some of these precious objects from Constantinople, as presents from the Greek Emperors, to their mighty peer. Indeed Charlemagne seems to have been the pride and glory of the church, as well as of the field of war ; and those who either dreaded his arms, or admired his attachment to the Romish religion, sent him relics from the three quarters of the globe. These he distributed among the churches of which he was the founder ; but reserved the prime of them for this—his favourite cathedral of Nôtre Dame, the chapel of his court. They profess still to have the cope in which Pope Leo III. assisted by three hundred and sixty-five bishops,—officiated, in presence of Charlemagne, at the consecration of the church ;—but this was not shown. Charlemagne was so attached to Aix, that he made it his capital ; and ordained that all future sove-

reigns of the Holy Roman empire should first be crowned here, preparatory to their being confirmed in the imperial dignity, at Rome;—a mandate which was obeyed during five hundred years.

The pamphlet* containing an account of these relics, which is sold at Aix-la-Chapelle, under the *imprimatur* of the Vicar General, is one of the most remarkable exhibitions of modern popery; showing that it clings to all the mysticism and dotage of the dark ages, amidst the various and conflicting influences of the nineteenth century. Neither philosophy, nor *rationalism*;—nor the rays of genuine truth,—seem, here, to have disturbed its repose, in the gloomy sanctuary of its relics; and it still dreams on, with an infatuated fondness, over all the images of superstition, around which the brilliant empire of Charlemagne threw so false a glory.

The singular book alluded to,—besides a full account of the relics, and arguments for their genuineness,—contains the form of words, in which each of the four *great* relics, is annually announced to the people,—and the petitions that are to be uttered, during the public exhibition of each. One of the last prayers, which is a *bidding-prayer*, is partly on behalf of ‘our holy Father,’ the Pope.

* *Schatzkammer des Aachener Heiligthums, oder Kurze Beschreibung der h. h. Reliquien, welche von dem glorwürdigsten Kaiser, Karl dem Grossen, in der Krönungs- und Domkirche U. L. F. gesammelt worden, und, alle sieben Jahre, gezeigt werden. Aachen, 1832.*

and his cardinals,—the King of Prussia, the Archbishop of Cologne, the city and authorities of Aix-la-Chapelle, the pilgrims who visit it, and the souls of the departed. The deluded votaries are, in this tract, taught to believe that the presence, and the contemplation of these relics, are a security for the special favour and intercession of those with whose persons they were formerly identified, as their remains,—or as having been consecrated by their use :* and they are pronounced to be the *source of all happiness, welfare, and prosperity*, to the city ;† having never been taken away, or fallen under the power of enemies,—notwithstanding the devastations of the Normans, the troubles occasioned by *heresy*, the frequent occupancy of the town by hostile armies, and its having been repeatedly reduced to ashes by fire.‡

The ambition of the conqueror, and the migratory enterprise of the adventurer, have disregarded the great boundaries which nature has placed between the countries of the earth ; nor do mountains, or mighty rivers, form an effectual barrier. The

* Diese kostbaren Gegenstände versichern uns besondere Gnaden, und mächtigere Fürbitte, in Ansehung und Gegenwart jener Stücke, die sonst mit ihrem Wesen vereinigt, oder ihnen zugehörig und gewidmet waren. Vide Vorrede.

† Diesem Orte alles Glück, Heil, und Wohlstand, durch diese heilige Erbschaft zukömmt. 31.

‡ Schatzkammer, u. s. f., 32.

distinction which has, from time immemorial, subsisted between the people inhabiting at a distance from the Rhine, westward,—and those who have dwelt along its western shore, and in the country eastward of its course,—would seem to indicate that some of those fierce and warlike tribes, described in so full and interesting a manner by Tacitus, under the general name of *Germani*, and who,—appearing to have had a common origin,—were spread over so vast a proportion of Europe, as scarcely to be included between the Rhine and the Vistula, the Danube and the ocean,—settled within the limits of Gaul, and colonized its eastern border. In Cæsar's division, all the German provinces on the left, or western bank of the Rhine, were included in Belgic Gaul.

The vast forests of the ancient *Germani*, appear, from a remote antiquity, to have been the cradle of freedom, and of chivalry; and about a century before the Christian era, immense armies of these nations menaced Italy, from the Alps, and made the Romans to tremble for their possessions,—till these barbarian tribes were overthrown, with terrific slaughter, by Marius. Half a century later, Julius Cæsar, while engaged in his wars in Gaul, defeated the borderers of the Rhine, who had invaded that country, and obtained other victories over the *Germani*. These nations continued to furnish employment to the Roman arms, during the most splendid

period of the empire; and the name *Germanicus* was commonly given to those generals who had been on service in Germany; among whom, the most renowned was Germanicus Cæsar, the son of Drusus, and father of the Emperor Caligula.

From the time of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who died A. D. 180, the Germanic tribes became more and more formidable to the waning empire; and in the third century, they formed confederacies against the Romans;—who, instead of having it in their power further to subjugate other nations, were now increasingly unable to defend themselves. At length, in the year 476, the northern hordes succeeded in dethroning Augustulus, the last sovereign of the western division of the empire,—and in finally destroying the Roman power. Italy, after repeatedly changing its masters, fell, towards the close of the eighth century, to a considerable extent, under the dominion of the Lombards, another northern people. These—so harassed Pope Adrian I. that he was glad to obtain the assistance of CHARLEMAGNE, then King of the Franks; who, having subdued the Lombards, and added their territory to his other conquests, revived the western empire; and was crowned, as its sovereign, at Rome, in the year 800, by Leo III.—Thus was founded the great Frankish dominion, comprehending Gaul, Italy, and Germany,—to the Northern Sea; and now, Germany, as part of this consolida-

tion of territory, was, for the first time, united under the sway of one sovereign.

After the death of this great monarch, his unwieldy empire, now in the hands of his son *Louis le Débonnaire*, scarcely sustained itself; and three years after the death of Louis, it was formally divided, by the treaty of Verdun, in 843, among his sons,—Louis, Charles, and Lothaire; of whom, the first obtained Germany, and was hence called *Louis the German*. Under his son, *Charles le Gros*, the great empire of Charlemagne reappeared, in 884; but the coherence of this heterogeneous mass of nations was but of ephemeral duration; for, in 887, Charles was deposed by the German states,—of which Arnulph, son of Charles's brother Carloman, was now made king. Arnulph died in 899, and was succeeded by his son *Louis the Infant*;—on whose death, in 911, the Carlovingian race became extinct, and Conrad, Duke of Franconia, was made Emperor of Germany, by election.

After Conrad's decease, Henry, surnamed the Fowler, was elected to the German throne, in 919; and with him commenced the dominion of the house of SAXONY,—from which country he had previously derived the title of Duke. The sway of these princes was remarkable for its warlike spirit, and for the victories that were gained over the Hungarian tribes:—and, during this period, many of the Ger-

man cities were founded. The practice of election to the empire now became an established law; and Germany was, from this time, a kind of imperial republic. Under Otho the Great, in the tenth century, the bounds of the empire were enlarged, so as to comprehend Rome and Italy; but the emperor could not receive his title of Augustus till he had been crowned by the Pope:—from the time of Charles V., however, this practice was discontinued.

By the election of Conrad II, in 1024, the house of Saxony was succeeded by that of FRANCONIA. In the reign of Henry III., of this dynasty, the German, or Holy Roman Empire, attained its maximum;—comprehending Germany, Italy, Burgundy, and Lorraine; while Denmark, Hungary, Poland, and other districts of Slavonia, were either its tributaries, or its vassals. About the beginning of the twelfth century, however,—in consequence of the increasing influence of the papal church, and the rapid progress of the feudal system, which gave so much power to the electoral princes,—the empire had begun to decline. On the death of Henry V, of Franconia, in 1125, Lothaire the Saxon received the crown.

In 1138, Conrad III., son of the Duke of Suabia, was elected to this unwieldy aggregate of power, as successor to Lothaire; and the emperors of the house

of SUABIA held the sovereignty upwards of another century, till the middle of the thirteenth.

During the reigns of the latter Franconian princes, and those of Suabia,—the ambition of the Popes, who claimed supreme dominion over Christendom, gave rise to perpetual contests between them and the Emperors; and the factions of the Guelphs, and the Ghibelines,—the respective partisans of each,—held Germany and Italy in agitation for centuries; during the whole of which period the authority of the emperors was constantly on the wane.

After the death of the emperor Frederick II., in 1250, occurred that period of lawlessness and confusion, known by the name of the GREAT INTERREGNUM. Conrad IV., the son of Frederick, had, on his father's death, assumed the imperial title; but William, Count of Holland, procured himself to be crowned in the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, and subsequently defeated Conrad in battle. On the death of William, in 1256, the Archbishop-Elector of Cologne offered the imperial crown to Richard, Duke of Cornwall, brother to Henry the Third, of England, and assisted at his coronation, in 1257; while the Archbishop of Treves declared Alphonso, King of Castile, emperor. Richard soon abdicated, and retired to England, with the empty title of King of the Romans; which had been con-

ferred on him previously to his election to the empire. From 1258 to 1273, the empire was without a head, and in a state of the utmost anarchy: Conradin, son of Conrad IV., the last of the Hohenstaufen family, or the house of Suabia, perished on the scaffold, at Naples.

At length, in 1273, **RUDOLPH**, Count of Hapsburgh, was elected emperor,—and laid the foundation of the greatness of the house of **AUSTRIA**,—from which family most of the emperors were subsequently elected. The Austrian dynasty traces its origin to the lords of a small territory, on the river Aar, in the canton of Bern, in Switzerland; where the remains of an ancient castle testify to the antiquity of this imperial race. In 1440, **Frederic III.**, Duke of Austria, was chosen to fill the German throne; and the sovereign dignity descended in the male line of his family, for about three hundred years. In 1519, **CHARLES V.**, heir to the Spanish crown, and grandson to Maximilian, the successor of Frederic, received the imperial sceptre. The male line of the race of Rudolph of Hapsburgh became extinct in 1740, by the death of Charles VI. Maria Theresa, only daughter of Charles, married the Duke of Lorraine;—and her son Joseph II. commenced the second imperial house of Austria;—namely, the **LORRAINE** branch.

While the German empire continued,—its sovereign was regarded as having the precedence among

the potentates of Europe. His power in the administration, however, was very limited,—the supreme authority residing in the Diet,—which consisted of the colleges of the electors, the princes, and the imperial towns. The electors, and princes, became vested with little less than regal supremacy, in their respective territories; and were more powerful than some crowned heads. The people, originally, had a voice in the election of the emperor; but this function ultimately devolved on the King of BOHEMIA, the Dukes of BAVARIA, SAXONY, and HANOVER,—the Prince PALATINE of the RHINE,—the Marquis of BRANDENBURG, afterwards King of Prussia,—and the three Archbishops of MAINTZ, TREVES, and COLOGNE: the power of these lay and spiritual electors was almost equal to that of the emperors themselves. The spiritual, or archbishop-electors, certainly had functions and dignities of which the fishermen of Galilee never dreamed. They were Arch-Chancellors of the Holy Roman Empire in Germany, in Italy, and in Gaul, respectively;—though the title, so far as it related to Gaul, had become a mere name, long before the dissolution of the imperial dominion.

To prevent the confusion that might sometimes arise from a contested election, while there was no sovereign,—a successor to the emperor was frequently chosen by the electors, during his lifetime.

This prince was crowned KING of the ROMANS; and addressed, like the emperor, with the title of 'majesty.'—But the pomp and glory of the HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE have passed away; and, like the more ancient, and more powerful empires of the world, it is numbered among the things that were. Napoleon, who aspired to the dominion of the West, seems, when emperor of the French, to have had in view the ancient custom of the German empire, in styling his successor-apparent, *King of Rome*.

The French revolution, and the subsequent power of Bonaparte, rapidly hastened on the dismemberment of the Germanic empire. The provinces on the left bank of the Rhine were overwhelmed by the French:—Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Saxony, were erected into kingdoms, — with the annexation of smaller states; and the battle of Austerlitz, and the subsequent Treaty of Presburg, destroyed the power of Austria, and deprived her of her principalities of the Tyrol, and Suabia, —her barriers against Italy and France. In 1806, soon after this treaty, most of the states in the north and south of Germany, renounced their connexion with the empire,—and joined in a league, entitled 'The CONFEDERATION of the RHINE,' under the protection of the Emperor NAPOLEON. The confederated powers agreed to hold their legislative assemblies at Frankfort; and to restrict their services, and assistance, to each other:—in

short, they were to constitute a cluster of military states, under the virtual dictation of Napoleon. The German emperor, Francis II,—thus reduced in authority and power,—formally abdicated the title of Emperor of Germany, at Vienna, Aug. 6, 1806, assuming that of Emperor of Austria.—Thus was dissolved an empire that had lasted, with fluctuations, for the space of a thousand years,—dating from Charlemagne.

At the end of 1813, the French were expelled from every part of Germany; and the deposition of Napoleon, the downfall of the power of France, and the dissolution of the Confederacy of the Rhine, in 1814,—restored the smaller sovereigns to their dominions. On Bonaparte's reappearance in France, from Elba, in 1815, the most gigantic efforts were made, in Germany, to prevent his return to power; and on his final overthrow at Waterloo, on the 18th of June, in the same year, it is said that 1,200,000 men,—armed, and unarmed,—were prepared to march against him. The Congress of Vienna now made a proposal to Francis, the Austrian emperor, that he should resume the ancient title,—which offer he declined to accept.

Germany once more assumed the appearance, at least, of a political whole,—in the constitution of the Confederation, (*Bundes Verfassung*), which was formed in June, 1815. In this imperfectly balanced union of powers, Austria and Prussia have naturally

a predominant influence; though they have withheld from the Confederation several of their provinces which are not German. The component parts of the GERMANIC CONFEDERATION are thirty-eight,—thirty-four being monarchical states, the heads of which have various titles. The four remaining parts, are the free cities of Frankfort on the Maine, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck. The principal object of the Confederacy was to secure the independence and integrity of each State; and to maintain internal, and external tranquillity, by uniting to check any mutual aggressions among the States themselves;—and to repel the attack of a foreign enemy. In case of clashing interests, or the occurrence of disputes,—no part of the Confederation can go to war, or make peace, or a truce, or any such engagement, independently of the rest—each member being bound to yield to the decision of the whole. The internal management of the States is left, in general, to the care of the respective governments; and they are always to have in readiness for the purposes of the Confederation, an army, levied in the proportion of one man to every hundred inhabitants. The Diet, or Assembly of Plenipotentiaries, consists of delegates from the various states, and is held at Frankfort.

LETTER VI.

Road to Cologne—Juliers—Bergheim—Catholic Subscription for the New Testament, in German—Cologne—The Rhine—Churches—Deutz—Cologne Cathedral—The Three Kings—Churches of St. Ursula, St. Géréon, and St. Peter—Voyage on the Rhine to Bonn—Fieschi—The Seven Mountains—Bonn—Cathedral—Popplestorf—Kreutzberg—Protestant Church at Bonn—Church of the Jesuits—King of Prussia's Birth-Day—University of Bonn.

MY DEAR FRIEND: We left the good accommodations of the Rhine Hotel, at Aix-la-Chapelle, at six in the morning, for Cologne; a distance of about forty-five miles. We stopped, first, at St. Juliers, a strongly fortified place, situated in a plain; where our horses were baited with bread. On inquiring what bread it was?—the answer was, '*Rocken-brot*,' rye-bread; and it was amusing to see the horses, and the driver, standing together, and sharing the same fare.—We afterwards traversed a flat, and unenclosed,—but highly cultivated country. The paved road was lined with fine trees, among which were the apple, the cherry, and the walnut,—interspersed with numerous cru-

cifixes; some of which stood in the corn-fields, surrounded, to some distance, with turf.

Every thing now reminded us of the Prussian authority; all the barriers, railed bridges, and guard-houses, being painted in white and black stripes. We also observed that, since we had changed governments, the road was measured in a novel manner; small stones being placed in the ground, thirty or forty in a mile, at regular intervals,—marking the distance from Cologne. The weather was intensely hot; and, at Bergheim, we stopped till the heat of the day was abated. This little town, with its walls and gates, reminds you, like most other places,—even the smallest, in these parts,—of wars and sieges. It is a great thoroughfare into Germany; and five or six carriages were sometimes seen posting through it at once, during our stay.

Judging from appearances, superstition seems to increase, in this direction, rather than to diminish. One of the numerous crucifixes we had seen, was just outside one of the gates of Bergheim;—and, here, a poor old lady was carefully telling her beads. It was, however, some counterpoise—to find on the table of the inn,—which was the Duke of Wellington,—a prospectus, printed at Nuremberg, in May, 1835, containing an invitation to Catholic Germany, to unite in subscribing for an edition of the New Testament, in the vernacular tongue, from the

Vulgate,—to be published under the auspices of the church :* in order, as the prospectus stated, that both clergy and laity might do their utmost to diffuse the New Testament scriptures, so that not a single cottage should be without them ; and that there might be no school in which they should not be read.—The price is to be twelve and a half *silbergroschen* for each of the four numbers, or about five shillings the whole ; a sum which shows that the art of cheap scripture-printing is still to be learned here:—but the fact itself is a phenomenon ; as being entirely at variance with the *practice* of the Romish Church. Whether this measure be dictated by the mere policy of doing something by way of accommodation to the spirit of the age,—or from better motives,—it is, at all events, a matter of rejoicing that, although the sacred fountain of divine knowledge may flow through the channel of Romanism, *truth* will, nevertheless, be diffused among the people ; and that the grand *principle* of reading the scriptures for *themselves*, will begin to acquire a currency which it has never before attained.

The country from Bergheim was still unclosed,—but luxurious, and overspread with the abundant sheaves of harvest. A large cemetery,

* Einladung an das Katolische Deutschland, zur Subscription auf das mit Päpstlicher Approbation erscheinende Neue Testament unsers Herrn und Heilandes Jesu Christi.

on the left, laid out in a picturesque manner, announced our approach to COLOGNE, or KÖLN, which we entered through some fortifications, and by narrow streets; and took up our abode at the *Gasthof zum Grossen Rheinberg*. We were now upon the banks of the far-famed RHINE, the river of Roman story,—consecrated by the ashes of martyrs,—and rendered classic by the many legends of poetry and romance: nor can those stupendous movements be forgotten, which its banks have witnessed in modern times;—when he who afterwards assumed the name of *Protector* of the Confederation of the Rhine,—but was really its master, marched his vast armies across these waters, and changed the destinies of the ancient German empire.

It is said that, at the taking of Hockheim, a place near Mentz, when the Austrian troops obtained their first view of the Rhine, from the summit of a hill, they suddenly halted—to gaze on the noble stream, which had been familiar to them by name, during the preceding fifteen years, as the centre of so many momentous, warlike events:—the firing ceased, and on the general's inquiring the cause of the delay, the soldiers shouted, and instantly rushed down upon the enemy, and drove them into the river.—What a strange compound of elements is man!

The emotions with which this noble stream is beheld, for the first time, are increased, in consequence of its being concealed by the houses, till

its ample flood, upwards of a quarter of a mile in breadth, bursts upon you at once, from the windows of the principal hotels. Close to the *Rheinberg*, is the bridge of boats,—constructed to rise and fall with the tide,—and forming a pleasant walk over to Deutz—one of the suburbs, on the opposite shore ; where, in the evening, some gardens appeared brilliantly illuminated.

In the morning, after seeing the Dutch steam-boat begin its voyage to Nimeguen, we set off to take a general view of Cologne,—which is of great extent, lying along the bank of the river, for between two and three miles. The interior of the town is old, and exhibits a strange mixture of the styles of building that have successively prevailed, through many centuries. It owes its name to the colony which Claudius, the Roman emperor, sent here,—by desire of his wife Agrippina, who was born on the spot. Hence Cologne was, originally, called *Colonia Agrippina* ; and it has retained to modern times, traces of the Roman forms of municipal government. It has upwards of sixty thousand inhabitants,—encloses a vast space, with many gardens and orchards,—and is fortified on the land side. The walk along the bank of the Rhine is delightful ; but Cologne itself is by no means an agreeable place, many parts having a very ruinous appearance ; and its odours form but too sensible a contrast to the celebrated water of Jean Marie Farina, to the depôt of which we were conducted.

The town has an antique, gothic aspect, and the only specimen of Grecian architecture is the beautiful Town-House.

Several churches were open, at this early hour; —among others St. Severin's, St. John's and St. Helen's, — which contain brazen fonts, odd old paintings of popish legends, or miserable daubs of wretches in purgatory, some of whom are lifted out by priests, using their rosaries as ropes, and being thus exhibited as the saviours of the people. In one of these churches, a woman was reading her prayers aloud; in another, were a number of children,—one of whom read, while the others responded; afterwards all sung together, in good time, the priest at the altar continuing his pantomimic genuflexions, with little apparent connexion with the worship of the rest. In St. James's was a figure, probably of the patron Saint, in whose hand a bunch of early grapes had been put, as first fruits. It was ludicrous, here, to see a man carrying a lighted lanthorn before the priest, as he came down from the altar, in broad day light; but Romanism would fain *prolong the night*. The money box, as usual, was handed round, at the sound of a bell. A large school of children were present, with their slates and baskets on their arms; and it was melancholy to think of so many poor innocents being subjected,

from their tender age, to this system of spiritual despotism and darkness.

We went over the water to Deutz; and entered the church, at the time of a funeral. The altars were dressed with black screens, having skulls and cross bones painted on them; and the coffin was placed in the middle aisle, with many high tapers burning around it. The smoke of incense from a vessel on the floor was rising up over the bier, and five or six priests, habited in mourning robes, said the mass for the dead: the organ tones, in the minor key, had a very plaintive effect; and the whole ceremony was exceedingly solemn. When it was over, the friends of the deceased walked past an altar, where stood a salver in which each deposited an offering, which the priest blessed with extended arms; and which we supposed was to be a ransom from the pains of purgatory, by purchasing masses. Every thing seemed here to breathe the spirit of the dark, diabolical ages, before the Reformation; and in this church, was an image of the Madonna, with the delusive inscription, *Mater Jesu consolatrix afflictorum*.

From Deutz, the view of Cologne, with its numerous towers, and spires, — and the vast unfinished mass of the cathedral,^d — is very striking. This church is a colossal fragment of the spiritual

ambition of Romanism. It was intended to have two towers, each five hundred feet high, one of which, of enormous breadth, is built to about half that elevation. The height of the choir is unusual; and the effect produced by the immense, unwieldy scale, of the whole half-finished building, — is that of a sublime and stupendous mouldering ruin. The original design was begun in 1248; but only the choir, and the chapels surrounding it, have ever been completed. The interior is supported by about one hundred columns; some of which are ten feet in diameter. The unfinished part has a wooden ceiling, and is low; but, the effect of the lofty choir, viewed from the east, on the outside, is gorgeous in the extreme.—It would be tedious to describe this pillared, vaulted wilderness,—which now again re-echoes with the sound of the workmen. Its style is highly ornamental; and, among the objects of curiosity it contains, are —the splendid altar table; the gigantic candelabra; the beautiful statues; the magnificent monuments; the superb stained windows; the picture of the adoration of the Magi, by Philip Kalf, in 1406; the tapestry of the choir; the silver coffin of St. Engelbert; and, especially, the tomb believed by the Catholics to contain the bones of the Three Magi.

This chapel of the *Three Kings*, as it is called, is of marble, in the Ionic style. Before the

French revolution, the skulls, adorned with crowns of gold, and with precious stones, were seen through a golden grating; and the shrine containing them, was one blaze of the most costly precious stones,—so as to dazzle, and surprise the beholder. What was lost during the period of revolutionary confusion, either by being made the spoil of war, or the prey of private cupidity,—has since been, as far as possible, imitated in gilt metals, enamel, and the like; and many precious stones have been given, by the inhabitants of Cologne. The presumed possession of the Magi, conferred great celebrity on this city, for ages; and ‘the Three Kings of Cologne,’ attracted multitudes of pilgrims, from all parts of Christendom. Romish tradition determined the number, and assigned the names, of the men of the east;—and the wealth of devotees formed the letters of the words Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, on the lid of their shrine in rubies.

In this town, the eagerness of commissioners, offering their services to the traveller,—amounts to a real annoyance. It was difficult to take a single step, in the street, without being assailed by a number of persons, at once—all contending for the office of conducting you about the town. A young lad whom we engaged, was severely beaten, out of mere jealousy, by a fellow who thought he ought to have been employed himself;—and it

was not easy to rescue the poor boy from his vengeance. The language spoken here, is the *Platt Deutsch* ; which is as bad, to one who has learned some pure German, as the dialect of some parts of England would be to a Frenchman who was learning to speak English.

This town has been called a 'second Rome,' as the seat of popish superstition ; but many of its churches, which are said to have once amounted to two hundred and sixty, have gone to decay. St. Cunibert's is partly in ruins ; and is now shut up. The church of the Jesuits is, as usual, highly ornamented ; and has a college of the order, a very large building, exactly opposite to it. The church of St. Ursula is famous for containing what are said to be the skulls of the eleven thousand noble British virgins, who accompanied St. Ursula, in her voyage from Britain to Bretagne, to join their betrothed lords ; but the vessels were somehow, says the legend, wrecked in the Rhine, and the ladies all took the veil, and founded the convent of St. Ursula : they were afterwards martyred. The skulls are seen arranged in rows, in glass cases, all along the upper parts of the church.

Some are of opinion, that this whole story has arisen from a numerical blunder of some careless transcriber of a Romish legend :—an inhabitant of Cologne, however, was once obliged to fly the city, for daring to dispute the *humanity* of some of these

craniums. Each one is covered with a sort of silk ; and they were all formerly adorned with precious stones. In the sacristy, we were shown the skull of *St. Ursula herself*, and those of some other illustrious personages ; and among other equally valuable curiosities, was one of the *water-pots* that were used at the marriage of Cana in Galilee !

We ventured to ask the man who showed us these extraordinary objects, whether he really believed the truth of all this ? He answered with considerable *naïveté*—that the fact was, his father was the proper keeper of the church ; but, he was so old as to be almost incapable of discharging his duty, so that he himself was obliged to officiate. I pressed him to say—whether he thought this was the *real* water pot,—and whether he considered that the tales the priests tell the people, about the miracles of the Saints, and the relics, are true ? His reply was full of ingenuity : he did not answer the question directly,—but said that the priests, and the people, had been differently situated from himself ;—and, that he had seen a great deal *more of the world*, than they, having travelled a good deal. On being asked, ‘do you think the priests believe it all themselves ?’ he replied that it was possible they did ;—but he was evidently a young man of too much intelligence to digest all that had been told him, though it is no wonder he was unwilling to say much on the subject. The priests declare that

when the church was formerly destroyed by fire, these skulls were all miraculously preserved.

The church of St. G  r  on is a very interesting place, with a splendid cupola: the lower part of the tower is said to have been built by the Romans. Here, are more skulls: these belong to St G  r  on, and his Moorish warriors, who are said to have been converted to Christianity, and to have suffered martyrdom, to the number of nine hundred, for refusing to worship the pagan idols.—In our walks, we passed the house where Rubens was born; and that in which Maria de Medicis died, wife of Henry IV. of France, and mother of his successor Louis XIII. In the church of St. Peter, the painting of the crucifixion of that apostle, by Rubens, and a copy of it by a man of Cologne, were shown to us. The original is two hundred years old, and is the last, and considered, here, the best of Rubens's pieces. There is something appalling in the expression of the countenance, gorged with blood, the head being downwards; and the picture leaves a strong impression on the imagination.

Anxious to enjoy the scenery of the RHINE, we left Cologne for Bonn, by the *Stadt Mainz* steam-vessel, with a great many other passengers, a large proportion of whom were English. The newspapers on board, contained the official account of the truly diabolical attempt of Fieschi.

to assassinate Louis Philippe; which, for some time, formed an absorbing topic of conversation. We had previously heard this news at Cologne, where it produced a great sensation.

A band of music, conducted in the scientific German style, accompanied us up the stream; and the refreshing breeze of a lovely morning, rustled in the foliage of the banks of this most romantic, and most historical of rivers. Cologne, with its shipping, its numerous spires, and its dark basaltic wall, lay stretched along the western shore; and the river opened to our view, lined with rows of trees, and bordered with numerous peaceful villages; while the crosses, erected near the water's edge, testified that the dominion of Romanism still extended itself, and claimed to plant its symbols in the vestibule of some of the loveliest scenes in the creation. For here begin to develop themselves those enchanting views, which form one perpetual, and ever-changing kaleidoscope of beauty and grandeur, from near Cologne to Maintz; and which increase in their power to arrest the imagination as you advance toward the latter city, along the windings of this queen of rivers; forming, altogether, a series of scenes not to be paralleled in any part of the world.

As we proceeded, the seven mountains came imposingly before us, one of which bears the name of *Drachenfels*, or Dragon-Rock; in allusion to one

of those ancient legends, with which this region so much abounds. We reached BONN about eleven, after greatly admiring the delightful view of it from the river; but, in the place itself, we were somewhat disappointed;—partly, perhaps, from having heard so much in praise of it. The walks, however, in the vicinity, we soon found answering to their eulogy, and redeeming the narrowness of the streets. The view of the seven mountains from the terrace which overlooks the Rhine, is particularly fine. We established ourselves at the *Gasthof Zum Sterne*, or *Star Hotel*, in the market-place, which is spacious, and contains a fountain, with an inscription in honour of Frederic Maximilian, the last elector of Cologne.

The Cathedral is agreeably situated, in an open area; and the exterior has a more pleasing effect than the interior. It contains a number of relics, in glass cases, as at Cologne. The stained windows are brilliant, but of small dimensions. The most striking object in the church is the bronze statue of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. There are also the tomb of some bishop; and two small marble bas-reliefs, representing the birth and baptism of Jesus, which appeared very beautifully executed. The Virgin is as popular here, as elsewhere; and in this church is one of those exhibitions of bad taste, which are frequent in these parts,—a sitting figure of Mary,

with a dead Christ lying in her lap, as large as life, on which she is gazing with an air of despondency. There is, on the whole, an aspect of poverty about this cathedral. The people here, as at Aix, and Cologne, joined aloud in the responses, and there appeared to be much more music and chanting in the churches of this part of Germany, than in those of Belgium.—In another church, a poor little girl was confessing to the priest; who, when she had finished, lifted up his hands with a very devout air, and seemed, as usual, to be pronouncing forgiveness. We noticed, on some occasions, that the priest covered his face with a handkerchief, while receiving the confession. How appropriate to such scenes, the passage of Scripture, which so accurately describes this inquisitorial inspection of conscience, and this daring presumption, in professing to pardon sin!—*he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God.**

On the Saturday afternoon, the splendid funeral procession of a soldier took place, with a cavalcade of horsemen, banners, and funereal music: the scene was impressive. The Protestant clergyman who officiated, wore a gown and a square velvet cap. The burial-place is common to Protestants and Catholics.—The evening invited a walk to the château of Popplesdorf, which is situated at the end of a wide avenue of chesnut-trees, forming a

* 2 Thess. ii. 4.

delightful public promenade, probably the greater part of a mile in length. The building is now devoted to science, as a museum. The fine collection of natural history and fossils, and the beautiful grotto-room, well deserve the walk from Bonn. This museum is connected with the university.

In the little church of Popplesdorf, were some people saying prayers aloud, without a priest, as is not unusual. The road led forward to Kreutzberg, a place of pilgrimage, and the site of an old monastery, with a church on the summit of a beautifully verdant, and wooded hill. Here were three English gentlemen, who had also walked from Bonn. It was so dark by this time, that we thought our chance of seeing the vault was over: however, we soon found the aged sexton, who gave us each a light; and we entered the church to view the remains of the monks, which are said to be miraculously preserved. In the middle of the edifice, over the gloom of which the candles threw but a feeble ray, was a large figure of the Virgin, in a white dress, on an altar: at her feet was a trap-door, leading into the catacombs; where, on descending, we saw the bodies of twenty-eight monks, lying in their coffins, in the dresses of their order. According to our guide, some of these remains are centuries old. He pointed to one, who, as he said, was the last who had died, whom he well knew, and who had been the gardener of the

monastery. The bodies were in different stages of decay, some having their faces perfect skeletons, and in part fallen in : the flesh of the legs of others, still yielded a little to the touch. It was a ghastly sight, but there was no unpleasant effluvium whatever. The bodies are arranged, fourteen on each side, in a vault just large enough to hold them :—the spectacle was impressive and humiliating.

We next ascended to the back of the high altar ; from which a wide and superb marble staircase leads down to the front of the church. More of miracle clings to this flight of steps, than to the poor monks, whose bodies look so grim and ghastly in the vault : it is considered so holy that visitors are not allowed to walk on it, but are obliged to descend by its side. It is, as we were given to understand, none other than the identical staircase belonging to Pilate's judgment-hall, at Jerusalem, trodden by our Saviour after his scourging ! It is affirmed to have been taken, first to Rome, and by some especial good fortune, brought hither. What makes it so much an object of reverence is, that the blood of Jesus is said to have fallen on it in several places, which are indicated by little circular pieces of brass, let into the stone, representing a number of drops clotted together. This holy relic is also enriched further, by having many bones of saints inlaid in the beautifully-coloured marble. After this,—and the relics of Aix and Cologne,—and the eye of St.

Odilia, and its miracles, at Liege,—together with the numerous pieces of the *true* cross,—of which Luther said there were enough to make a man of war,—the traveller feels almost prepared to see some of the ‘bottled darkness’ of the land of Egypt, or the sword which Balaam ‘*wished for*’ to smite the ass !

There was service in the church of the Jesuits, at Bonn, early on the Sunday morning. It had been handsomely repaired and beautified, and a priest was preaching with animation to a very crowded audience on the public worship of God, and saying many very good things, mingled, as might be anticipated, with superstitious allusions to the building itself, and eulogies of the artists and workmen who had been employed.—In the afternoon, we went to the Protestant church, formerly the chapel of the electoral palace, a small but handsome building. At the end is a raised altar, above which is placed the pulpit. On the sounding-board is a cross ; and, on the altar, another, with an image of Christ upon it : on each side was placed a candle, not lighted. It is evident that Protestantism, here, is conformed, in some measure, to the prejudices of the Romanists. The minister came in after the people had been some time singing the Liturgy ; he turned his face to the altar, and prayed privately. He afterwards catechised a number of children and young people ; and baptized an infant at the font,

which stood before the pulpit. This rite was performed, not by sprinkling, or pouring the water, but by dipping his hand in it three times, and drawing his fingers, each time, across the forehead of the child. There was no sermon;—the only time for general public worship being nine o'clock in the morning.

Many of the shops were open during the day, and it did not appear to be generally much regarded. The latter part of the sabbath, especially, seems to be very little consecrated on the continent, even in towns where Protestantism lifts its head. In the evening, the students of the university went in procession to Godesburg, a romantic spot in the neighbourhood. This is an annual custom, on the eve of the King of Prussia's natal-day. They passed by our inn, mostly armed with pipes, in a number of open carriages—while a band of music paraded the market-place. The town appeared to be all excitement; and the Sabbath openly converted into a holiday.

The former electoral palace at Bonn is now the university; and is a noble structure, of great extent, with a very handsome front towards the park. In the hall for conferring degrees are some allegorical fresco paintings, representing Theology, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence. In consequence of the royal birth-day, there were no lectures, and we did not see the museum, nor the library, which

contains upwards of sixty thousand volumes, brought from the suppressed university of Cologne.

The university of Bonn was founded by the King of Prussia, in 1818; and soon rose to an eminent position among the German institutions. In 1829, the students amounted to a thousand; at present there are said to be nearly eight hundred: they reside about the town. There is here a Protestant and a Catholic faculty of theology, as the population on the Prussian borders of the Rhine is mixed. A few years ago, the Catholic theological students were the more numerous: theology and law each claimed one third of the whole united body; and the faculties of philosophy and medicine shared between them the remaining third, in nearly equal parts. The religious sentiments of several of the professors are decidedly evangelical.

At the gate of the university next the town, were several students smoking the long pipe. In their general appearance, it was not difficult to detect a certain untamed, romantic air, to which fancy perhaps might lend exaggeration,—influenced by all that is said of the genuine Teutonic student—the intellectual Proteus, who can so readily alternate between that laborious and intense application, termed, in some places, *ochsen*, or *acting the ox*,—and those ebullitions of boisterous

feeling which lead him to pour out deep and stormy libations to the freedom of Germany,—to celebrate the orgies of some mystic rite, understood only by the initiated,—or to seek *renown* in some wild freak,—or even by measuring rapiers with an antagonist.

The real German student, as he *has been*, may be described as somewhat resembling, in his general appearance, the portraits we sometimes see of poets:—his luxuriant locks disdaining the artificial aid of the tonsor, are given to the winds,—his neck is bare as those of his rough ancestors, who drove their scythe-chariots among the Roman legions,—and his whole appearance, to which his mustachios add a degree of fierceness, is calculated to strike the imagination; and it is easy to believe that a company of such wild and ardent *Burschen* might not limit their frolics to the harmless joke of making the rocks of Lurlei, on the Rhine, respond the last two syllables of the question—*Wer ist der Bürgermeister von Oberwesel?* *

It is not to be supposed, however, that such an undisciplined and enthusiastic being is a prototype of the general mass of German students,—he is only to be numbered among those who, at Göttingen, Jena, and other places, have sometimes converted the calm atmosphere of the academic

* Who is the Burgomaster of Oberwesel? *Esel* is the German for ass.—It is said this frolic was complained of at Berlin.

seat into an element of political storms, and who have given ample employment to the utmost vigilance of the government, in repressing violence. Some of the universities have, at times, been seriously injured by these disturbances; but the increased demand for high attainments, enforced, within these few years, by the government,—which in the German states controls all education,—and the new principle of placing universities in large and influential cities, where the students are lost in the crowd,—cannot fail, ultimately, to check the spirit of insubordination, and visionary independence.

We staid at Bonn till the arrival of the steamer from Cologne, on the Monday; and in the mean time, endeavoured to obtain some German tracts, for distribution along the road; but we could not succeed.—Some boys, on the public walk which overlooks the Rhine, were singing the tune of our national anthem, in honour of his Prussian majesty, who seems here to be very popular: busts of him are continually to be seen, and, on this occasion, the newspapers contained poems in honour of him. The beggars seem to take things very easily in this place, and may, occasionally, be seen asking alms, with very fair German pipes in their mouths. The boat arrived from Cologne, streaming with banners, and guns were fired towards and from the shore. We left Bonn about eleven, having had very

comfortable apartments; furnished, as usual, with huge earthenware stoves. Notwithstanding the distance, we seemed to carry England with us;—for, out of sixty persons, who sat down to dinner at the Star hotel, about half were English.

LETTER VII.

Description of the Rhine, from Bonn to Coblenz—Drachenfels—Godesburg—Nonnenwerth—Rolandsack—Oberwinter—Unkel—Remagen—Apollinarisberg—Erpel—Okkenfels—Lins—Sinnig—Argenfels—Breisig—Rheineck—Hammerstein—Leutesdorf—Andernach—Floating Bridges—Rafts—Weissensturm—Neuwied—Engers—Ehrenbreitstein—Coblenz—The Rhine from Coblenz to Mainz—Tombleson's Views—Oberlahnstein—Marksburg—Boppard—St. Goar—Oberwesel—Caub—Bacharach—Bingen—Ellfeld—Casel—Mainz—Drusus Germanicus—Roman Antiquities—Cathedral.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It would be vain to attempt a full delineation of the beauties of the Rhine;—which, to be appreciated, must be seen. We were now on board the *Friederich Wilhelm*, which was gaily decorated with a profusion of flags, in honour of the king; and salutes were fired and returned

all along the river.—For some time, the Drachenfels, and its sister hills, with their rugged summits, were the most interesting objects. Then the castle of Godesburg, rising, from a commanding height, out of the wood and verdure that embosom it, pointed as far backward in the shades of time, as the days of Roman glory. The width of the Rhine appeared to vary but little, excepting, perhaps, where islands divide its waters; but the diversity of the scenery is endless. Steep cliffs,—sometimes bare,—sometimes covered with foliage, or with vines, form the borders; and the river frequently takes a sweep; and is enclosed by abrupt mountains,—whose dark solemn forms, and crowning ruins, are impressively reflected in the stream, as shadows of the past.

The attention is continually kept alive by the rapid succession, and the delightful blending, of the grand, the beautiful, and the romantic. The numerous sloping vineyards which cover the mountains, on both sides of the river, are a striking example of unwearied labour; and testify to the immense quantity of Rhenish wine, that is here produced. The many villages which line the banks, with their spires and antique buildings, give a human air to scenes which would, otherwise, be characterized by silent loneliness; and on which some hoary remnant of the age of chivalry often frowns from its rocky throne.

Above, the frequent feudal towers,
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers.
The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round.

Among innumerable views, on which we might have lingered in admiration for hours, were—that which takes in the island of Nonnenwerth, with its convent,—and the ruin-crowned mountains of Rolandseck, and Drachenfels;—the splendid panorama, beyond OBER-WINTER;—the town of UNKEL, environed with beauty, on the left; *—a little farther, on the right, REMAGEN,—and, enthroned on a commanding height, the priory of APOLLINARISBERG;—ERPEL, with its back-ground of basaltic rock; the ruins on mount Okkenfels, the picturesque little city of LINZ—all three on the left—and, on the opposite side, the solid spire of SINGIG. The scenes continued exceedingly beautiful, on both sides of the river, to Andernach: on the left, were lovely villages, rocky vine-clad mountains, and the castle of Argenfels;—on the luxurious bank on the right side, the town of BREISIG;—and

* As the passage from Cologne to Maintz is against the stream, the places spoken of as being on the *left* side, are of course on the *right* bank of the river, and *vice versa*.

in the back-ground, the castle of Rheineck, magnificently seated on the summit of a steep and projecting rock,—and remaining visible, as the prominent object, in several changing scenes of loveliness and grandeur.

Farther up the stream, on the left side, and seen from afar, were the ruins of the extensive castle of Hammerstein,—celebrated in the annals of the German empire, like innumerable other strongholds, which, in this region of chivalry and war, have been connected—either with the exile of monarchs,—the cruelty of tyrants,—the tyranny of the papal power,—the feudal conflicts of marauding chieftains,—or the tale of romance. Having passed other huge crags, and an islet or two, we obtained a lovely view, near Leutesdorf, by looking back upon the river, which is here bordered, on each side, by the most picturesque rocks and mountains, with Sinzig in the back-ground. **ANDERNACH**, the ancient Antonacum, probably the oldest city on the Rhine, and a military station of Drusus Germanicus, the Roman general,—now presented its solemn, and dusky towers, on the right, in a plain, surrounded by dark basaltic mountains; and we regretted that time did not allow of our landing, to give to its interesting ruins a nearer inspection.

On no day did the German dinner-courses appear more tedious than on this. Much as the Rhenish air may tend to sharpen the appetite, it

was imprisonment to remain in the cabin, while the glories of the Rhine, containing all that is picturesque in nature, and interesting in the associations of history and romance, were passing, in one continued panorama, on each side of us; and many of the company, unwilling to wait for the successive fragments of cookery, which made their appearance at rather distant intervals, alternately paid their respects to the beauties of nature, and to the necessities of the animal: some, I believe, were enthusiastic enough to dispense with their dinners.

The curious large ferry-barges, like covered floating bridges, on which a great many people, or cattle, can be conveyed at one time;—and the immense rafts of timber which we met this day, gliding down the stream,—occasionally gave the river a very animated appearance. One of these rafts had a nicely-constructed hut on it, bearing a flag in honour of King Friederich Wilhelm; and the loyal salutes that were sometimes fired from the shore, and from the vessel, produced reverberations among the rocks, with an exceedingly fine effect. A little beyond the neat and pleasant-looking town of NEUWIED, but on the right, or opposite side of the river,—we passed the village of Weisethurm, near which place, tradition says, Julius Cæsar constructed the wooden bridge, over which he crossed from Gaul into Germany, and which

he describes in the fourth book of the Gallic War.

Beyond Neuwied, the country near the Rhine became flat, the valley being wider, and the hills removed to a distance,—while a luxuriant landscape lay between. At Engers,—the castle of which is now the summer residence of the Prince of Nassau Weilberg,—the scenery again approaches the banks of the river, especially on this—the right side; but though the country is here rich and hilly, it becomes less striking. At length, after passing numerous beautiful vineyards, some villages, and another picturesque ruin or two, the river takes a sweep, and the view changes into a truly magnificent panorama, formed by the towers and pinnacles of Coblenz resting on the bosom of the water,—the distant heights and mountains,—and, the huge rock of Ehrenbreitstein, with its vast crown of fortifications, threatening the city, as it were, from the opposite shore, and seeming to keep it in awe. The view of this grand fortress is magnificent and imposing in the extreme.

We arrived at COBLENTZ between six and seven in the evening, having enjoyed a very fine day for the scenery of the Rhine. We took up our abode at the *Three Swiss*, near the bridge of boats; and as the evening portended rain, no time was lost in crossing the river, which is here nearly five hundred feet wide, to EHRENBREITSTEIN. It is situated

in the *Thal*, or valley of Ehrenbreitstein, and has been at various periods the scene of war, and of the sufferings which follow in its train—especially during the convulsions attending the Republican times of France. When this fortress was blockaded, for the fourth time, in 1797, by the French, the flesh of horses and cats was sold at a high price. At the peace of Luneville, towers, walls, and works, — were all blown up, and destroyed in hideous ruin; but since 1816, the fortifications have been restored by Prussia, and the place is now called Fort William in honour of the king: its original name,—*The Broad Stone of Honour*,—seems to have some allusion to the practices of chivalry.

It may be described as a perpendicular mountain converted into a gigantic fortress, rising broadly and majestically dominant, from its rocky base, to the height of nearly eight hundred feet above the river, with an air of absolute command, as though it would frown into the dust the city below,—which it could indeed soon annihilate by means of its tremendous batteries. It has an appearance of impregnable strength, and will accommodate, if necessary, many thousands of soldiers. The ascent to the summit, is long and steep, and the prospect it commands, when fully illuminated by the sun, must be glorious, and is considered one of the finest on the banks of the Rhine. The view of

this scene, just as the shades of evening were beginning to throw over it a quiet solemnity, was most magnificent and impressive, consisting of the whole town of Coblenz, situated at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle;* the calm, divergent course of the two rivers, to a considerable distance,—the vine-planted heights of Chartreuse,—an immense plain, scattered with twenty or thirty towns and villages,—and a diversified country for many leagues around.

A hasty survey of the handsome town of Coblenz, in the morning, previously to our embarking on the river, was all that time allowed. The finest street appeared to be the *Rhein-thor*, or Rhine-gate-street; and the *Place d'armes*, planted with linden trees, is an agreeable square. The churches were already open, at half-past five in the morning;—such are the early devotional habits of the Catholics. The church of the Virgin, is remarkable for its two lofty and majestic steeples, which are built with successive stories, in rather an uncommon manner. The church of St. Kastor was also open, and full of people; to whom one priest was officiating, kneeling in the middle aisle,—while another was standing at the door of his confessional, in the attitude of prayer: the voices of the congregation rose with the tones of the organ, and their serious aspect was worthy of a better system of religion.

* Celebrated by Ausonius in a long poem.—Vide *Idyll.* X.

On leaving Coblentz for Maintz, we were much struck with the grand effect of Ehrenbreitstein. Shortly after losing sight of the city,—the view opened charmingly, with a great number of castles and villages,—sometimes on one,—and sometimes on the other bank of the river; and a sail of an hour or two brought us to mountains bare of trees, but covered with vineyards. These plantations grow on terraces, made with great labour, on every part of the mountains where they can be formed. We thought the scenery increasingly interesting,—even surpassing that of the previous day, though we were then enjoying our first impression of the Rhine. The views, however, appeared still more striking than before, and realised all that we had ever heard of this region of beauty.

The ancient castles, now in ruins, crowning the commanding summits of lofty rocks, seemed the chronicles of a period far remote; and the occasional Roman remains that were pointed out to us carried the imagination still farther back into the darkness of time. The perpetual marks of superstition which line the banks, in the form of little chapels,—stations, crosses,—and the like, still reminded us of the gigantic dominion of popery; which had presented its memorials from the moment of our landing on the continent, and had accompanied us at every step: often, on the vessel approaching nearer than usual to the shore, little beggars were heard imploring,

by every plea that was sacred in the Romish religion, that alms might be thrown to them. The kindness of a party on board, who had a copy of Tombleson's 'Views on the Rhine,' gave us an excellent opportunity of comparing the actual scenery with the representation. In every instance, we were gratified to find how faithfully true the pictures were to nature and reality. At first, we sometimes fancied there was a want of exact resemblance, but soon found that an altered position brought us to the right point of view. If, in any case, the general impression was not obtained from the picture, this was owing to its not being large enough to take in more than one or two striking objects, where the *tout ensemble* was required for the full effect. The scenes of this day were exceedingly varied, and filled the mind with the most interesting associations.

After passing the large and fertile island of Oberwerth,—among innumerable beauties, the river Lahn presented itself on our left, pouring into the giant stream, its tributary waters, the village of Lahnstein, being at their confluence; while Lahneck Castle, in ruins, and the adjacent mountains, added a picturesque charm to the scene. Next came into view the town of OBER-LAHNSTEIN, in a delightful situation, opposite the dark ruined pile of Stolzenfels, which is seated on a commanding rock on the right; and farther on, on the other side, the castle of MARKSBURG crowned its bold

rocky base. The Rhine now takes a wide sweep to the right; and the lovely combination of terraced vineyards, embowering trees, luxuriant fields, human habitations, and fertile orchards and gardens—gives place to scenes of more decided wildness, and of romantic gloom. A narrow pass of dark, slaty rocks, which emerge abruptly from the confined stream, shuts in the prospect; and throws a solemn and awful shade, deep into the bosom of the water;—while the reign of solitude and silence seemed, as it were, disturbed and outraged by the rush of the vessel;—till, at another bend, the stream attained its former breadth, and the city of BOPPART, grey with time, embosomed in foliage, and having a background of mountains, presented its twin spires to our view.

Another turn disclosed, on the left, the vine-planted rocks of Liebenfels and Sternenberg, called the ‘ Brothers;’ on which are majestically seated the numerous towers of two ruined feudal castles, celebrated as the locality of a romantic legend, of the time of the crusades, relating to the attachment of two rival brothers to the same fair lady. Indeed, here every ruin has its history, and there is always some tale of chivalry connected with it;—so that if the world could be benefited and improved by romance and sentimentalism, materials might be found in abundance, all along the storied borders of the

Rhine : and it is easy, while in these classic regions, to feel how much their vicinity may have had its effect on some departments of the literature of Germany.

Passing the picturesque scenery of Hirzenach, and the small shrubby island of Werth,—we approached the fine ruins of Thurmberg, on a mountain, at the base of which lies the delightfully-situated village of Welmich :—then, on the right, appeared the fortifications of Rheinfels, towering dominant from the water, like an Ehrenbreitstein in ruins ; with a lovely view, in front, of St. Goar, under the heights ; and, on the left, the beautiful ruins of Katze embosomed in a mountain, below which is St. Goarhausen. The view about this spot is perfectly enchanting, having all the appearance of a most lovely lake, bordered with foliage, rocky masses, and picturesque towns, with their spires and towers ; the whole being enclosed by an amphitheatre of mountains.

We now began to look out for the rocks which, from near this place to Mayence, are frequently seen projecting several feet above the water. Beyond St. Goar, the Rhine becomes confined in a sort of defile ; rocks lie in the bed of the river,—and by the rush of the water against them, whirlpools are produced. The ruggedness of the crags, and the impetuosity of the stream, gives a wild

aspect to the scene; and, to an unskilful pilot, there would be real danger; for the trunks of large trees are sometimes swallowed up in the vortex. The river now winds round the Lurleyfels, a basaltic rock, remarkable for its echo; to awaken which a gun was fired, and a horn blown; and the reports were, several times, repeated from rock to rock.

Between this spot and the romantic town of OBERWESEL, with its mountain-background—bearing the ruined towers of Schönberg,—St. Goar is said to have dwelt, while employed in converting the fishermen and peasantry of the Rhine to Christianity. In the distance, on the left, is seen the castle of Gutenfels, rising in masses from the river. But from this point so many objects began to thicken upon us, that it would be tedious to attempt the description. Beyond the Lurleyfels, seven rocks lie in the river, called the *Jungfrauen*, or Virgins; respecting whom romance furnishes another legendary story. Farther on, at CAUB, near the embattled ruins of Gutenfels, is one of the most singular objects in the whole voyage, the castle of *Pfalz*, built on a small rock, in the midst of the river; from which its sombre walls emerge, crowned with a central tower, and a number of surrounding pinnacles,—to tell the tale of feudal dominion; for this building was erected by a Count Palatine of the Rhine, as a toll-house, and subsequently be-

came the scene of the prisoner's dungeon. It was at this spot that the Russians and Prussians, under Blucher, crossed the river, in 1814.

The views still continued to present unnumbered beauties; and the towers of the ancient town of BACHARACH were solemnly reflected from the bosom of the water, with the ruins of Stahleeh castle on the adjacent rock; and, below, was the beautiful Gothic shell of the ruined chapel of St. Werner,—who is said to have been here scourged to death by the Jews, in 1287. Bacharach is thought to resemble Jerusalem, on a small scale, both in its situation and style of building: it is famous for the excellent wines of its neighbourhood, and is said to have derived its name from *ara Bacchi*; an altar having been found here, supposed to have been erected to Bacchus by the Romans.

The borders of the river continue exquisitely picturesque, graced with numerous villages, merging into deep ravines, or relieved by ruin-crowned hills, of rock, and foliage:—in short, the whole scenery from Coblentz to Bingen is one grand panorama of enchantment, and holds the imagination as in a spell. On leaving Bacharach, the objects seemed to crowd on us in more rapid succession than ever; and the villages, and rich vineyards, were either surmounted, or interspersed, with the perpetual remnants of departed ages, in the ruins of Hollengen, on

the left ;—and on the opposite side, those of Fürstenberg, Heimbürg, Sonneck, Falkenburg, Rheinstein, and Bauzberg; each ruin seeming to have a character of its own,—even their names being frequently expressive,—and all being memorials of the marauding knights, the baronial hospitality, the feudal wars, the romantic tales, or the imperial German politics, of the respective times, when these embattled mansions flourished in their pride and glory.

Rheinstein is almost the only exception to the general appearance of wreck ;—this castle having, within these few years, been renovated in the ancient style, for the summer residence of Prince Frederic of Prussia. It looks down upon the Rhine with a romantic and magnificent effect, and serves to give life and reality to the image of remote ages,—this castle mansion being powerfully contrasted with the general scene of dismantled and mouldering ruins.

The beautiful stripes of vineyard which frequently adorn this fairy land, present an exhibition of quiet and laborious industry; a grateful testimony that however the olden days may adorn the pages of poetry and story, they are now gone by; and that the inhabitants of this region are no longer the victims of conflicts between hostile families, or petty tyrants frowning mutual defiance, each in his own castle, from rock to rock. Yet these hoary ruins are invested

with a kind of solemn witchery,—as they proudly enthrone themselves on high, amid almost every variety of mountain scenery, and cast their dark shadows on the stream, which lies expanded, often like a glassy mirror, in impressive silence below them: they appear to embody in themselves the history of the past, and the whole of this Elysian region, seems peopled with the sombre spectres of departed ages,—haunting a succession of gloomy and romantic lakes, and telling the legends of a thousand years.

A blending of all beauties ; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field ; mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells.

All tenantless, save to the cranny wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud ;
There was a day when they were young and proud.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions ; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.

In their baronial feuds and single fields
What deeds of prowess unrewarded died !
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have ?

But history's purchased page to call them great ?

A wider space, an ornamented grave ?

Their hopes were no less warm, their souls were full as brave.

Before reaching Bingen, where the *Rheingau*, or district of the Rhine, commences, the river is again hemmed in by walls of gloomy rocks, which create another whirling eddy ; and here, the current ran so strongly against us, that we were obliged to have six track-horses, to aid the steam. The elevated ruined towers of Ehrenfels were on the left ; and, on the other side, rose from the water, the tower called Mäüsethurm, built originally as a toll and light-house. In this neighbourhood lived an astrologer named Bartholomew of Holzhausen, whom Charles II. is said to have consulted respecting his destiny, when he was at Bingen during the Commonwealth. BINGEN is one of the most interesting places on the Rhine, and rears its spires amidst beautiful scenery, at the point where the Nahe flows into it : across this river is a bridge, the piles and arches of which are Roman : there is also, here, a Roman tower. Behind the town, a lofty mountain is crested with the ruins of Klopp castle ; and nearly opposite, are the town of Rüdeshheim, and the picturesque ruins of the castle of Brömserberg.

The country opens, near this spot, in a delightful manner, with a succession of the most luxuriant vineyards, the mountains being once more

removed to a distance. The river also, here, expands into a greater stream,—being about three furlongs wide, and continuing to Mayence, nearly of the same breadth, lined with villages and interspersed with islands of luxuriant verdure. The country discovers the greatest possible cultivation: indeed, along the Rhine, vines seem to be made to grow almost everywhere; terraces being frequently formed up to the very summits of the most rugged rocks and precipices.

At Joannisberg, on the left, were pointed out to us the vineyards of Prince Metternich, and the extensive palace of this celebrated diplomatist, on an estate given to him by the Emperor of Austria, and occupying the site of an ancient priory. The Prince, we were informed, derives a great revenue from the wine, which is reckoned the finest of the Rhenish varieties, and is sometimes sold at an enormous price. The Emperor, when he gave this domain to his minister, reserved a tithe of the produce for his own cellar. Among the villages on the same side of the river, is Lange Winkel, where the Romans are said to have kept their wine stores for the army. We here passed another very large raft of timber gliding down the stream. These ingenious contrivances are sometimes from two to three hundred yards long, by twenty or five-and-twenty broad, and carry several hundred men, who are lodged in wooden huts, so that the rafts almost resemble floating towns.

After leaving, on the left, the ruins situated on the vine-clad hill of Scharfenstein, and passing ELLFELD, another Roman town,—with the Taunus mountains in the distance, on our right,—we noticed Biberich, on the left, the magnificent palace of the Duke of Nassau. Between this place and Fort Montebello, at CASSEL, are two lovely islands, called Peters Aue, and Ingelheimer Aue,—the word *auë* expressing their verdant, pasture-like appearance. On the right, Mainz rose beautifully from the ample flood; and the luxuriant landscape, crowned with the many towers of the majestic cathedral, and the other steeples and buildings of the city, and relieved by the dark boundary of the distant hills, formed a rich and imposing scene.

MAINTZ, or in French, Mayence, situated in one of the finest parts of Germany, is regarded as the most important town of the Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt. It is strongly fortified, and the works form a sort of semi-circle on the bank of the river. It contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, including the Prussian and Austrian garrison of several thousand men, who are here stationed, in the service of the German Confederation. There is at this place, as at Cologne, and Coblenz, a bridge of boats over the Rhine, in consequence of the rapidity of the stream: Bonaparte, however, intended to build one of stone. The river is here twelve hundred Rhenish feet, or about twelve

hundred and twenty English feet in breadth; and a line of mills, parallel to the bridge, just below it, has precisely the effect of a row of small houses on the bosom of the water. Not far from the city was another raft, of immense extent,—the largest we had seen. On landing at Maintz, the traveller is obliged to give up his passport; which is returned, on paying a fee of twelve *kreutzers*, or about fourpence.

This city is rich in Roman ruins, and in the treasures of historical association. Here Drusus Germanicus built the fort called *Magontiacum*, which afterwards gave its name to the city;—hither one of the legions that had been employed under Titus, at the destruction of Jerusalem, marched from Judea, to garrison the town; and here may be seen some remains of Charlemagne's bridge. By the formation of the Rhenish *Hanse*, or *confederation* of a hundred Rhenish towns, at this place, in 1255, a decisive blow was struck against the banditti chiefs, who entrenched themselves in the mountain-castles on the borders of the Rhine. This city, also, was one of the principal residences of the Minnesänger, —those romantic minstrel poets, who flourished in Germany in the middle ages, especially under the sway of the house of Hohenstaufen, or the Suabian dynasty.

We visited the Museum of Roman Antiquities, consisting of objects that have been found in the

neighbourhood; and containing, it is said, the most complete collection, those in Italy excepted, of altars, votive stones, and other monuments of the Roman military dominion; but the rooms in which these remains were shewn, are quite unworthy of the exhibition. Some good ancient and modern pictures laboured under a similar disadvantage, being placed in a mean adjoining apartment. The time-worn monument erected, in the Roman period, in honour of Drusus, called *Drusus-Stein*, is on the ramparts, near *Jacobsberg*, or Mount St. James.

Maintz is one of the handsomest and best paved towns we had seen since we left Belgium: along the river side, is a delightful promenade. The *Zeughaus*, or arsenal, on the quay, is a fine building; as is also the Hall of Justice. The *Hotel de Hollande* is one of the most commodious inns we had met with:—it is lofty, square, and constructed of white stone;—with every thing clean and comfortable within, and a noble view of the Rhine, and the adjacent country, from the upper windows. The *Schloss Platz*, or Castle Square,—is a fine parallelogram, where the soldiery seemed to be continually training: yet this military place everywhere bore decided emblems of Romish dominion; and there was a greater profusion of statues of the Virgin and Child, at the corners of the streets, than we had elsewhere observed.

Passing the large Protestant church, we proceeded to the *Dom*, or cathedral, which is well worth inspection; especially on account of the splendid monuments of the archbishop-electors of the empire: some of these tombs are formed of one single stone, and are magnificently decorated. Here, also, lie buried Fastrada, the wife of Charlemagne, and Frauenlob, one of the most celebrated German bards, who died in 1318. In this cathedral is a very ancient gate of brass, and a handsome stone pulpit. Here, too, we noticed one of those revolting attempts which are common in Catholic countries, to represent Him whom no mortal eye hath seen, or can see,—under the form of an old man! The Son assists the Father to place the crown on the head of the great Diana, whom all the Romish world worships,—the Virgin Mary.

When Bonaparte retreated to Maintz, after the fatal battle of Leipzig, this church was converted into an hospital for the wounded French; of whom eight thousand were lodged within its ample space, together with many hundred oxen. Every morning were here seen twenty or thirty corpses of men who had died during the night; while in the streets were dead bodies of men, mingled with those of horses, and oxen! This cathedral is a large, spacious, and ancient Gothic edifice, having two cupolas, two choirs, and four towers,—which give it a fine effect. There are six or seven other churches:

we looked into St. Christopher's, and St. Peter's,—the former of which was very tawdry with gilding; and at one of the altars, was the representation of the absurd Romish legend of the beheaded saint, holding his head in his hand. St. Peter's has a showy coloured ceiling, and two marble altars, with figures of marble gilt.

At Maintz another kind of money became current: we received, in exchange, *crowns of Brabant*, worth about four shillings and seven-pence halfpenny, English,—or two *florins*, forty-two *kreutzers*,—*argent d'Empire*, in which accounts are here kept: sixty kreutzers make a florin, or twenty-pence halfpenny nearly; and seven kreutzers are equal to twenty-five French centimes, or nearly two-pence halfpenny.

LETTER VIII.

Road to Frankfurt—Hotels—Collections—Monument to the Hessians—Sachsenhausen—Domkirche—Bible Depository—History of Frankfurt—Educational system—Rationalism—Controversies—Secular authority in the Church—Intolerance—Scholastic theology—Thirty years' war—Early opponents of the scholastic system—Pietism—Degeneracy of Pietism—Bengel and Storr—German philosophy—Its connexion with theology—Leibnitz—English Deists—French literature—Frederic II.—Nicolai—Eclecticism—Neological tendencies—Semler—Kantian philosophy—Scientific theory—Nature-philosophy—Philosophy of sentiment—Hegel's Idealism—Infidelity of Rationalism—Periodicals—Bretschneider's distinction—Opponents of Rationalism—Schleiermacher—Progress of the doctrines of the Reformation—Frankfurt—Maintz—Berg—Bremen—Hamburgh—Mecklenburg—Hanover—Brunswick—Weimar—Saxony—Prussian Saxony—Württemberg—Prussia—New Liturgy.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—What is emphatically termed the 'scenery of the Rhine,' ends at Maintz, as the country southward becomes flatter: we therefore started, at half-past two o'clock, in a commodious hired carriage, for Frankfurt on the Mayne, a dis-

tance of four and a half German miles, or nearly twenty miles and three quarters English.* On leaving the Rhine, the traveller feels as though a spell, which had for some time held captive his imagination, were broken; and as we crossed the bridge of boats, it was impossible not to cast a last lingering look down the river, with a feeling of regret, like that of parting with a friend. At Basle, indeed, we were again to behold this king of streams, already mighty in the cradle of its birth, before it becomes a European river; but it is only between Cologne and Mayence, that it presents that transcendent combination of the grandeur and beauty of nature, with the chivalrous and the antique, which renders the region through which it flows a land of enchantment.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine;
The mind is coloured by thine every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.

On crossing the bridge of boats, we immediately

* Equal to four and a half French posts, or two and a quarter German posts.—A German mile is equal to rather more than four and a half English miles.

passed through the highly-fortified town of Cassel, —originally the site of another fort constructed by Drusus. A country now lay before us, which might have appeared interesting, could we have forgotten the exquisite scenery of the Rhine: we were at leisure, however, to observe smaller matters, such as the very numerous crosses along the road,—the apple and pear-trees that lined it,—the fields of poppies,—the antique-looking carts and wagons,—and the practice of feeding the horses with rye-bread. At the commencement of this journey, we were overtaken, for the first time, by rain, and a heavy thunder-storm.

The approach to FRANKFURT, the ancient seat of the Frankish monarchs, and the magazine of modern trade,—presents an appearance of opulence and comfort which we had scarcely witnessed, since our landing on the continent. It is one of the four free towns, and the seat of the Diet; and is situated in the heart of one of the richest districts in Germany. Its immediate vicinity is adorned with numerous handsome houses and villas, having beautiful gardens; and public walks, planted with trees, surround the whole town. We arrived in the evening, and took up our abode at the very comfortable hotel, *Der Englische Hof*, in the spacious and agreeable street, called the *Ross-markt*.

Frankfurt is a very fine city, having a great appearance of wealth, and many handsome modern

buildings. There are two or three agreeable areas or squares, which much contribute to the healthfulness and beauty of the place. The *Zeil* is a noble street, containing some most princely hotels. The magnificent entrance to that called *Der Russische Hof* is adorned with several statues;—but the most superb is the *Gasthof zum Römischen Kaiser*:—this palace-like hotel has about a hundred windows in front, and a crowned statue, attired in the Roman imperial robe. In the same street, we were conducted to Steigerwald's splendid glass-shop, which contained an immense variety of elegant and costly articles.—Among the numerous institutions in this city, for promoting the arts and sciences, we visited Städel's Academy of Painting, where there is also a gallery of statues. Some of the pictures in this handsome building, are by the old masters, and are well worthy of observation: the ceilings of the rooms are beautiful.

Passing the antique gate of Aschenheim, we proceeded to the Museum of Natural History, which contains a very noble collection, admirably arranged; that of the birds being particularly extensive, and the finest we ever saw: the gallery is also rich in fishes, birds' nests, eggs, and fossil bones. Here, as in many cities of the continent, the impulse which Cuvier gave to the study of the animal kingdom is evidently seen, in the extensive collections to which it has given rise. Some

winding paths, ornamented with flowering shrubs, and forming part of those delightful promenades which environ this town,—led us past the Orphan Asylum, to Herr Bethmann's collection of casts, taken from the antiques that adorned the *Louvre*, when the spoils of Italy were conveyed to Paris, and became trophies to the military dominion of France. But the principal object of attraction, in the *Bethmann'sche Sammlung*, was the exquisite, and surpassing statue, in beautiful marble, of Ariadne seated on a leopard,—by Dannecker.

In the environs, near the *Friedberg* gate, was pointed out to us the monument erected by Friedrich Wilhelm II., of Prussia, to the Hessian troops who fell at the storming of Frankfurt in 1792, by the French;—when, in the full madness of the revolution, and in their fury against every thing that wore the shape of legitimacy, they carried their arms into foreign lands; while, in Paris, the most horrid massacres were going on, under the auspices of Marat, Robespierre, and Danton. Spires, Worms, Maintz, and Frankfurt, soon fell before the victorious arms of the republicans; but, before the end of the year, Frankfurt was regained.

The Maine divides the city into two unequal parts, which are connected by an ancient bridge, one thousand feet in length. The southern side of the river is called *Sachsenhausen*, from a disputed

tradition that a colony of Saxon prisoners originally founded this suburb. The quay, along the northern bank of the Maine, is very fine; and the houses which line it are of a superior order, and of large dimensions. Here, also, is situated the public library, a very handsome modern building, celebrated for its complete collection of German history. There are six Lutheran,—two or three Reformed—and several Catholic churches, besides the *Domkirche* of St. Bartholomew.

This cathedral has a lofty tower of reddish stone,—with the odd, truncated appearance, not uncommon on the continent. In the interior, the clock, in its green age, of centuries, still shows the hours, days, and months, and gives other information. There are also two ancient, and remarkable pieces of sculpture,—one said to be six hundred years old, consisting of thirteen scripture figures, in excellent preservation;—the other, which claims to have existed for seven centuries, is called the ‘Grave of Christ.’ In the choir are some old paintings, in fresco. In this church is also seen a beautiful picture by Rubens, of the Virgin, with the Child Jesus in all the loveliness of infancy, and forming a pleasing contrast to the showy statues with gilt or plated crowns, which we had repeatedly observed,—either representing the Saviour as bestowing the keys of the church on Peter, or receiving money from the *Three Kings*.

We were fortunate, in the course of our walks about the city, in meeting with the Rev. Dr. Pinkerton, who resides here with a view to promote the objects of the Bible Society. By means of the kindness of that gentleman, we were enabled to obtain what we had in vain sought for elsewhere,—a supply of German religious tracts for distribution ; which we procured at the depository of the Bible Society in this city.

Frankfurt appears to have had its origin,—and, as some think, its name,—from the first visit of the Frankish monarch, Charlemagne, to this part of Germany;—the termination, which is properly spelled with the letter *u*, signifying a ford or passage. Charlemagne here built a palace, of which there are now no remains ; and from the time of his successor, Louis le Débonnaire, Frankfurt became the chief city of East Franconia, till the extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty, in 911. For several centuries, the election to the empire took place here ; and, in more modern times, the coronation,—after that ceremony ceased to be held at Aix-la-Chapelle.

During the continuance of the French empire, Frankfurt was the capital of the grand-duchy of the same name ; but, after the battle of Leipzig, so disastrous to Bonaparte, in 1813, its independence was restored ; and it now has its own *chargés d'affaires*, at foreign courts. Its govern-

ment is a moderately democratical republic; and it is said that among the legislators of this free city, as among those of free nations, warm disputes frequently occur between the aristocratical and the popular party. Since the breaking up of the French power, Frankfurt, after twenty years of suffering, is said to have flourished more than ever; and by an early act of the Germanic Confederation, this city was fixed on as the seat of the Diet, which consists of deputies from the States.

The population of Frankfurt amounts to nearly forty-eight thousand: of these the bulk are Protestants, about six thousand being Catholics, — and five thousand Jews, who have, for ages, been numerous in this place. It is generally agreed that the Jews of Cologne and Treves are the descendants of those who settled, in the time of Adrian, in these cities, whence they subsequently spread to other parts of Germany. In the reign of Constantine, they were so important a body at Cologne, that the magistrates of that place were authorised, by the imperial government, to appoint them to the office of *decuriones*.

The Römer, or Town-house of Frankfurt, is a large and ancient Gothic pile, and contains the great hall in which the emperors were accustomed to dine, on the day of their coronation. There are here upwards of forty portraits of the sovereigns of the Holy Roman Empire, from Conrad I., in

the tenth century. We could not see the *Wahl-simmer*, or hall in which the elections to the empire took place, as it was occupied, at the time, by the sitting of the Senate, one of the branches of the municipal government; which consists of the Senate, the Council of Representatives, and the Legislative Body.

It is an honour to the city of Frankfurt that it abounds in charitable institutions, and is eminent for its elementary educational system, even in Germany; where, within a century, literature has taken a stride, and has run a career, not to be paralleled in any country of Europe. Frankfurt too can boast of having given existence to that brilliant star in the constellation of German genius, Göthe: and it is more hallowed by the labours of Spener.

Education is not here compulsory, as in Baden, but ample means are provided by the municipal government for the instruction of all. There are *Volksschulen*, or schools for the people; a *Gymnasium*, in which higher branches of science, and classical learning are taught;—and a number of *Institute*, for separate departments of knowledge.

The Protestant *Volksschulen* consist of several *primary*, or elementary schools; a middle school; and a *Mustet*, or model school. In the *primary* schools, are taught *Sachkenntniss*, or the knowledge of material objects, reading, writing, German,

arithmetic, singing, gymnastics, needle-work,—and the Christian religion. In these schools upwards of two thousand of both sexes are educated together. In the *middle* school are between four and five hundred scholars, who are more deeply instructed in most of the subjects taught in the popular schools; while other branches are added. The course of instruction here consists of religion, reading, writing, history, geography, natural history, natural philosophy, arithmetic, geometry, drawing, and singing. In the *Muster* or model school, the pupil is carried forward to still higher attainments, and is taught religion, German, French, history, geography, technology, natural history, natural philosophy, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, writing, drawing, singing, and *verstandes übung*, or the exercise of the understanding. The Catholics, and the Jews, have their own schools, corresponding to these Protestant *Volks-schulen*.

The *Gymnasium* is regarded as a good example of the higher German schools. It has about two hundred students, who are instructed in religion, the German language, and composition, writing, ancient and modern history, natural history, geography, natural philosophy, mathematics, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, English, drawing, and singing. Among these objects, natural philosophy is thought not to have quite its due share of at-

tention. As Catholics and Protestants mix in the Gymnasium, there are here two chairs of history.*

The *Institute* and *Stiftungen*, consist of a great variety of foundations, museums, academies, and societies, each of which has been established for the promotion of some branch of science, or of the arts: as, the *Museum*, chiefly for the study of music, *belles lettres*, and drawing; the *Städel'sche Stiftung*, or foundation of J. F. Städel, a Frankfurt merchant, for the encouragement of painting: the *Cäcilien-verein*, or Cecilian Society, for promoting sacred music: the *Senkenberg'sche Stift*, or Academy of Medicine, founded by Dr. Senkenberg, including a botanic garden, a theatre of anatomy, and a medical library; and connected with a society for the study of natural history. There is also a Physical Society, for promoting the pursuit of natural philosophy, and chymistry; a Polytechnic School, for the advancement of the useful arts;—and some other similar institutions.

In the gymnasium, and in all the elementary institutions, the Christian religion forms a distinct subject of instruction, on the just principle of Cousin;—*il n'y a de morale pour les trois quarts des hommes que dans la religion.*

The Frankfurt Bible Society was one of the first fruits of peace,—arising almost immediately out of the calm that ensued on the cessation of those ex-

* See G. James, Esq. on Education in Germany. 1835.

traordinary convulsions, with which, for twenty years, the gigantic movements of France, and her great military chief, agitated the continent of Europe. This local society circulated, during the first seven years of its existence, upwards of eleven thousand Bibles, and thirty-five thousand Testaments.

The commencement of a return, in various parts of Germany, to the genuine principles of the inspired record, cannot fail to be a source of gratification to every lover of truth; and will, no doubt, issue in furnishing yet another triumphant demonstration of the impregnable strength, and the divinity of the Christian faith,—which has survived such bold assaults in the house of its professed friends, and has begun to emerge, in all its elemental purity, from the thick shades of false philosophy by which it had been obscured.

From the latter part of the last century, Christianity has undergone an ordeal in this country, to which there is no parallel, since the iron bondage in which the Romish apostasy enchained Europe for a thousand years has been relaxed. A philosophical infidelity, under the name of Christianity,—and loudly claiming to be founded on the basis of philosophy, and philological criticism, has widely run its baneful career among the divines and phi-

losophers of Germany; and for many years appeared to reign almost triumphant. Amidst the various and changeful sentiments and theories which they have entertained, the *Rationalists*, or *Antisupernaturalists*, appear to have all agreed in proceeding on the principle of explaining away, or discarding the authority of the Scriptures; rejecting whatever professes to be supernatural in the Jewish and Christian revelations; and making reason the sole umpire in all matters of faith. The consequences, as might be expected, were but too obviously seen in the decay of piety, the almost total neglect of religion among the higher, and the more educated classes, the popular indifference to the Sabbath, and the irreligion that extensively prevailed among all ranks.

The causes which have led to this wide and extraordinary deviation from the standard of scriptural belief, among those who still claimed the name of Christians, have been various; and some of them probably remote in time. When Germany responded to the call of Luther to throw off the papal yoke,—a variety of elements, religious and political, were brought together; which, under the control of the great master-hand, sufficed to produce the grand explosion; and to render the leading principles, and doctrines of Protestantism victorious. But when the polemical spirit, which had proved so mighty against the enormities of Rome,

was hotly manifested by the agents of the Reformation, among themselves,—pure Christianity was in a great measure reduced to an affair of bitter controversy; which by infringing on its devotional character, opened the door to future corruption and abuse.

Human nature is incident to extremes; and when the dead weight of Romanism, which had so long oppressed the human faculties, was lifted off, the reaction was—a rage for controversy in the regenerated infant church. This might have sooner spent itself, had the contest been purely theological; but the grand master-mischief, the evil genius of the church, in every age—the legal alliance of religion with the secular power,—here, as elsewhere, supplied fuel to the flames of discord; for the Protestant princes of the empire put themselves in the place of the Roman pontiff, by enforcing on the clergy minutely detailed creeds and confessions of faith, by means of pains and penalties.

Hence the fierce enmities, and the intolerance, which displayed themselves among the Protestants during the remainder of the century of the Reformation,—when the German states were depriving of office, banishing, consigning to long imprisonment, or even putting to death by torture, individuals of eminence among the clergy and laity, for differing from the established creeds; and gene-

rally in minor points of doctrine. The most virulent hostility was maintained between the Lutherans, who adhered strictly to the letter of Luther's statements,—and the Reformed, who in some points deviated from them; and each of these parties expelled the other from the provinces in which they were respectively predominant.

The *Formula of Concord*, in 1574, was but the seal of real and lasting discord, as it shut out the prospect of union between the two Protestant communities; for it comprehended none but those who, in the strictest and most literal sense, held the tenets of its Lutheran framers. The parties now became more hopelessly intrenched than ever in their minuter differences; human systems of divinity obtained the ascendancy over scriptural interpretation; a verbal, abstract, scholastic spirit gained ground; and, at length, the Sacred Record, instead of being listened to as the spontaneous oracle of truth, was tortured—in order to make it give evidence in favour of some speculative point. The pulpit, as well as the chair, became the seat of a dry, barren terminology, and a battery of polemics; while the student of divinity was chiefly occupied in devoting his time and his energies to the Aristotelian philosophy, and the schoolmen.

The thirty years' war which desolated Germany with fire, sword, and pestilence, from 1618 to 1648, had its remote causes in the Reformation itself;

and in the religious peace of Augsburg, which, in 1555, secured the civil rights and liberties of the Protestants, as granted by Charles V. in 1552, in the treaty of Passau. Thus does the depravity of man convert the highest blessings into the direst calamities that can befall the human race!—This long-continued flame, though chiefly raging between the Protestants and the Catholics, as such, could not but tend, wherever it reached, to destroy the genuine spirit of piety; and, protracted as it was by the disunion of the Protestants, to produce disastrous consequences, for the time being, to the real interests of religion in general.

Among the earlier and more conspicuous opponents of the scholastic system, and of the bigotry with which it was united, was Calixtus, who was eminent for his anxiety to promote that candour and forbearance which is the only sound principle on which all religious controversies can be conducted. He was professor of theology at Helmstadt, and died in 1656. Arndt, his contemporary, exercised an influence more decidedly religious, which was felt in Germany long after his decease, being perpetuated by his excellent practical work on *True Christianity*. The names of J. Val. Andreae, and J. Gerhard, are also those of men superior to the age in which they lived; and who clearly saw that the spirit of true piety could not flourish amid the angry polemics so characteristic of this period.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the pious Spener complained that if any man taught more than the mere letter of Scripture, and appeared in earnest respecting real piety, he was regarded as a papist, or a fanatic.—It is no wonder that under the withering influence of a scholastic theology, the storms of party violence, and the demoralising effects of a long and furious war, the Christianity of the Reformation should be found to have received extensive injury, and to maintain but a sickly existence.

Spener was the originator of those societies of pious persons, who, lamenting the deadness of the scholastic divinity, were accustomed to meet together, with the design of promoting personal religion, and who were, by way of reproach, termed *Pietists*. The benevolent and excellent Augustus Herman Francke, aided by Anton and Breithaupt, who were imbued with a similar spirit, afterwards successfully promoted the same cause, at Halle; which became the seat of an improved system of theology, and of that superior state of religious feeling which constituted a new era in the ecclesiastical history of Germany. Pietism, however, too much disturbed the prevailing formalism of the scholastic orthodoxy, and the extensive jealousy of princes and electors against innovation, to pass unnoticed. Francke himself had been driven by persecution from Erfurt, in 1691; and extensive efforts were subsequently made to check the pro-

gress of the Pietists and their doctrines.—To the class of those who in a more general, and less direct manner, exercised a beneficial influence in the cause of practical truth, at this period, belongs Buddeus, who was appointed professor of moral philosophy at Halle, when the elector of Brandenburg, afterwards Frederick I. of Prussia, founded the university of that city, in 1693.

The degeneracy of Pietism from its original healthy tone into formality and fanaticism, robbed it of its earlier promise to regenerate the German churches; and when the technical language it had acquired became so fashionable as to be a kind of passport to advancement at some of the German courts, its spirit, as breathed forth by Spener, Francke, and others of the original school, was rarely to be found; and there was a dearth of materials of sufficient strength, for throwing up any effectual barrier against the approaching inroads of an overwhelming scepticism.—Subsequently, the school of the illustrious Bengel, which is to be traced to that of the Pietists, lent its aid, during the eighteenth century, to keep alive in Germany the pure light of truth; which, amidst all the degeneracy of theology, was never extinguished.

In this country, it may be emphatically affirmed that the philosophy of the day has always given a colouring to theology. Thomasius was a kind of pioneer to the attacks and innovations on Aristotle;

and the German philosophy began, towards the end of the seventeenth century, with Leibnitz; who attempted to give to all science an air of demonstration. Wolf, who became professor of mathematics at Halle, in 1707, pursued a similar course still farther, and was the founder of the *Leibnitz-Wolfian* school; which, after struggling with great opposition, continued to be predominant in Germany till towards the middle of the eighteenth century.

The most solemn verities of faith were now subjected to definition, and formal philosophical proof; the most mysterious doctrines professedly explained by algebraic formulæ, to the neglect of the evidence and the limits of the divine testimony; reason was virtually exalted above revelation; and Christianity was reduced to a mere abstraction of science, in which human speculations were supposed to be demonstrated equally with the doctrines of Scripture, and held a co-ordinate authority. The adoption of the Wolfian philosophy by the degenerate school of the Pietists, prepared a soil in which the unbelief of *Rationalism*, under the sacred name of Christianity, was destined to attain a luxuriant growth.

The sceptical and infidel war against revealed religion was earlier at its height, in England, than on any part of the continent of Europe. Voltaire himself borrowed much from the English

freethinkers Morgan and Tindal; and if Collins and Toland be added, ample materials may be discovered, as elements for Rationalism, when these were imported among a people who, if not by nature fonder of theories and speculations than some others, have, on account of the social and political condition of their country, found less vent in other directions for their energies, than those who live in an atmosphere of greater civil freedom.

Toland's book, entitled '*Christianity not Myste-
rious*,' might alone be considered as an adequate germ of all scepticism: and the reception the author met with, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, at Hanover and Berlin, indicate that the higher classes, at least, of German society, were not unprepared to sympathize with an innovator who had retired from England, his native country, to avoid the obloquy he had incurred; whose book had been burnt at Dublin by the hands of the common hangman, according to the mode *then* in vogue of attempting to suppress error,—and who openly published himself to be a Protestant latitudinarian. We have the authority of Twisten* for the fact, that the first *replies* to the English deists, which were translated into German, were wholly inefficient as remedies, and did but aggravate the evil;—they diffused a poison, which the antidote was not adequate to neutralise.

* Dogmatik.

The encouragement afforded by the popular monarch Frederick II. of Prussia to the infidel literature of France, and the reception of its abettors at his court, added the influence of royal patronage to the seductions of a volatile scepticism; and rendered fashionable an equal licence of sentiment and manners. The birth and growth of German literature, which date from this period, were little else than the decay and death of religion; and the king himself lived to regret the mischief to which he had been so powerful an accessory.

The critical dictatorship set up by Nicolai* of Berlin, which in the latter part of the eighteenth century gave law to multitudes of German readers, was of a complexion decidedly and boldly infidel; and the dry and frigid commentaries of the Arian and Remonstrant Schools, which had been introduced into Germany, were but ill calculated to produce a race of men fitted to stem the threatening torrent of error and corruption.

In philosophy, Wolfianism declined, and a sort of *Eclecticism* gained ground, more characterized by popularity than depth; but professing to be guided by utility and common sense. More or less of this school were the systems of Basedow, Mendelsohn, Steinbart, Eberhard, Plattner, and Garve: of these speculations a superficial utilitarianism, of a character hostile to Christianity, was the chief basis.

Among the first theologians, in whose systems

* Founder of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek*.

the neological tendency of either a false or misplaced philosophy became evident, were Baumgarten, who died in 1765,—and his cotemporaries Ernesti, and Michaelis; the two former of whom, however, faithfully adhered to the doctrines of Christianity: nor did Michaelis formally deny them, notwithstanding his low views of Scripture. Even *Semler* himself, who may be regarded as the more immediate instrument in forming the rationalistic school, did not directly abandon the Christian system, although he neutralised it by a cold, speculative criticism, founded on assumed and mistaken theories of interpretation. Hence theology still deteriorated, both under his influence and that of other disciples of Baumgarten, Ernesti, or Michaelis; among whom may be named Morus, who taught that, amidst so many controversies, what is directly moral in Christianity ought alone to be retained;—also the celebrated critic Eichhorn, who robbed religion of all claim to the supernatural.

While the abettors of these alarming innovations were continually increasing, the orthodox clergy appear to have offered comparatively little efficient counteraction. The way was prepared for an extensive defection from the truth; and attempts were made to conciliate avowed sceptics, by giving up all that renders Christianity a peculiar system; by lowering it to the level of a mere human inven-

tion, wrapped in a symbolical or oriental garb, and containing nothing more than ordinary truths, discoverable by reason, and adumbrated in mythic representations:—in short, by reducing Christianity to a form of natural religion — witness the efforts of Nösselt, Teller, and Spalding.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, the popular philosophy gave place to the metaphysics of *Kant*, which aimed at a more profound analysis of the faculties of the human mind; and which, whatever its fundamental defects, had the merit of diffusing in the German universities a spirit of deeper reflection, favourable, in its ultimate tendency, to a reception of the highest religious truths. Its immediate effect, however, on theology, which it brought under its dominion, was to give consolidation to the scattered and disjointed materials of Rationalism.

Fichte, a disciple of Kant, conceived that his master's system warranted him to infer that there is no necessary relation between the impressions of human consciousness and the *reality* of things; which dogma Kant had left in uncertainty. Fichte consequently denied, with some of the British philosophers, all evidence of the existence of a material world. This new system did little to produce that humility of reason which, as it is the most genuine philosophy, is also essential to a just reception of revealed truth.

Schelling, in opposition to the views of *Fichte*, maintained, in his *Nature-Philosophy*, that our knowledge of the correspondence between thought and outward existence, rests on an intellectual *intuition*; and in Germany, where the changes in philosophy have exerted so great an influence on religion, *Schelling's* system, though of a pantheistic complexion, as identifying the Deity with nature, has nevertheless been regarded by some friends of the truth, as leading to a species of *reflection* ultimately favourable to a transition to the genuine doctrines of Christianity.

The views of *Jacobi*, who died in 1819, were opposed to the Critical Idealism of *Kant*, the Scientific theory of *Fichte*, and the Pantheism of *Schelling*. *Jacobi* founded all knowledge not received by the senses—on *belief*; which he described to be a sort of *Internal Sense*, or the instinct of reason appropriated to *Truth*, of which he considered it the organ. All religious knowledge, therefore, he supposed to be attained by a kind of immediate consciousness. Historical evidence not being thus direct in the information it conveys, *Jacobi* rejected this proof of religion; limiting himself to the *natural revelation of the inner man*; and leaving the door open to an unlimited philosophical mysticism, without any test of truth beyond the impressions of the individual. Connected, in some respects, with this school of the philosophy of

Sentiment, are Köppen, and Salat; and with greater modifications Schulze, and Herbart.

Allied to the Kantian school, are Krug and Fries, the latter of whom symbolised in a great measure with Jacobi. Von Eschenmayer and Wagner, whose systems originated in the philosophy of Schelling, became eventually opposed to him, but by speculations not at all less mystical than his own.

Hegel, also of the school of Schelling, held a pantheistic system of absolute idealism. This theory contains the seeds of a deep infidelity, which is exemplified in some of Hegel's followers, as in Strauss, author of the *Leben Jesu*. Among these, there is a disposition to deny the sublime truths of a personal God, a personal immortality, and the resurrection of Christ. Other Hegelists, however, as Göschel, have been led, by their Christian feelings, to attempt to turn this philosophy to account, in favour of the Christianity of the New Testament.

The various forms and degrees of Rationalism which have prevailed in Germany, from about the middle of the eighteenth century, have all been mixed up more or less with several of these systems of philosophy; and the spirit of daring speculation has made dreadful havoc in every department of theology. Although it is true, indeed, that the absolute infidelity, and the *Naturalism*, in the forms of materialism and pantheism, which have been main-

tained by some of the *philosophers*, are not to be confounded with *Rationalism* properly so called: and though we must not charge on the German churches the tenets of those who, as Paalzow or Wünsch, have avowedly followed in the steps of the English freethinkers; or have symbolised with them by openly advocating natural religion to the exclusion of Christianity, as Bahrdt, Venturini, and the elder Reimarus, author of the attacks on Revelation contained in the *Wolfenbüttel Fragments*, edited by Lessing,—yet it must be admitted that the contact of theology with these infidel speculations has corrupted it, in Germany, to a far greater extent than it was influenced, in England, by our earlier and more celebrated deists.

The neological method of dealing with Christianity was, in a great measure, brought into fashion by the speculations of Semler, who is recognised as having led the way to modern Rationalism, some of the adherents to which system have gone the length of boldly advocating a decidedly infidel theology. The name *Rationalist*, or *Antisupernaturalist*, is applied in Germany, in strictness, to those who, while they profess to regard Christianity as a divine institution, and Jesus as the messenger of Providence, sent for the welfare of mankind, — deny that there is any thing in the Scriptures which involves the supernatural or miraculous agency of God, and maintain that Chris-

tianity is merely designed to introduce, confirm, and diffuse in the world, a religion to which reason itself might attain.* Of this school, though differing in the shades and degrees of their sentiments, have been, among others, the philosophers Steinbart, Kant, and Krug: and the theologians Teller, Henke, Thiess, Paulus, Schmidt, Löffler, Röhr, Wegscheider, and Schulthess.—DeWette, and Hase, have held a more modified and sentimental kind of rationalism.

The periodical press, has also lent its aid to disseminate the poison of scepticism and unbelief, in such journals as the *Allgemeine Kirchenzeitung*, Röhr's *Prediger-Magazin*, and the *Halle'sche Literatur-Zeitung*.

Another class of divines receive the Old and New Testaments as a Revelation from God, in a higher sense than the Rationalists allow; admitting that it may contain things *above* reason; and regarding it as a depository of divine knowledge, communicated in a mode different from the ordinary course of providence. They do not, therefore, professedly deny the reality of the Scripture miracles; yet they distinguish between the original, and the present evidences of Christianity, in a manner which deprives it of the solid basis on which it

* Vid. *Apologie der Neuern Theologie des Evangelischen Deutschlands, gegen ihren Neuesten Ankläger. Von D. K. G. Bretschneider, Oberconsistorialrath und Generalsuperintendenten zu Gotha. Halle, 1826.*

rests—historical testimony; for they maintain that whatever might be the effect of the miracles which attended Christianity, at the outset,—the principal, if not the only proof of its divinity *to us*, is its internal evidence of truth and goodness. To this school have belonged Döderlein, and Morus; and latterly, among others, Von Ammon, Schott, Niemeyer, and Bretschneider.*

Though divines of this class have differed in theory, from the rationalists properly so called, it is certain there have been not a few among them who have so far symbolised with the thorough-going rationalistic school, as practically to do away with the essential doctrines of the Christian faith. Amidst the chaos of speculations, theological as well as philosophical, that have inundated Germany, the shades and hues of unbelief have been multiform and various; and where the strictest rationalism has not been avowedly maintained, Christianity has often been employed as little more than a kind of veil to some system of human philosophy. Hence among this large class, many of whom have termed themselves *rational-supernaturalists*, and *supernatural-rationalists*, in distinction from the *systematic* rationalists, the neologistic innovations have prevailed to such a degree as to produce lamentable effects in lowering the general tone of Christianity.†

* Apologie, etc.

† Bretschneider describes as *evangelical* those divines who rest the divinity of Christianity chiefly on the internal evidence: such,

It is matter for rejoicing to all the friends of Christian truth, that the advance of the present century has been marked by the progress of a decided and extensive change for the better in the theological character of Germany. The whole school of Würtemberg and Tübingen, with Storr at its head, has for forty or fifty years sent forth a race of judicious thinkers, who have maintained the doctrine of a *Miraculous* Revelation; have subjected the bold dogmas of rationalism to a searching investigation; and have successively exposed the hollowness of the reasonings of Eichhorn, who, near the close of the eighteenth century, and at the beginning of the present, reigned supreme, for about twenty years, in the department of Biblical Criticism.

Among those who have more or less directly counteracted, or opposed the rationalistic school, may be mentioned Reinhard, Jahn, Meyer, Kelle; the two Flatts, Süsskind, Kleuker, and Knapp: of living writers, Steudel of Tübingen, Von Meyer of Frankfurt, Lücke of Göttingen; also Neander, Hengstenberg, and Twesten, all of Berlin; Hahn of Leipzig, Nitzsch of Bonn, and Tholuck of Halle, who now occupies the chair of the late Professor Knapp. This venerable man died in 1825, and was, as it were, a solitary beacon-light for the truth, at Halle, while the

he says, are the majority of the German clergy, among whom he ranks himself. It would seem, therefore, according to Bretschneider, that the term '*evangelical*' may sometimes mean those who are not the most daring rationalists.

shades of rationalism were casting their gloom over its academic halls; and the students were worshipping the idol-phantasms of imagination, under the name of truth,—unchecked by Niemeyer,—sanctioned by the great Hebraist Gesenius,—and more directly encouraged by the example and the guidance of Wegscheider, one of the great apostles of the neological exegesis.

The Moravian brethren possess the credit of having contributed much towards stemming the torrent of error, by the special prominence they give to the great doctrine of the atonement. Also, the literary labours of some of the members of the theological faculty of Berlin have, for many years, had an influence directly opposed to the school of Semler, Eichhorn, and Paulus.*

Some who were once among the supporters of rationalism have, to a greater or less extent, renounced their former sentiments. Others appear to have vacillated between the neological speculations, and the evangelical doctrines. Among the latter are quoted the names of Von Ammon, and De Wette; but their most recent productions leave doubtful the reality of any material change in their system. Of the philosophers, Schelling may be mentioned as at present entertaining views more in harmony, than heretofore, with the doctrines of revelation.

* Paulus is a theological professor at Heidelberg; and, at the full age of man, is still a most zealous and decided advocate for the infidel speculations.

Among those who, while they have failed to embrace the gospel in its simplicity, are nevertheless to be regarded as widely different from the rationalist theologians, and who have led the way to an ultimate return to the doctrines of the Reformation;—Schleiermacher is the most conspicuous. This celebrated man was educated in the Moravian faith, and he early imbibed strong impressions of religion. In his maturer years, his highly speculative and ardent mind entered deeply into the spirit of Plato, of some of whose works he is the translator; and he attempted to construct a scheme of theology on a philosophical basis. The grand error of his system consists in giving more prominence to the importance of inward feeling, than to the testimony of Scripture; and in so exclusively fixing his attention on the *effects* of the gospel on the heart, as too much to neglect the historical basis on which it rests.

So far as relates to the corruption of human nature, the necessity of divine influence;—with its practical efficacy on the character; and the agency of faith as a means of receiving salvation,—Schleiermacher would seem to agree with the bulk of evangelical Christians. He also regarded the recovery of man from the ruin of the fall, as entirely the effect of *grace*: but in respect to the momentous doctrine of the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, his system exhibits a marked departure from the

statements of the New Testament.* Schleiermacher was professor of theology at Berlin; and died in 1834. Some of his most able followers have advanced much nearer to the truth than himself: among these are Twisten his successor; and Nitzsch of Bonn, both decidedly evangelical.

The whole population of Germany was estimated, in 1830, at upwards of thirty-six millions; the Protestants being to the Catholics in the proportion of somewhat less than fifteen to twenty-one; and by the terms of the German Confederation, both parties are placed on an equal footing as to civil rights. The two denominations of Protestants,—the Lutherans and the Reformed, are now to a considerable extent amalgamated; though, in Prussia, the union is not completed.

The grand change which has commenced in the religious complexion of Protestant Germany, cannot be expected to develop itself in the full glory of its triumphs, without considerable lapse of time. The mystic phantoms of an imaginative philosophy, shifting as the wind, and demanding, with every change, to exercise a wide influence over religion, have taken too firm possession of the German mind,

* Schleiermacher's system omits the atonement; simply stating that the reconciliation, (*versöhnung*,) and the certainty of the Father's love in the Son, consist in the *new life* derived from Christ and existing in the regenerate.—But while dying, he spoke of the 'expiatory death' of Jesus.

delighting as it does in speculation and in theory, easily to abandon their cherished abode. These phantoms are not merely the tenants of darkness, fleeing when they 'scent the morning air:' they would fain linger in the dawn, and haunt the twilight. The shadows of philosophic error which have so long obscured Christianity in this interesting country, are already yielding to the returning light: but Rationalism, as holding a sway over the human spirit, can become matter of history only to a future generation; nor can so fascinating and deeply-rooted a figment be speedily eradicated, according to the ordinary course of events, from the national mind: its traces may remain for ages.

The political condition of the German States has to a great extent shut out, from the master-spirits, the *practical* world. The active and ardent mind has sought a field for itself almost exclusively in the pursuit of philosophy; and he who has skillfully framed a new system of opinions, and adorned it with the charms of eloquence, has laid hold of the whole intellectual life of the nation. Hence while there have been so many novelties and successive systems both in philosophy and religion, that it might have been supposed all confidence in the opinions of theorists would be shaken,—there is perhaps no country, since the times of ancient Greece, where so great a deference has been paid to the authority of names.

There is reason, however, to believe that the existing state of the Protestant religion in Germany, viewed on the grand scale, is not without high promise, as regards the future. The gospel, indeed, must in this country long maintain an apologetic and polemic attitude; for it has many enemies who must be fairly met in the field of argument, that they may be repulsed, in the eyes of all men, and compelled to retreat, though they may still refuse to submit. If the sons of evangelical truth, conscious that the element of controversy is not the best atmosphere of faith, feel a hallowed reluctance to become aggressors in attack,—they must still ever stand on the defensive, and be ready at any moment to enter into the conflict;—as the soldier in an enemy's territory sleeps upon his arms, that at the first blast of the war-trumpet he may have them ready for service.

Truth has still victories to win in this country, above all others, by conquering philosophy with her own weapons, and rendering her, in a regenerated form, the handmaid of religion. What deism was in England, such in Germany has been Rationalism; and its final overthrow, as a system, will probably take place, so far as *human* means are concerned, on principles similar to those which, in the hands of our English Butlers, and Lardners, and Paleys, and Lelands, have at length fairly driven infidelity, in its grosser forms, from the field

of argument, in our highly-favoured isle; and have sent it to cater to the lowest taste, and to celebrate its bemaddened orgies among the vulgar.

A decided return to the leading doctrines of the Reformation is evidently going forward in many parts of Germany, notwithstanding the long-confirmed reign of error, and the difficulties which the gospel has still to contend with, in a country where religious liberty is seldom well-defined; where despotism is not overpowered by the indignant voice of a free people; and where, excepting some of the free cities, and the Rhine provinces of Prussia, the state not only exercises an arbitrary patronage, but generally assumes dominion over all things connected with religion.

While Rationalism still holds its sway in several of the countries of the Confederation, there are many parts in which evangelical truth has either sprung up in a previously barren soil, or has found additional labourers to promote its growth and vigour; and the universal testimony is, that regarding Germany as a whole, a surprising change has taken place for the better, within the last fifteen or twenty years.

In the free city of Frankfurt,* though the Lu-

* For a considerable number of the following facts, many of which he has been enabled to verify from oral sources, the author is indebted to Dr. Patterson's Letters from the Continent, in the Scottish Congregational Magazine.

theran clergy are not evangelical, three others, two of whom belong to the French Reformed Church, and one to the German, are usefully preaching the doctrines of the Reformation. At Maintz, the chaplain to the garrison of the Confederation is a decided advocate for the truth, and has recently published a valuable apologetic work on the book of Joshua.

In the manufacturing part of the Prussian Duchy of Berg, or the district watered by the Wipper, which falls into the Rhine below Cologne,—Christianity is said to flourish considerably; especially at Elberfeld, and Barmen, where it has always existed in its evangelical form.

Advancing to the three free towns of the north, we find a highly favourable report of Bremen, which is spoken of as one of the most distinguished places for serious religion in Germany. Lübeck too has not remained unblest with the moral re-animation which has begun to diffuse itself; and which has extended over the Danish dominions of Holstein and Sleswick.

In the great and important city of Hamburg, remarkable early after the Reformation for the piety and liberality of its inhabitants,—then for its intolerance,—and, in more recent times, for its demoralisation, and destitution of the truth,—there are now thousands of Christians, who are continually increasing in number, by means of the in-

strumentality of a body of evangelical clergy, the fruits of whose labours appear in the works of philanthropy in which their hearers take an interest: and although two strenuous rationalists have lately been placed in two of the vacant churches, the evangelical system is gradually prevailing. While religious liberty is not yet fully recognised as the right of *individuals*,—here, as in the other Hanse towns, all the usual *denominations* have long been tolerated; and it is a happy omen that in Hamburg, the law against unrestricted freedom of worship is practically relaxed, and the unscriptural and unphilosophical notion that the civil magistrate ought to interfere with religious opinions *as such*, is not universally held by the members of the municipal government.

In the duchies of Mecklenburg Schwerin and Strelitz, few of the clergy preach the evangelical doctrines: in the university of Rostock, on the Baltic, however, Hävernicks has recently opposed the rationalistic speculations; in his lectures, as well as in his valuable Commentary on Daniel; and in his Introduction to the Old Testament. In our sister kingdom of Hanover, there are symptoms of moral resuscitation: but in Brunswick, the adjoining state, the prospects are less hopeful, partly in consequence of the opposition made by the Duke himself to evangelical religion.

Saxe Weimar, formerly termed the German

Athens, was the cradle of polite literature, and was illustrious at the beginning of the present century for the genius of Wieland, Herder, Göthe, Schiller, Musäus, and other learned men, whom Charles Augustus patronised at his court:—but there is here an almost total dearth of the gospel of salvation; while rationalism openly diffuses its moral poison. In no countries of the Confederation does the philosophical apostasy so triumphantly reign, as in Brunswick and Weimar. In the city of Weimar resides the celebrated Röhr, as court-preacher, one of the high priests of reason, and a zealous advocate for the idol to which he ministers.

The kingdom of Saxony is still renowned as the seat of philology, but not as the soil where flourishes the word of truth; of which the pulpits are for the most part destitute, the Protestant clergy being, in general, either neologists, or mere ethical preachers. At Leipzig, however, there are several evangelical ministers, who address large audiences; and in this city are maintained some religious societies for promoting the truth. A small secession has also taken place here from the Lutheran church, as by law established, on the alleged ground of its corruptions.

Wittenberg, in the Saxon province of Prussia, is the town where Luther threw down the gauntlet to the ‘Man of Sin;’ and where his ashes now await

the morning of the resurrection. Here Heubner, and Rothe, still cherish the doctrines of the Reformation, and preside with eminent success over the Theological Institution; which has proved to Prussia a fountain of moral life. Heubner also exercises the pastoral office with great usefulness.

The University of Halle, also in Prussian Saxony, is ever memorable, as the seat of the early Pietism; the adherents to which here trimmed anew the lamp of the Reformation, in the second century after it had been kindled, and at a time when it had almost expired in the ungenial atmosphere of a scholastic and formal theology. To this institution, shortly after its foundation, near the end of the seventeenth century, the excellent Spener was the means of introducing that eminently pious man Francke, and his coadjutors, as the first professors of theology. Their mantle, however, did not descend down the line of their successors in the chairs of the university; and under the influence of Semler, who died in 1791, the basis of an infidel theology was widely and deeply laid, with materials drawn from a daring and unhallowed criticism of the Sacred Records.

In later years, Halle became one of the high places of Rationalism; and when Professor Tholuck of Berlin was appointed, in 1825, to the theological chair vacant by the death of the venerable Knapp, great opposition was made to him

on account of his anti-rationalistic sentiments. By means of his piety, learning, and talents, however, he has been enabled to weather the storm, and is now surrounded by a band of students who are daily imbibing from his lips the system of truth. Tholuck, in addition to his eminent usefulness as a teacher of theology, also possesses high reputation as a preacher; and though discountenanced as much as possible by the rationalist clergy of the city, his labours have been attended with evident success among the inhabitants.

The cause of evangelical religion has been in a considerable degree impeded at Halle, and other places, in consequence of the want of standard works on some of the branches of theological learning, of a moderate price, and untainted with error. The spirit of antichristian speculation has so long reigned over sacred literature in Germany, that some of the cheapest and most popular books,—those which, as containing useful matter for the examinations, are most commonly to be found in the hands of students in divinity,—are more or less tinged with Rationalism. Some of these works, especially on the Old Testament,* and on *Dogmatik*,† or systematic theology, are of the most pernicious character, containing nothing less than downright infidelity; for the most solemn

* Witness Gesenius's *Commentar über Jesaiah*.

† Wegscheider *Institutiones*.

and momentous facts of the Christian religion, such as the resurrection of Jesus,—are either denied, or called in question, and every thing vital is explained away.

In the south of Germany, a distinguished position with regard to religion is occupied by Tübingen in Würtemberg. This university is remarkable for the fidelity it has maintained to the doctrines of the Reformation; and it is illustrious in the annals of theology by the names of Storr, the two Flatts, Süsskind, and others. Here, as in other places where the apostate theology is opposed, it may sometimes be found putting on its rankest form. A work lately published at Tübingen, on the 'Life of Christ,' throws off from the hideous form of infidelity, every remnant of the Christian mask; and Strause, the author, openly proclaims the Gospels to be the compilations of a subsequent age. Such an attack may be less dangerous, perhaps, than some others of a less definite and more plausible nature; as it at once calls on the friends of truth to make a practical appeal at the bar of historical evidence; where the controversy between Christianity and the infidelity of Rationalism, must always be ultimately decided.

In Prussia, the university of Berlin, ever since its establishment in 1810, has been an increasing source of pure theology to Germany; and the rank it holds among the schools of learning has attracted

students from all parts of the Confederation; from the extra-Germanic dominions of Austria; and even from Russia. The evangelical spirit which pervades the theological faculty of this university, distinguishes it beyond all its kindred institutions; and, in the city, the clergy who preach the truth, many of them very earnestly, are so numerous, as to constitute a majority of the whole body. Hence Rationalism, which in other places is enthroned in the pulpits, and in the chairs, does not here sway the sceptre; and Berlin is to Germany a strong-hold of the doctrines of the Reformation.

Rational divines frequently bestow upon evangelical Christians the name of '*mystics*;' and wherever the infidel theology prevails, the *mysticism* of Berlin is regarded with abhorrence. Indeed those who have visited this capital, as Christian philanthropists, concur in giving, on the whole, a highly favourable report of its thriving state as a seat of genuine Christianity; and of the salutary religious influence it is acquiring, as the heart of Protestant Germany, over various parts of the Confederation. Like our own metropolis, indeed, Berlin is very destitute of places of worship, in proportion to the number of the inhabitants; but it appears that, in the Prussian capital, attendance on divine service is regarded, by those who are best qualified to judge, as a more decisive test of

religious character than with us; as fewer persons are supposed to frequent public worship from mere fashion or custom, and more from conviction, and from principle.

The spirit of antichristian error still lingers, however, even here, and has lately appeared from the press in the form of the deadliest Rationalism; but happily in instances that are as solitary as they are decisive. Vatke, a *Privat Docent* in the university of Berlin, has within these few months* attempted entirely to overthrow the authority of the Pentateuch, and to prove that the Hebrew theology was borrowed from the astronomical theogony of the Chaldeans! This daring piece of absurdity has been extensively read and applauded in Germany; but the excellent Neander is making a successful stand against these renewed, and, it may be hoped, convulsive and mortal struggles, of the infidel school.

It argues well for Neander's secure reliance on the innate power of the Truth, that when it was debated among the authorities whether Strauss's book should be officially suppressed at Berlin,—he decided, by his casting vote, in the *negative*. This was taking high and noble ground for Christianity. By leaning on the obtrusive and unsteady arm of the civil power for support, truth gains over error but a temporary triumph;—a triumph which, in

* In 1835.

the end, she dearly purchases; for it costs her nothing less than the loss of her independence, and transforms her into the Helot of the state; it lays her open to the imputation of weakness, hypocrisy, and revenge; and exasperates against her the hatred of those whom she can only subdue by inspiring them with love.

A hopeful testimony is borne to the cities of Königsberg, Memel, Dantzic, and other places on the shores of the Baltic. Over the extensive country of Silesia, also, are scattered a number of evangelical preachers; and the university of Breslau is not destitute of a pure theology.

The Prussian monarch has credit for being sincerely desirous of promoting the cause of true Christianity; but the course he has taken for this end is wholly indefensible. In the greater part of Germany, the Lutherans, and the Reformed,—who originated in the school of Calvin,—are now united: and in Prussia, the means that have been adopted in order to effect the union have been arbitrary in the extreme; proving that in this country the basis of religious liberty is not more secure than it was in England nearly two centuries ago, at the time of the Act of Uniformity.

From the beginning of the seventeenth century, the house of Brandenburg has professed the Reformed faith, while the nation at large has been

Lutheran; and from the time when the country was erected into a kingdom, in 1701, one of the favourite objects of the monarchs, with the exception of Frederick the Great, appears to have been to produce a compulsory uniformity, though at the expense of the religious liberties of the Lutherans. The present king has shown a determination fully to centre in his own person the supreme government of the church, as well as of the state; and, in 1822, the *New Liturgy* appeared, under his sanction. In this formula of worship, the doctrines peculiar to each party were omitted, while the Reformed service was assimilated to the Lutheran, by some additional ceremonies.

In 1830 the adoption of the royal liturgy was no longer left optional: it was enjoined, in a revised form, to be used in all churches Lutheran and Reformed; with a view to remove, as much as possible, the distinction between the two denominations, and to merge both in the common name of *Die Evangelische Kirche*. In this newly-formed community, were to be blended the most heterogeneous and conflicting opinions;—strict and moderate Lutheranism; the whole chaos of Rationalism, in its various shades and gradations; the doctrine of the Heidelberg catechism, as held by most of the Reformed; and the decided Calvinism which has its principal seat at Elberfeld, with Krummacher as its leader.

The consequences of this unjustifiable and anti-christian attempt to *force* uniformity between two religious bodies, have naturally been similar to those which have been witnessed in every age and nation, in which the civil magistrate has assumed a legislative power over the affairs of religion. These effects have been especially felt in Silesia. Those who have refused to utter their prayers according to the mandate of the royal '*Supreme Bishop*,' have been pronounced 'rebellious' against the State;—useful men, both as pastors and as professors, have been deprived of their offices, and driven into exile from their native country;—Lutheran clergymen have been prohibited from the public exercise of their religion;—children have been taken by force from their parents, to be baptized by the clergy who have bowed to the new order of things;—some individuals have been imprisoned;—others have been fined, or have suffered the loss of their goods;—the new liturgy has been introduced, in some cases, at the point of the bayonet;—and in 1834, in order to make the Lutherans feel that the attempt to retain their religion was hopeless, all persons were prohibited from exercising worship in a private house, in presence of any one who was not a member of the family.

It is no wonder that, impelled by the galling pressure of these persecutions, many families have

sought that religious liberty on the other side of the Atlantic, which was denied them in the land of their fathers. When will the rulers of the earth cease to tyrannize over conscience, and to usurp the throne of Christ! These persecutions have already set men reflecting, in Germany, more than ever, on the question of human authority in the church of God; and there is no room for doubt, to those who observe the signs of the times, that the voice of truth and reason must ultimately prevail.

The churches of Germany are strictly *national*, and that of Prussia is so in the highest degree. All the members of the Consistories are appointed by the king, and consist of clergymen and laymen. Between the ordinary clergy and the government, a functionary intervenes entitled the *Superintendent*; who is in fact a kind of *bishop*, chiefly designed to form a link between the church and the state. Not long since, the king introduced the episcopal name itself into the ecclesiastical system, having appointed several bishops, who are a species of General-Superintendents.

LETTER IX.

Watch-towers—Darmstadt—The Schloss—The Bergstrasse —
Auerbach—Smoking—Huge grasshoppers—Storks—Neuen-
heim—Heidelberg—Churches—Ravages of war—The Castle—
The University—Durlach—Carlsruhe—Lutheran church—
Schloss—Radstadt—Baden-Baden—Castle-dungeon—Mineral
waters—Visitors—Ulm—Rustic wedding—Kehl—Strasburg—
Cathedral—Romish ordination—Marshal Saxe's monument—
Preserved bodies—Freiburg—Münster—Approach to Switzer-
land.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—The road to Heidelberg leads
over the stone bridge across the Main; which is
here about a thousand feet in breadth, and sepa-
rates Frankfurt from its southern suburb of Sach-
senhausen. The traveller soon passes one of those
antique, top-heavy looking towers, which often
form a remarkable feature in the German land-

scape: this is one of the four watch-towers which mark the limits of the ancient jurisdiction of the town.

An opportunity now occurred of ascertaining how the tracts we had obtained at Frankfurt would be received;—which was always very civilly, both by drivers, and other persons. These tracts were published at Hamburgh, by the Lower Saxony Society for the ‘Distribution of Books of Christian Edification:’ several of them were translations from the English.

In about three hours we reached DARMSTADT, a small but very handsome city,—to a considerable extent modern; with wide and airy streets, and some fine public buildings. The general appearance of this place, the good taste of the houses, and the cleanliness that prevails, render it exceedingly agreeable. It is the capital of Hesse-Darmstadt. Though there were very few people in the streets,—and the town, excepting the market-place, had a remarkably quiet and lifeless appearance,—it was amusing to witness the officiousness and importance of the street-keeper; who would not allow any person to stand still for a moment in the spacious but empty streets; and seemed to be a personage of far more consequence than any member of the London police.

About two hours were required, here, to rest the horses; this gave the opportunity of a general

survey of this beautiful town; and in the course of our walks we strolled into the new catholic church, which is an elegant rotunda, with a very chaste interior, containing none of the tinsel of popery; a simple crucifix being placed on the altar. On the floor, however, stood a sort of frame, having the appearance of a coffin, covered with black cloth; which proved to be the preparation for saying mass for a priest who had died on that day twelvemonth. The infallible church does not bate from her leading superstitions, though Protestantism may, in some places, have a little modified her external appearance.

We had time to visit the *Schloss*, or château of the Grand Duke; where is an exceedingly fine collection of paintings, in nine large rooms; and divided into the old and new German, French, Flemish, and Italian schools. Among these pictures, were some by Kalf, four hundred years old. There are also a number of finely executed cork and plaster models of Roman monuments. On leaving the town, by the opposite end to the entrance from Frankfurt, we could not but again admire its appearance. The streets in the new part are at right angles; and elegance was exhibited,—even to the lamp-holders, which were to us of a novel construction, the lamps being suspended from the mouths of serpents.

In proceeding towards Heidelberg, which lay on the other side of the ridge called the *Bergstrasse*, the hills we had seen before us all the way from Mayence rose into importance, and appeared covered with verdure, and ornamented with interesting ruins. After skirting some immense tracts of sand, we continued our route, having on our left the *Melibocus*, one of the loftiest hills in this district, and reached Auerbach; where it was again necessary to stay, for the sake of the horses; for in these parts it is not usual to have relays. The costume of the country people was here changed, the waggoners on the road wearing large cocked hats. While remaining at this village, we were literally besieged by troops of little barefooted begging peasants, crying out for alms—*Geben sie mir einen Kreutzer*. The German pipes, too, became more frequent than ever; and most of the men we met were enveloped in smoke. Indeed the habit of expectoration seems, in these parts, so great, that it is no uncommon thing to see numbers of little boxes filled with sand, in the churches; and they are sometimes found even at the altars: at the inns they form part of the furniture of every room.

Crucifixes, as usual, lined the road as we advanced; and it was varied by the view of Starckenberg castle, and other remnants of Teutonic chivalry; which powerfully recalled the ruined

castles of the Rhine. The country is well cultivated: pear, walnut, apple, and plum trees, laden with fruit, border the traveller's path; and the beautiful hills are covered with vines. In some places grasshoppers of huge size, and swarming on the trees as locusts for number, made the air to ring with their shrill chirpings; and in this neighbourhood we first noticed the singular effect of large storks sitting solemnly on the chimneys. Another order of feelings arose in passing through Neuenheim, where Luther slept the night before he appeared at the diet of Worms, which was not far distant on our right.

Having travelled for a number of miles along a range of irregular hills, clothed with trees, or vineyards,—or surmounted with castles, we arrived, in the evening, at HEIDELBERG, in the duchy of Baden, distant from Frankfurt nearly fifty miles, by the road called the *Bergstrasse*, or *mountain-way*, which here ends. The traveller cannot but be charmed with the truly romantic and delightful situation of Heidelberg, the view of which on approaching it was more strikingly picturesque than that of any town we had yet seen. It is surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, and lies partly along the narrow valley through which flows the Neckar, and partly up the acclivity of a lofty hill which rises behind the town, clothed to its summit with the richest green, and finely wooded;

bearing on its side, about halfway up, the impressive ruins of the magnificent and far-famed castle. You enter the city across a fine bridge, adorned with two massive statues of the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, Charles Theodore.

The large Protestant church of the Holy Ghost being closed, we went forward to look at the church of the Jesuits, which is handsome, but not much adorned, and containing a beautiful picture of the Madonna. Popery, in these parts, certainly seems modified by its contact with Protestantism, whether this be the result of policy, or arise from any convictions of the absurdity of its usual gaudy and meretricious attire. At the foot of the steep road which leads up to the castle, is the Protestant church of St. Peter, a very plain building, but containing some ancient tombs, and the sepulchral inscription of the learned Italian lady Olympia Fulvia Morata, wife of one of the former professors at Heidelberg: she died in 1555. Close to this church it was gratifying to hear, for the first time, the sound of psalmody uttered by a school of Protestant children, instead of the chants of Romanism. The town contains sixteen thousand inhabitants, half of whom are Lutherans, and half Roman Catholics. Smoking seems to be in full force at this place, the pipe being the constant companion of all classes.—We met with an instance or two, here, of persons who

could not read the Roman character, but only the German.

The ascent to the Castle is exceedingly steep, and oxen were dragging down the hill rude carts full of wood, with the hind wheels fastened to large logs, so as to form a kind of sledge. On the side of the mountain, a beautiful terrace, laid out in delightful public walks, and a gate built in honour of the Princess Elizabeth of England, in 1607, leads to this majestic electoral palace, which is now a solemn ruin.

Few cities have suffered more from all the horrors of war than Heidelberg. During the seventeenth century, it was again and again sacked, burnt, and partly razed to the ground. In the wars with Louis XIV., which, near the close of the same century, laid waste the Palatinate with fire and sword, and caused it to blaze with the flames of twenty towns, on one day, this city received its full share of the cup of woe; and in 1693, the destruction of this noble castle, as a fortress, was completed. The oldest part of it is said to have been constructed about the end of the thirteenth century; but the bulk of the edifice is two or three centuries later. Its situation is most commanding,—in a recess formed by mountains. From the front terrace is a very extensive and charming view; which comprises the town itself, the tasteful gardens, arbours, and vineyards, across the valley, on the opposite

heights, and the mountain of Heiligenberg, surmounted by a more humble ruin; while the Neckar winds its course below, to join the Rhine at Mannheim; which city is discerned in the dim and shadowy distance.

The outworks of this fortress, with its towers, ditches, and entrance gate, bear various emblems of chivalry and war belonging to the bygone times; and a deep glen of fine poplar trees contrasts the tendency of nature to perpetual life, with the decay inherent in the strongest works of human art, and the desolations to which they are continually exposed. In one spot is a huge fragment of a round tower, whose ponderous mass lies torn from its foundation, reclining its burden on the earth, having been blown up by the French, and testifying by its vast ruin, how much more destructive is the rude shock of war, than the silently mouldering hand of time. The grand destroyer is indeed universal in his operations; but he takes ages and millenniums to do his work; while war leaves in its train, traces of ruin more resembling the sudden desolations of the earthquake.

The central part of this palace-castle, where the electors of the Palatinate resided, and held their court, is a remnant of the most exquisite and ornamental workmanship; and in the days of its glory must have been a superb monument of the magnificence of the German potentates. In the

Rittersaal, or Hall of the Knights, which still remains, we saw interesting relics of the days of chivalry; and in the gloomy chapel, which has also escaped the general wreck, was the figure of a monk, in wood, sitting in his confessional, in the dress of his order; and so well executed as, at first, to startle the beholder with all the effect of real life. The ruins are considered the finest in this land of feudal remains, and some of them consist of the shells of buildings of the richest and most florid style of architecture, finished with great elegance and taste.

In an apartment over the entrance-tower, were some old paintings of the Electors; and a number of prints and pictures for sale. Some of these told the tale of desolation, and taught us that this pile of stately edifices had not suffered merely by war;—still less by time; but that the elements have also conspired to scathe it into the mere skeleton of what it once was. It has been repeatedly struck with lightning, by which it was set on fire about the middle of the last century, at the very time when after having been long deserted, the Elector Charles Theodore had fitted it up anew, and was about to remove hither with his household from Mannheim. The flames could not be extinguished, and they left the castle but the spectre of its former self; so that it has never since been inhabited. The desolate, grass-grown areas, and the noble façades

which remain as bare walls, adorned with sculpture and heraldic arms, form an impressive contrast with what fancy pictures of the mirth and minstrelsy that once reigned through these gorgeous halls, now silent and roofless, and no longer illuminated for the nocturnal assembly, but only by the ray of the moon, palely gleaming through the ghostly walls, which echo but to the winds of heaven, or to their own crumbling ruins.

Heidelberg is celebrated for its wines, and in the cellar of this once hospitable palace is the enormous tun, which contains eight hundred hogsheads; and looks more like a house than a cask: a staircase leads to the top of this grand trophy to Bacchus, which is surmounted by a platform for dancing. The subterranean passages and rooms of the castle, into which we were conducted, appeared to be of great extent, and are said to reach down as far as the market-place.

The university, which is a very mean building, is the most ancient Protestant seat of learning in Germany; and was founded in the fourteenth century. It has about six hundred students, and twenty-four professors *in ordinary*. The library contains about forty-five thousand volumes: and here we saw the first print of the German Scriptures, of the date 1462, and richly illuminated; several illuminated missals,—one in the most superb style, and another of immense size and weight, with

clasps of gold; a manuscript of the Gospels, of the date of 875, and a legend of St. George, still older; also a bull of Boniface IX. with the papal seal, incorporating an order of Cistercian monks at Heidelberg, in 1399. But the most interesting curiosity that was placed before us, was a book of manuscript sermons in the hand-writing of Luther, with his signature on the first page. At the entrance of the university, a notice was fixed up relative to the expulsion of a disorderly student, a character which has been by no means uncommon in some of the German universities.

Previously to reaching Heidelberg we had again approached the Rhine; on which were seated Worms, and Mannheim, at no great distance, on the right: and now in proceeding towards Carlsruhe, Spire was soon distinctly visible in the same direction. The country was richly cultivated, interspersed with quantities of hemp: also with fields of tobacco, which we had observed occasionally between Frankfurt and Heidelberg. In the journey to Carlsruhe, we were struck with the additional number of crosses by the road side, which, as before, was lined with fruit-trees. The women appear, in this part of Germany, to perform a very great proportion of the field labour; indeed by far too much.

At Durlach commences a magnificent avenue of poplars, extending in a straight line to Carlsruhe, a distance of nearly three miles. The evening was

illuminated by an exquisitely rich sun-set ; and the ride along this vista was exceedingly agreeable. After passing a handsome building, which, from having formerly been a nunnery, has now become a military station, we arrived at CARLSRUHE, distant from Heidelberg about eight German, or nearly thirty-seven English miles.

As this was Saturday evening, it was desirable to secure accommodations in which our party could be comfortably lodged during the Sunday ; but we found some difficulty, in this new and prepossessing town, in obtaining what we wished ; some of the inns being full, and others such as we did not like. At length, after driving about for three-quarters of an hour, we were tolerably lodged at the Darmstadt Hotel ; though here, as elsewhere, there was a deficiency of attention to some points of cleanliness, which the tastes and habits of English people render indispensable to their comfort.

On the following morning, one of the Protestant churches was crowded, at an early hour, even to the door. The minister read a passage from the latter part of the seventh chapter of St. Matthew ; on which he founded an animated and faithful appeal, on sincerity of profession. The new church, in the handsome square near the ornamental pyramid, is probably the most splendid Protestant temple within many miles. On the first view, it would strike you as being Catholic ; for there is rather

too great an appearance of conformity, both within and without, to the symbols of the church of Rome. Under the beautiful portico, at the entrance, is a cross: beneath the pulpit, and over the altar, a large gilt crucifix; and above the pulpit a brilliant picture of the Ascension. The church is very spacious, and much adorned with marble: the lofty columns have gilt capitals, and the ceilings are richly ornamented with carving and gilding: the whole is certainly too showy for a place of worship, where the worshippers profess to repudiate 'the pomp that charms the eye, and rites adorned with gold.' The new Catholic church is a handsome circular building, somewhat resembling that at Darmstadt.

This city, which has about seventeen thousand inhabitants, is the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden; and was called Carlsruhe, or *Charles's Repose*, in consequence of its having been founded, in 1715, by the then reigning sovereign, Charles William. The new and white appearance of the town; the seeming absence of poverty; the paving; the beauty of some of the streets, open places, and gateways; the cleanliness and extreme regularity of the whole;—the *Schloss* and its park; the vicinity of the forest of Hartwald, which closely surrounds half the town; and the delightful promenades which here abound;—conspire to render Carlsruhe a paragon among cities for elegance and beauty. It has

gradually grown up around the princely grand-ducal palace, which is worthy, for magnificence and extent, to be the residence of any monarch in Europe.

From this edifice, about fifteen principal streets radiate; so that the town may be compared, in its arrangement, to a fan; and in whatever part of it you are situated, the palace-tower is continually presenting itself. Across these diverging streets, and parallel with the line of the palace, runs, with fine effect, the spacious and handsome main-street, nearly a mile in length, and terminated with two gates, one of which leads into the forest, the other being at the end of the avenue of poplars which extends to Durlach. From the lofty tower of the château, we obtained a delightful view of the town, and of the forest, all the ridings or alleys of which, including one leading to the Rhine, converge towards this point, as do the streets of the town, nearly the whole plan of which is visible from this elevation.

Some of the apartments are very fine, and particularly the *Lang-Saal*, or Long Saloon, which contains chandeliers sufficient to produce a mimic daylight. Some few rooms had fire-places; but the earthenware German stoves were more general; and some of them were very large and handsome. The grounds which lie between the palace and the town are not enclosed, and form a delightful promenade for the inhabitants, being adorned

with reservoirs of water, fountains, and a great number of fine orange and citron trees, which were beautifully laden with fruit.

In this town is a type-foundry: and here is stereotyped a weekly publication called *Das Pfennig-Magazin*; one of the numbers of which fell into our hands, and proved to be exactly on the model of our Penny Magazine.

On our way to Strasburg, which city is between fifty and sixty miles from Carlsruhe, we resolved to take Baden-Baden. The road lay through a large plain, hills and mountains being in the distance on each side, with an occasional ruin deeply embowered in foliage. At Radstadt, where we arrived about noon, we found Marias again at the corners of the streets, and the church much more popish than the Catholic churches we had lately seen. The Schloss, formerly the residence of the Margraves of Baden, is a magnificent building, with wings, and has a princely air; but its whole appearance indicates neglect and decay. BADEN is situated in a beautiful valley of the *Schwarzwald*, or Black Forest, a range of mountains running parallel to the Rhine, dark with pine forests, and forming part of the ancient, and vast *Hercynia Sylva*. Many streams have their source at the base of this chain; and from the part of it near the Swiss border, the Danube, the greatest of European rivers, excepting the Wolga, here begins its course of sixteen hundred

miles, to discharge its mighty flood into the Black Sea.

On arriving at Baden the best inns proved to be full, and the remaining accommodations so extravagant, and so bad, that we determined on getting forward another stage the same day. They asked fourteen francs for a bed, at a very indifferent inn. Having hired an intelligent guide, we immediately set out to explore the place; and the first object was the castle, situated above the town, the residence of some of the Baden family. The apartments are very plain, and the unadorned Margrave-Gallery contains many old portraits of the successive princes. The views of the surrounding country are charming, including the waters of the Rhine; and, high on the neighbouring summit, are the beautiful wild ruins of the *Altes Schloss*, or ancient castle, which we had seen for miles on the road. A small and handsome pavilion, or summer-house, said to have been brought from the ruins above, and to be of the date of the eighth century, stands in the garden.

Of this castle, however, the most interesting feature is the subterranean caverns, supposed to have been originally a work of the Romans. In the ages of spiritual and feudal tyranny, a secret tribunal held its sittings, and confined its prisoners, in these gloomy dungeons. Each of our party was furnished with a lighted candle, and we were con-

ducted down into the judgment-hall, where the judge is said to have sat in an elevated recess, excavated in the wall. These dismal and horrible abodes awaken in the mind all that has ever been heard, respecting the inexorable oppression and cruelty of despotic times and governments; for here are all the means for putting them in practice. The miserable delinquents were taken to the top of the castle, and let down into the secret cave of their prison-house, by an opening through the building.

The massive stone door of one of these dungeons of darkness still remains: it is of one solid piece, and is about a foot thick, grating fearfully on its hinges, with the rust of ages, as it is partially opened, proclaiming, as it were, the doleful sentence of irrevocable immurement. A strong iron lever stands within, in case the door should be closed too much to be re-opened by ordinary force. Horrid stories are told of condemned prisoners being thrown down a chasm, now partly filled up, which is said to have been once of tremendous depth, with a wheel at the bottom armed with knives, by the turning of which the victims were mangled to death. Whether such revolting details be true, in this instance, to the letter, or not, there is enough in a visit to these gloomy caverns of the dark and semi-barbarous ages, to excite gratitude that we live in other times; when the progress of Christianity has so far humanised society, as to render impracticable the

secret mysterious murder, under the shield of law; and to check the cruelty of unrestrained, and irresponsible power. Happy will it be when the voice of public opinion shall speak so loud as to put down the disgraceful slavery of Christian America; and the inhuman military torture of Christian England, — a country where efforts are made to prevent cruelty to animals, while the soldier is savagely lacerated to death, for trivial offences compared with those crimes, desolating to society, which his officers may perpetrate with comparative impunity.

The mineral waters from which Baden derives its name and attraction, are supplied by a great many springs, differing both in their analysis and their temperature. The *Ursprung*, which is one of the hottest, is 54° of Reaumur, and tastes like Rochelle salts: it was known to the Romans. A hall has been erected over this spring, ornamented with Doric columns, and containing a collection of interesting Roman antiquities found in the neighbourhood; consisting chiefly of altars, sepulchral and mile stones, an inscription in honour of the barbarous Emperor Caracalla, a statue of Mercury, and a votive stone to Neptune.

In the parish church are some tombs of the Margrave-Electors; this having been the chief burial-place of these sovereigns, for several centuries. The *Spital*, or Hospital Church, is used by the Lutherans, and Catholics; and also by the English

Episcopalians, who have here a Chaplain appointed by the Bishop of London, and remunerated by voluntary contributions. The church-yard is a place of interment common to all; and the graves are adorned with wreaths of flowers, and with crosses, and various other symbols of Romanism.

The visitors at this frequented watering-place were about two thousand, of whom a large proportion were English; which accounted for the cards and notices we observed in the English language.* During the season, a daily list of the arrivals is published, in a paper called the *Bath-Journal*,† two numbers of which we saw at the hotel where we dined. The total amount of visitors in 1834, up to the 23rd of September was 14,538; and the arrivals, on one day, in the beginning of

* Along the whole of the most frequented line of English travelling in Germany and Switzerland, these specimens of composition frequently amuse the English reader; though, were England as much frequented by foreigners as the Continent is by the English, the Germans and the French would no doubt be equally amused with the solecisms of our countrymen.—The following may be taken as an example: ‘To the Gentlemen Travellers. ‘The pre-eminence of the collection which here is to be seen, is ‘too known as to require some more description; also the style of ‘such works of art which I will always manifest, is ensuring the ‘domination of enchanting pictures, and curious novelties. The ‘justice of the prices to the buyers shall, without doubt, fulfil ‘their intentions, if they will do me the honour to make a visit, ‘which I am respectably begging for.’

† *Badenblatt für die Grossherzogliche Stadt Baden.*

August 1835, were 121. The display of fashion in dress, and equipages, exceeded any thing of the kind we had met with on the Continent; and much resembled that of some of the most patronised watering places in England. The promenades are delightful, and the situation of the town is exceedingly attractive. The *Conversations-Haus* is the centre of the beauties of the spot; and the principal room is one hundred feet long, and very magnificent. The name of this place seems to be a sort of euphemism for *Gaming-House*, for gaming appeared to be the principal thing that was going on; and a number of triflers, ladies and gentlemen, old and young, German, French, and English, were here killing time by this baneful practice, with an air of deep seriousness, and interest, that was worthy of some more exalted pursuit. The walks around this building, and the view from the front, are charming; and excursions into the immediate neighbourhood must be delightful.

On leaving this celebrated watering-place, we travelled by a winding, lonely, cross-country-road, with the Rhine on our right, and the mountains of the Black Forest still bounding the horizon on the left; and reached a small village called Ulm, at a late hour. The farm-house inn was very comfortable; we were civilly waited on, and the provisions were exceedingly good. We found, however, that every part of the house but that which

we occupied, was the scene of music, dancing, and the most boisterous merriment. On inquiring of the servant who waited on us what all this meant, she replied with great good-humour, and apparent satisfaction, *Es ist Eine Hochzeit.**

The passage on the first floor led to a large loft; and on being invited to view the scene, we beheld a company of rustics, dressed in the most fantastic manner, resembling our May-day merry-andrews, and having their faces besmeared like the actors of Thespis; dancing with violent motion, and whirling their partners round with great rapidity; while the instruments of the village minstrels were all made to speak in their loudest tone. The solid shoes of the party, adapted for far other purposes than 'tripping on the light fantastic toe,' clattered on the floor almost like the trampling of horses; and the howlings, and unearthly noises that were intermingled with the whole, indicated that the libations from the Rhenish grape had been quite as copious as was desirable. Seeing the state of things, and apprehending that matters might become still more boisterous and uproarious, we were a little concerned to find that the door leading to our apartments had no fastenings; and to prevent a visit from some stray bacchanalian, we were fain to barricado ourselves in, with tables, chairs, and luggage, by way of self-defence. The orgies ran high till

* A wedding.

near midnight, and such was the perpetual jumping, and shouting, and racing up and down stairs, that sleep was out of the question, till the merry-makers had left the house. Some of the party made their appearance again in the street, in the morning, and seemed rather disposed to prolong the festivity.

With the Schwarzwald still on our left, we proceeded towards Strasburg; and, on the road, the principal novelty was the old-fashioned wells, from which the water is drawn by means of a very long pole, suspended above, and acting as a lever. The spire of the massy cathedral, the loftiest in Europe, long marked the place of our destination; and early in the day, we arrived at Kehl, a small town which, as lying on the borders of France and Germany, has suffered much by war. A bridge of boats leads from this place across the Rhine, between which and Strasburg, on the left, is the pyramidal monument erected, by Bonaparte, to the memory of General Dessaix, who fought in Egypt, and subsequently in Italy, at Marengo; where he was mortally wounded, in the moment of victory.

We were now in the French territory, and were very leniently searched by the officers of Louis Philippe: indeed this was almost a mere nominal affair, and conducted with the greatest politeness. We had found that those fared the best who were the most prompt in facilitating the inspection of their

luggage; and we endeavoured to profit by our experience. On reaching STRASBURG, we drove to the *Hotel du Saint Esprit*, a strange name for an inn, and indicative surely of the unnatural and morbid state of religion, in a country where such uses are made of sacred things: we did not however like appearances here, and obtained more comfortable accommodations at the *Hotel de Paris*.

This large and ancient-looking city has an imposing effect, on account of its lofty, massy buildings. Some of the *Places*, or squares, are open and airy, among which are the *Place d'Armes*; and the *Place de la Comedie*, where were lying about a hundred pieces of brass cannon; but the streets, in general, are narrow and dirty; and almost the whole town has an air of desolation and decay, though the traffic, and the bustle, seemed abundant. The suburbs are very extensive, but mean; and are fortified by a strong, raised rampart, encompassing the town, which is a good deal intersected by water. The inhabitants are computed at between fifty and sixty thousand, including several thousand Jews. The inscriptions on the shops are for the most part in French; though German is the language of the common people; among the female part of whom, a characteristic costume is the wearing of perfectly round hats.—This was a Roman town, and was burnt by Attila, the sovereign of the Huns; who, in the fifth century, poured down his Gothic hordes

from the Danube to the Wolga, on both the eastern and western empire, as a desolating flood. In later times, Strasburg was long regarded as the bulwark of Germany against the encroachments of France.

The object which naturally attracted the greatest share of our attention was the truly magnificent *Münster*; the possession of which, since the union of Strasburg with France, has been secured to the Roman Catholics. It is said to be exceeded in height only by the Great Pyramid of Egypt, which has the advantage of it by about thirty feet. As at Antwerp, the northern tower, only, is erected; though two towers are decidedly requisite to produce uniformity in the design. The 'dim religious light' is effectually obtained, in the interior, by a vast number of the most superb, stained windows, which throw a shade of rich and sombre magnificence over the vaulted aisles of the spacious area. The baptistery dates from the twelfth century. The celebrated old astronomical clock, in the south transept, which exhibits the movements of the planets, was out of repair. Under ground, in the crypt, is a sort of Calvary, and a group of ancient statuary. The whole interior of the cathedral is undergoing a complete renovation, which will render this edifice a monument of great splendour, though little adapted to the purposes of Christian worship.

While we were in this church, a poor female

devotee added a waxen leg to the other similar emblems of human folly, at one of the altars. Being present at vespers, we heard the powerful and exquisitely fine-toned organ, which was played by a lady; and we were much struck with the deep voices in the choir, to which there was a bass accompaniment, independently of the organ. We were accosted here by beggars, with more earnestness than usual; though this was not the first time we had been asked for alms in the churches; but the same persons importuned us here, both in French and German.

The west front of this cathedral is magnificent beyond description, in consequence of its extreme loftiness, and the profusion of sculpture. Seen on this side, the church has a huge appearance, from the vast elevation of the body of the building, which takes off from the apparent height of the spire. The latter, though massy in its figure, is exceedingly light and open in its masonry. The view from the platform at the foot of the spire is very extensive, and amply repaid the toil of the ascent. The place was pointed out, where the spire rises from the tower, at which, a few weeks before, the building had been struck by lightning; large fragments of stone-work were forced out, and part of the ballustrade which looks down on the nave of the church. The man who lives at the base of the spire, on the top of the huge front,

escaped injury; but he described the storm as truly appalling.

Perceiving that the floor of the choir was covered with tapestry, we learned, on inquiring the cause, that on the following morning an ordination was to take place, by the Bishop of Strasburg. The beadle, who was marching about with his cocked hat on, and his sword by his side, as is usual in Catholic cathedrals, seemed to think that he was conferring a great favour in telling this secret, and in promising, if I came by six o'clock, to get me a good place. I did not fail to seize the opportunity of seeing a Roman Catholic ordination of priests and deacons; and repaired to the church, in the morning, in time to witness the ceremony; which proved to be not a little imposing. About eighty young men received holy orders. The bishop came in procession to the choir, with his mitre on, and his crosier in his hand; and as he passed through the throng of people, some of whom were kneeling, he held up his hands, frequently stopping, in a somewhat theatrical manner, to impart his blessing. He then ascended the steps of the choir, followed by the young men, each of whom held an unlighted taper in his hand. After they had stood for some time in circular rows round the bishop, who was seated in his chair, attended by his clergy, the candidates advanced in small groups at a time; and after the

bishop had anointed their thumbs, and laid his hand upon their heads, each had his garment put on him, at the altar, by the attendants; some having the hoods of their dresses pulled over their heads.

Their robes seemed to be made of good, or indifferent materials, according to their means: and it was not difficult to fancy that one was about to officiate in a rural district, while his neighbour was destined to perform his pantomime at a more splendid altar, and to present his gorgeous mantle to the gaze of a city throng. During the ceremony their candles were all lighted. At an early part of the affair, the whole number lay prostrate on their faces, in circular rows, before the bishop. Whatever they might feel, nothing could be more becoming than their appearance: and there was not one who did not look extremely serious. The crowd of people in the galleries, and in the choir, were exceedingly attentive and orderly. The bishop, within a very few yards of whom I stood, is a gentlemanlike old man; but he appeared less concerned than any one there, and seemed to go through the business as a mere routine. It was ridiculous to see his attendants at one time take off his mitre for him, and at another put it on, as the service proceeded. The ceremony was protracted to a great length, and became at last rather tedious.

In the Protestant church of St. Thomas is the

exquisite monument, by Pigalle, in marble, erected by order of Louis XV. to his general, Marshal Saxe, who died in 1750. This impressive piece of sculpture occupies the east end of the church. The marshal stands armed, having his baton of office in his hand; and Death, holding open the lid of a sarcophagus, presents to him a spent hour-glass; while a beautiful figure, emblematic of France, with most impressive and eloquent looks of sorrow, implores the gaunt and inexorable monster that her favourite hero may be spared. All the sculptures are beautifully executed; and the whole effect is striking in the extreme.

Here also is a mural medallion monument to the brother of Oberlin, the exemplary pastor of the *Ban de la Roche*. We were conducted to a side-apartment in this church, to see the extraordinary spectacle of the bodies of a Count of Nassau, and his daughter, which have been preserved for four centuries. These bodies are in the dresses of the times, and have no appearance of decay: the face of the Count has been coated with varnish.

There is a botanic garden, connected with the university: a placard indicated that the French practice of *concours* is adopted here: one was to take place for the chair of Medical Jurisprudence, to be begun on the 5th of November 1835. We

next visited the large collection of natural history, extending to every branch of the animal and mineral kingdom, and also to the vegetable. In this Museum, is a horizontal section of an immense fir-tree from Hochwald forest. It was cut in 1816, and is determined to be three hundred and sixty years old: the height of the tree was one hundred and fifty feet, its circumference twenty-five, and its diameter eight.

Our passport having been examined at Strasburg by the French authorities, and again at Kehl by those of the Grand Duke of Baden, we proceeded through his territory, in the diligence, to Freiburg, during the night; by which means we avoided the heat, and much of the dust; the weather having been intensely hot during the day. The moon threw her beam upon the landscape, and the frequent lightning that emerged from the dark clouds in the horizon, clearly revealed the mountainous region of the Black Forest, which extends to the Swiss border.

We arrived between four and five in the morning at FREIBURG, or Friburg, an agreeable open city, in a hilly, picturesque situation. It derives its name, *free city*, from the circumstance of certain privileges having been purchased, by the citizens, of their lord, in the feudal times, for a large sum. It now belongs to the Grand Duchy of Baden, and is the ancient capital of the territory called the

Brigau. As an hour was allowed for breakfast, we had time to go to the Münster; which we found open about five o'clock, and attended by a great number of people, and several officiating priests. This is a most beautiful old cathedral, one of the finest in Germany; and the effect of the interior, with its stained windows, is very chaste and solemn. The exterior is remarkable for the elegance of the workmanship; and the lofty steeple, which rises to the height of about three hundred and eighty feet, is of the most exquisite frost-work, and everywhere open, having the lightest and most airy effect imaginable; the two smaller steeples, the buttresses, and the pinnacles, are also richly ornamented.

This city is the seat of a Catholic university, founded in the middle of the fifteenth century: in 1818, there were thirty-two professors, and eight hundred and thirty-seven students. The library is rich in old books, collected from many of the monasteries which are now dissolved. Freiburg contains about ten thousand inhabitants.—Here the bills were again in florins and kreutzers; the currency having, at Strasburg, become French.

The road to Basle presented many remarkably fine views, and as we advanced we could see far into Switzerland: the *Vosges* mountains, in France, were on our right; and on the left the chain of the Black Forest, which had so long been our companion, and which commences at the northern

frontier of Switzerland. It is the *Sylva Marciana* of the Romans, part of the *Hercynia* ; and the Germans formerly called it *Markwald*, or *Boundary-Forest*. It penetrates into Germany, to the extent of from a hundred, to a hundred and fifty miles ; and some of its summits are between four and five thousand feet high.

This range of woods and mountains, has been the asylum to which persecuted Christians have fled, in the days when the Christian faith was still struggling with the fierceness of Teutonic paganism. It has been the scene of endless legends and romances, and stories of gigantic kings who resisted the Roman power ; and authentic history informs us that this region was the centre of those Germanic associations which, ultimately, threw off the Roman yoke. Subsequently, the warlike princes who here built their strong-holds, presented a formidable barrier against the ambition of the Frankish monarchs ; and in this part of Germany, more than in any other, the inhabitants are said still to retain traces of the ancient Teutonic times.

LETTER X.

Basle — Münster-Kirche — University — Costume — Automatic Figure—Bishopric of Basle—Swiss Disturbances after the late French Revolution—In the Canton of Basle, in 1833—Journey to Luzern—Storm on the Hauenstein—Olten—Lake of Sempach—Luzern—Costumes—Fracas—Sketch of Swiss History—Helvetii—Rhaeti—Romans—Burgundians—Alemanni—Ostrogoths—Franks—The Kingdoms of Lower, and Upper Burgundy, and of Arles and Burgundy—House of Zähringen — Rudolph—Albert—The Three Swiss, and William Tell—Battle of Morgarten—Battle of Sempach—Swiss Confederation—Effect of French Revolution—Helvetic Republic—Act of Mediation—Restoration of Swiss Independence—Constitution of the Swiss Cantons—Political Parties.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We reached BASEL, or Basle, distant thirty-five miles from Freiburg, about noon; having crossed the bridge over the Rhine, which is here deep, impetuous, and about six hundred feet in width. The river separates the Grand Duchy of Baden from Switzerland; in which most

interesting country we were at length arrived. The *Drei Könige* received us,—a very commodious hotel, situated by the side of the Rhine, of which the windows commanded an interesting and delightful view; including the bridge, the opposite suburb called *Little Basle*, and a back-ground of distant mountains, which were partially enveloped in fluctuating clouds. The Three Kings, or Magi, are very popular along the Rhine, and their figures, as large as life, adorned the front of our inn; two being represented as whites, and the other as a black, agreeably to the Romish tradition.

After the *table d'hôte* was over, and the evening began to draw in, the first of those heavy storms came on, of which we witnessed several, in this country of mountains. Stupendous black clouds darkened the horizon; and a tremendous tempest of thunder and lightning played on the green waters of the Rhine, which flowed in a broad and rapid stream under the balcony of the saloon. The storm lasted about two hours, with a sublime effect.

Some parts of Basle are situated at a considerable elevation above the river: the streets are generally irregular, and many of them very narrow and ill-built; but some parts of the town are open and spacious, containing handsome houses, and being adorned with fountains. The environs are delightful; and, from some points, the numerous

spires and towers give the place an air of considerable importance; the two steeples of the cathedral, especially, have a peculiarly elegant effect. Basle is the largest town in Switzerland, and was once the most populous; but it now ranks after Geneva, and Bern, and contains fifteen or sixteen thousand inhabitants. The diminution is said to have arisen from emigration; and from the want of a more liberal policy towards strangers wishing to engage in trade in the city. It is a very commercial place, as lying on the Swiss border, close to Germany, and France. Many of the merchants possess immense fortunes, and magnificent mansions.

A resident gentleman informed us that Basle has been remarkably subject to the shocks of earthquakes; as many as forty or fifty having been felt here in the course of a year. In 1356, a great part of the city was destroyed by this cause; and tremendous effects were, at the same time, produced in some parts of the Jura range.

The Minster is oddly roofed with variegated tiles of brilliant colours, disposed in the form of lozenges. It is a handsome structure, of the eleventh or twelfth century, with two very fine steeples; and its western front is adorned with sculptures of armed figures on horseback, in a style not uncommon along the course of the Rhine; but it derives no advantage from the red colour of its stone. The

interior has an impressive effect, on account of its old monuments; some of which, as that of Anna, wife of the German emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg, date as far back as five centuries or more. Here too lie the ashes of several great men of the times of the Reformation; among whom is the temporising Erasmus, whose conduct was unworthy both of his talents, and his convictions: he lived here many years, and was rector of the university: he was buried in this church with great pomp, in 1536; and a large mural slab of marble resting on the ground against one of the pillars, marks the place of his remains. There is also an inscription to one of the two Buxtorfs, who, in the next century, were professors of the oriental languages in this city.

The open cloisters adjacent to the church are full of sepulchral monuments; among which is that of Ecolampadius, one of the champions of the Reformation, in which great work this city was among the first to take part. We were interested in being shown the Hall, at the back of the church, where sat the great Council of Basle; who here issued many edicts for the reform of the church, and came to the resolution of deposing the pope. Close by the cathedral, which is situated in one of the most agreeable parts of the town, is an area called the Pfalz, planted with chesnut trees, and built on a wall overhanging the Rhine: from this

platform there is a commanding and delightful prospect of the river, the town, and the neighbourhood.

The university is celebrated for the names of Erasmus, Oecolampadius, the three Buxtorfs, Wetstein, the Bernouillis, and Euler. It still ranks as one of the most important seats of learning in Switzerland, though the number of the students is but small, not amounting to two hundred. The library contains nearly forty thousand volumes. Here were shown several interesting manuscripts; and among the rest some autograph letters of Luther, Zuinglius, Melancthon, and Erasmus. Here also are the admirable drawings and paintings of Holbein, who was a native of Basle. The beautiful picture, in eight compartments, representing our Saviour's passion, has all the freshness of yesterday, though its age is nearly three hundred years. A number of sketches, which this favourite painter of our Henry VIII. drew with a pen, in a school-book, when a boy, indicate, by their spirit and execution, what he was afterwards to become.

Some of the mansions of the wealthy citizens of Basle have very fine gardens: we were conducted by a friend, to one belonging to the *Württembergischer Hof*, of very considerable extent, and tastefully adorned with pagodas, grottos, and fragments of Roman antiquity, brought from Augst, the *Augusta Rauracorum* of the Romans, situated in this can-

ton. In one of the grottos sat the figure of a hermit in a monk's dress, well executed, and with a large German bible before him—a circumstance which seemed, of itself, almost to intimate that we were now in a Protestant atmosphere. Among other remarkable objects of this city, is the Town-Hall, an ancient, much-ornamented building: on the staircase is a picture representing Satan driving the pope and his cardinals into the infernal regions.

The difference of the costume of the women at this place from that of Germany, appeared very marked; the head-dress consisting of large bows of black ribbon above the forehead, and a long plait of hair flowing down the back: the dress is distinguished by a black velvet bodice fitted with white sleeves, and ornamented with chains and buckles, and sometimes with gold or silver embroidery. The sumptuary laws formerly prohibited the wearing of silk, a regulation which now no longer exists, though this town is said to be more tenacious of former customs than most others in Switzerland. Among the practices that are retained here, is that of the husband taking the name of the wife in addition to his own.

The feuds and quarrels which have existed in some of the Swiss republics are sometimes such that an Englishman scarcely knows how to sympathize in them. At some period, a dispute arose between the Basilians, and the inhabitants

of Little Basle, on the German side of the river ; and to this day, a wooden figure of a man, connected with the clock of the gate which stands at the Swiss end of the bridge, puts out his tongue, every five minutes, towards the opposite side, to show the contempt of the inhabitants of the city for those of *Little Basle* !

The only catholic church stands in this suburb, Basle itself being a Protestant city. Most of the clergy hold evangelical views, and the Sabbath afternoons are devoted to the catechetical instruction of all the young people, without distinction. The affairs of the church, which is here in union with the state, are administered by a synod, with a moderator, called the *antistes*, or chief priest. The ancient bishopric of Basle was a province of Germany, and the prince-bishop was a vassal of the emperor ; but Basle was the first canton to submit to republican France, to which it was annexed in 1798, the French troops having occupied the capital, and expelled the Austrian garrison, and at the same time the bishop ; to whom, and to the emperor all allegiance was renounced. Since the restoration of the peace of Europe, Basle has become one of the most important of the Swiss cantons ; like the rest, united to the general confederacy, but entirely managing its own internal affairs. The government of the canton is a kind of moderate aristocracy, consisting of a *Great and Little Council* ; to the latter of which, selected from

the former, the actual administration of affairs is entrusted.

Events have occurred in the canton of Basle; within these two or three years, which have led to its final division, by the Diet, or general government of Switzerland, into two parts. The French revolution of 1830, was followed by agitations in Germany; and the surges of the political element did not fail to extend themselves also to Switzerland. At the end of the above year, some of the country communes of the canton of Basle insisted on an alteration in the existing system of government; demanding an equal share with the citizens, in the representation, and in the councils. They pleaded their numbers, while the inhabitants of Basle urged the preponderating wealth of their city, and its contributions to the State; and refused to yield. The country people rose in arms, established a provincial government at Liechstall, a few miles from the capital, and, in January 1831, marched against it, but were immediately repulsed, and the authority of the State seemed restored. In the month of August, however, of the same year, the insurgent party was once more in arms; a new government was again set up at Liechstall; and the canton of Basle became the scene of confusion and anarchy; in consequence of which the Diet marched a federal army into this district of the Confederacy, in order to maintain peace, until the differences could be discussed and adjusted.

Disturbances of a similar nature took place, soon after, in the cantons of Schwytz, and Neuchatel, having also for their object the extension of the democratical principle. In Bern, Lucerne, and the Pays de Vaud, the popular demands were peaceably acceded to ; all of them tending to render the separate governments less oligarchical, and at the same time to modify the general federal government, by equalising the rights and privileges of each canton, and their representation in the Diet.

While the question of the disputes remained still in abeyance,—having been deferred by the Diet till the session of 1833, the inhabitants of the canton of Schwytz, in the autumn of that year, amid the conflict of parties, came to blows ; and about the same time, a very severe and sanguinary contest took place between the troops of the city of Basle, and those of the insurgents of Leichstall. The latter had procured the services of six or seven hundred of the expatriated Poles ; who, not waiting to make any very nice distinction between the barbarous despotism of Russia, and the aristocratical spirit of some of the Swiss republics, readily aided the insurgents in the attempt to redress their grievances by force of arms, and enabled them to gain a complete victory over the inhabitants of the capital. This battle was fought a few miles from Basle.

We were informed by a resident in the city, that

besides the dead, about one hundred and fifty were left wounded on the field; among whom were members of some of the principal families of Basle. The leader of the country people came forward, and gave the first signal of granting no quarter, by using his sword to cut the throat of one of his unfortunate vanquished enemies who lay on the ground; and this ferocious example was instantly followed by others of the party, till all the wounded citizens were inhumanly butchered in cold blood! Large sums were offered by some of the principal families of Basle, as a ransom for the dead and mangled bodies of their relatives; but the offers were rejected! Such is the barbarity—ye shades of the Three Swiss, and of William Tell!—that has been perpetrated in your land of patriotism and glory, in the midst of the civilisation of the nineteenth century! Such are the acts of savage cruelty by which your Protestant children have sullied the paradisaical valleys, and the pure snows of this your fatherland,—this land of freedom!

We were very fortunate in meeting with an English gentleman, who had resided in Basle for two years, to whom we were much indebted for his kind attentions; and especially for the benefit he conferred on us by drawing out a plan of a tour in this most interesting land.

Having left at Basle every thing we could dis-

pense with, we set off in the evening, on a journey of between fifty and sixty miles to Lucerne, that we might get at once into the heart of the mountain scenery of this extraordinary country. For some miles, the Rhine was still our companion, bordered with beautiful orchards and vineyards; and after leaving it on the left, we proceeded through a very picturesque country, cheerfully studded with villages and villas to a considerable extent up the Hauenstein mountain, which we had to cross.

The road wound circuitously along its sides, during some hours, and from the time when it grew dark, these gloomy masses of the Jura chain sublimely re-echoed the heavy claps of thunder in different directions; and the frequent vivid flashes of lightning revealed the valleys below, in momentary visions of almost daylight reality, like fairy creations, which, the next instant, vanished in darkness. We were not entirely free from apprehension lest the horses should take fright; as in many places, there was scarcely any defence against the edges of the precipices, along which we had to pass.

As the night advanced, the weather became worse, and the storm drew nearer: the diligence stopped, between ten and eleven o'clock, at Olten, a small town in the canton of Solothurn, with Roman walls, where we stayed about two hours, at a

miserable inn ; and, while taking some refreshment, we were at length visited with a violent tempest of thunder and lightning, the rain pouring down for half an hour in one incessant torrent, and producing a complete flood.

At midnight, after the storm had ceased, and nothing was heard but its effect, in the roar of waters on all sides, we got into a cross-diligence, not without some risk of being wet through in the attempt; for it is not uncommon in Switzerland for the houses to be furnished with great projecting wooden spouts, which throw the water, away from the foundation, half across the street; and our vehicle was placed exactly where one of these spouts was discharging so copious a stream, that umbrellas were but an imperfect defence. The diligence itself was not water-proof, and the wet was a source of considerable annoyance to our party; especially as we now had an addition to our number, of two fellow-travellers, who were both wet before they joined us.

In the morning we passed along the border of the lake of Sempach, where, in 1386, a great battle was fought against the Austrians, which terminated in favour of the liberties of the Swiss; and in which Arnold Winkelried is said to have deliberately sacrificed himself, in making a passage for his countrymen through the ranks of the Austrian nobility, eight of whose spears he embraced, and buried in his

own body.* After being delighted with the manner in which the mountains and valleys opened on our view, we reached LUZERN, or as it is called in French, Lucerne, about seven o'clock. The fatigue and discomfort of this journey,—added, perhaps, to the sour bread, and general change of living, rendered the whole of our party, except myself, invalids, during the three days of our stay at this interesting and romantic place.

Our inn, the Swan, a building of immense height, was on the border of the lake; and commanded a lovely view of the water, which is a mirror of fine green, enlivened by water-fowl, and edged with beautiful verdure, trees, and cottages; having in the back-ground, vast mountains; on which, when we arrived, the morning clouds were drifting in the form of white foaming mist, so as half to conceal them, and to convey a sublime impression of indefinite magnitude. The lake is of an irregular shape, twenty miles long, and in its greatest breadth about four: it washes the Vierwaldstädte, or the cantons of Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, and its scenery is admitted to exhibit a greater variety than any of the other Swiss waters.

* Arnold vom Winkelried acht Spieße umfasste, und in Seinem Leib begrub, um den Seinen eine Gasse zu machen.

‘ O ihr Väter die ihr hier gefallen,
 ‘ Gundelfingen, und du Winkelried,
 ‘ Eures Sieges Ruhm wird ewig schallen !’

Reichard, Sempacher Schlacht und Kapelle.

By the Reuss, a rapid stream which flows from the lake, the town is divided into two parts; a portion of it, however, is built round the head of the lake; across which, a bridge nearly fourteen hundred feet long led from the door of our inn to the cathedral. This bridge, and two others, one of which is a thousand feet long, run along the edges of the lake, and have a very singular appearance, forming quite a characteristic feature of the place. They are built of wood, and covered in at the top, after the Swiss fashion, but are open at the sides; so that the mountain scenery with which the town is surrounded is visible from them; and they appear to be the fashionable walks of the place. These bridges are decorated, under the roofs, with a great number of Romish and historical paintings, in good preservation; representing the events of Scripture, and the history of the church; battle-scenes of the Swiss, and the 'Dance of Death.'

From some parts of the town, the view of the mountains is truly magnificent; and the whole country on the south side is bordered by them. When the evening throws over these mighty masses the hues of a gorgeous sunset, and the lake reflects a golden glory, the effect is rich as imagination can conceive. On the east is the Rigi; southward, the Burgenberg, the Kaiser-Stuhl, and other mountains; some of them capped with snow, while we were feeling the heat of summer: some are near;

others at a great distance; and on the south-west, Mount Pilate towers boldly above the lake, to the height of six thousand feet; the lake itself being thirteen hundred feet above the sea. The view was altogether novel, compared with any thing we had hitherto seen, and the romantic charms of Switzerland seemed to have burst on us all at once.

The objects which immediately surrounded us were almost equally grand, beautiful, and singular—the verdant and lively borders of the deeply-coloured lake;—the mountains, sometimes belted half-way up with fleecy clouds, which left their tops quite clear; at other times varying their hues with the changing light, and occasionally exhibiting the darkest blue;—in front of this magnificent amphitheatre, the town itself, with its ancient and chivalrous fortifications, and numerous towers, following the curvature of the hilly land towards the north. Indeed there is a union in this spot, of the beautiful, the sublime, and the picturesque, which is perhaps seldom witnessed even in this land of mountains, lakes, valleys, and antique towns; few scenes presenting such an admirable variety as this. On the Hofbrücke, or Court-Bridge, the longest of the three, a horizontal plate is fixed up, on which are engraven lines which point to a number of the highest mountains, with figures indicating their respective elevations above the level of the lake.

There is an agreeable walk to the top of one of the nearest and lowest mountains, on the western side of Lucerne; on the summit of which a cross is erected, for this canton bears everywhere deep marks of Romanism. From this elevation is a fine view of the higher mountains, and of some valleys, also of part of the Lake of Lucerne, and that of Sempach. Opposite, rises Mount Pilatus, which is properly *Mons Pileatus*, or the capped mountain, because, being the highest in the neighbourhood, its head is most frequently hidden in clouds; but the name has come to be *Pilatus*, and travellers who ascend this mountain for the sake of the view, or for the petrifications which it contains, are sometimes told a story about Pontius Pilate having come hither, conscience-stricken, to drown himself in a lake on the mountain!

Lucerne and its canton are almost wholly Catholic, and superstition, with all its appendages, reigns in this romantic spot. You are perpetually reminded of its supremacy by the tolling of the deep-toned bell of the cathedral; which, sometimes at the midnight hour, or early in the morning, gives notice, either of some rite of the church about to be performed, or of another soul having departed into the eternal world. There was always something peculiarly solemn and dolorous in the sound, especially during the night; and surrounded as we were with the images of superstition, it was easy to indulge

the fancy that it seemed almost to toll from the doleful depths of purgatory. The Catholic religion certainly adapts itself, with exquisite art, to the senses of mankind; and owes much of the despotic power which it has wielded, to the influence it exercises over the imagination. The artificial nature of this religion, and the corruption of the truth which attaches to it, seemed here to form a striking and painful contrast to the simple grandeur and loveliness of nature. The pope a few years ago always had a nuncio at this place; whether it is so now we did not learn.

The cathedral is not very large, but its two spires have a very picturesque effect. Its interior is much adorned;—a profusion of ornaments being placed on the altars; and the organ is of great dimensions, and has a fine tone. In the sacristy were some costly and beautiful golden chalices; one is seven hundred years old,—which brought to remembrance the old saying, that ‘while the church had wooden chalices she had golden priests, but that when she began to have golden chalices her priests became wooden.’ Corruption and splendour have certainly run parallel in the history of the church.

Around the cathedral are some fine cloisters, with a profusion of tombs, and frequent receptacles for holy water. The space between the cloisters and the church is a grave-yard, populous

in every part with the dead; whose tombs are covered with crosses, chaplets of flowers, and a great variety of symbols of affection and of blended superstition. The ground appeared to be continually visited by the relatives of the departed; and one man in deep mourning dipped a piece of box-tree in the holy-water, and sprinkled a new-made grave, uttering several prayers: he did not seem at all disconcerted by the publicity of his situation, but was apparently quite abstracted from surrounding circumstances; which is no matter of surprise, for it is of the genius of Romanism,—contrary to the spirit of our Saviour's command,*—to perform the most private acts of devotion in public.

The cloisters are constructed with open arches, so as to give fine views of the lake, and of the mountains with their continually-shifting clouds. On the left side of the vestibule of the church is a carving in wood, which seemed to attract considerable attention from the Catholics, representing the agony in the garden. There is something interesting about this work; but some parts of it border on the ludicrous; particularly the odd way in which some of the spectators are represented as peeping over the enclosure.

Near the back of the cathedral is a way-post pointing to Einsiedeln, in the neighbouring canton of Schwytz. This village is still, probably, more

* Matt. vi. 6.

frequented as a place of pilgrimage than any other spot in Europe. The pilgrims are said to have amounted recently, at one festival, to twenty thousand; the whole number, for the year 1814, was a hundred and fourteen thousand; and they increased till 1828, when there were a hundred and seventy-six thousand! Zuinglius the Reformer was once curate of Einsiedeln; and he here received his impulse towards the work of the Reformation, by profound meditation on the Scriptures.

There is at Lucerne a church of the Jesuits, which is in the same handsome style as is usual with their temples. There is also a monastery of Capuchins, so called from their cowls: they are friars of the order of St. Francis. They walk in the streets bare-headed; and have long beards, which it is a rule for them never to shave: they are clad in a coarse brown dress, fastened with a cord round the waist. We met two of them going about the town to attend the sick, in which office they are very diligent. They appeared very good-humoured easy personages, by no means mortified in their countenances, though their dress is associated with all our ideas of privation and penance. They nodded as they passed with an air of friendly familiarity, which was quite contrasted with the custom of perpetual bowing, so common on the continent, and especially in these parts; for there was here more taking off of

hats than ever, and this appeared to be the indiscriminate mode of ordinary salutation, among all classes.

Lucerne has from three to four thousand inhabitants, almost all Catholics. There is, however, a very small Protestant church. The practice which prevails in many parts of the continent, of having the Protestant service, with a sermon, only once on the Sunday, at nine in the morning, for about an hour and a quarter, is so different from the perpetual series of ceremonies which are going on in the Catholic churches, that it is evident, until Protestantism shows itself to be more in earnest, it will make little or no impression on the multitude. The trifling portion of time that is devoted to public worship, for a whole week together, would almost lead to the belief that many Protestants conceive it sufficient to have thrown off the yoke of Rome, without substituting any thing better to interest the mind in its room. The Romish church always gives her votaries something to occupy them; and in this country you may go into a church after the evening has set in, on any day of the week, and find a number of people engaged in their devotions, by the light of a few tapers, which throw a gloomy ray over altars, tombs, and relics. The Protestantism of many parts of the continent does not seem, in general, at all to meet the habit which the Catholics have of frequently assembling

in the churches. There is a want of more services on the Sabbath, and during the week, as well as of religious meetings for social and benevolent objects, as a counterpart to the incessant routine of the Romish ceremonies.

The costume of the Swiss women is, to a stranger, one very remarkable and pleasing feature of the country; and it varies, more or less, with most districts. On the market-day, numbers, from each of the four cantons that surround the lake, had repaired to Lucerne, for the purposes of traffic; and the picturesque effect of the different styles of dress was very striking. Some of the women wore perfectly flat straw hats, black or white, fastened horizontally on the top of their heads, and adorned with chaplets of flowers, or ribbons of various colours: this is the costume of Lucerne. Others had hats of a more curved form; and some wore, on their heads, stiffened lace or linen, in a form which had a resemblance to the wings of a butterfly. These remnants of former customs are highly interesting, as serving to carry back the mind to a remote antiquity. The Swiss appear eminently attached to their ancient habits, and have a great *love of country*;—features which are usually found to belong, in a remarkable degree, to the inhabitants of mountainous regions. To the Highlander the sound of the bagpipe, and to the Swiss the air of the *Ranz des Vaches*, have

been known to possess a sort of magic charm—powerful enough, it is said, to rally troops again to the charge, after they have been routed on the field of battle.

“ And even those hills that round his dwelling rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies ;
Dear is the shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.
Even the loud torrent and the whirlwinds roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.”

The principal public buildings in Lucerne, besides the cathedral and the church of the Jesuits, are the Town-Hall, where there are some chambers finely carved, and some old pictures of the ancient chiefs ; and the Arsenal, containing, among other curiosities, the banner, said to be stained with the blood of one of the Swiss Avoyers, or chief magistrates, who fell on the field of Sempach. There are also several libraries, and cabinets of natural history, mineralogy, and painting. The library of the Capuchins is remarkable for the magnificent *relievo* topographical chart of some of the cantons, executed by Pfyffer. It is about twenty feet by twelve, and the mountains are represented on a scale of an inch to a thousand feet. This is an extraordinary work, comprising not only all the more remarkable irregularities of surface, but also every path, hut, and cross, found in an extent of one hundred and eighty square

leagues. It is the best map that exists of these parts, and is the admiration of every traveller who sees it.

The town of Lucerne itself is, in general, not well-built, nor are the houses, with few exceptions, well-constructed; but our hotel, which is a new building, was exceedingly commodious. We were here summoned to dinner by the sound of the long Alpine horn. The saloon is a very spacious and elegant room, with an enchanting view of the lake, and of several of the mountains; especially of the Rigi, which is distant but a few miles. Near this part of the town is a monument consisting of a huge lion, admirably cut in the rock, in honour of some Swiss officers who fell in the cause of Louis XVI. during the great revolution.

An adventure occurred on one of the days of our stay at Lucerne, which illustrates the folly of doing what is sometimes attempted by travellers—offering determined opposition to certain customs and regulations, which do not always harmonize with our English notions of right and justice. Two young Englishmen had been dining at the *table d'hôte*, attired in the usual style of mountain pedestrians; and it appeared from their conversation, that they were about to proceed in the direction of the Rigi. Shortly after dinner, a crowd of people appeared on the long wooden bridge, opposite the inn; and in the midst of them lay one of these gentlemen,

held down by some Swiss, and with his face bleeding. The cause of the affray was, that one of the consequential soldier-looking personages, who here act as a kind of police, had claimed a small fee, on some consideration connected with the passports of the two travellers, as they were leaving the town; which demand they refused to meet, unless the officer would show them his authority for making it. They were foolish enough to draw a pistol, by way of intimidation; and a violent struggle ensued, attended with blows. The issue was that the young gentlemen, instead of proceeding quietly on their journey, along the borders of this romantic lake, were dragged back into the town, and taken before a magistrate, amidst the gazing citizens; whose usual profound tranquillity seemed not a little broken in upon by the event of the day; for the affair furnished ample materials for discussion to the numerous little groups that were to be seen collected together, in various places, during the evening.

It is the more necessary for travellers to avoid getting into what is called a *scrape* here, as it has always been the spirit of the administration of the Swiss penal law, to give a greater discretionary power to the magistrate than is common with us. The code of Charles V. is the general basis of the Swiss jurisprudence; but, in practice, much is said to depend on the judge; and a magistrate

who might wish to gratify a private pique, or a national antipathy, would have greater latitude than with us.

Publicity characterizes the spirit of our English judicial administration, and it seems calculated to aid in preventing the abuse of authority; but here things appear somewhat different; and I sought in vain to obtain admittance into the justice-room of the Town-hall, with a view to be present at the trial of two fellow-countrymen, with whom I had, an hour before, been conversing: I was told that my wishes could not be granted, unless I attended as a witness of the fact. The two delinquents were, in the sequel, sentenced to be locked up in prison for the night.

The Swiss prison economy has long been, almost to a proverb, superior to that of England; and the tardy improvement that has taken place in our gaols, is no great credit to the past history of our national humanity, or morality. Howard, the philanthropist, in his work on the state of the English prisons, gives a particular account of those of the Swiss; and shows how far, in his day, the whole English system was inferior to that of the continent, and of Switzerland in particular.*

* *Vide* Howard's description of the prisons at Lausanne, Freyburg, Solothurn, Basel, Zürich, and Schaffhausen; in his work entitled 'The State of the Prisons in England and Wales.'—Lond. 1784, p. 124.

The Lake of Lucerne, or, as it is often termed, of the *Four Cantons*,* is associated with many of the most important events in the history of Switzerland: it was the point of union where the first society was formed for the achievement of Swiss freedom; and at Altorf, on its picturesque borders, was born the patriot Tell.

This interesting country presented the same contrast of fruitful valleys, with snows and ices, in the time of Strabo† and Caesar, as at present. Its first known inhabitants, the Helvetii and the Rhaeti, nations of Celtic origin, pursued the laborious agriculture of their mountain pastures, when the ambition of Rome, grasping at nothing less than universal dominion, claimed to plant her victorious eagle on the central Alps. The Gallo-Celts of these regions engaged in alliances with the Cimbri and the Teutones; and their arms were not formidable to the Roman warriors, whom they and their German allies were sometimes even able to defeat. Thus, about a century before the Christian æra, the Romans were completely routed on the borders of the Lake Lemanus,‡ and the consul Lucius Cassius, with Piso his lieutenant, was slain, by an army composed of the Cimbri, and of the Tigurini—a Helvetian tribe.

The scheme of the ambitious chieftain Orge-

* Vierwaldstädter See.

† Strab. lib. iv.

‡ Now called the lake of Geneva.

torix,* for emigrating into the more genial climate of Gaul, proved the overthrow of Helvetian independence. After his death, nearly three hundred and seventy thousand persons set out from their native country, to put in execution the original design; and so determined were they on accomplishing it, that they left their habitations in flames behind them, in order to banish from their minds all hope of a return. But when arrived in Gaul, they had to encounter the legions of Cæsar, and were soon compelled to submit to his invincible arms.

Traces of the Roman dominion are to be found in the antiquities which have been discovered in various parts of Switzerland; and in the prevalence, in some districts of the country, of the Romance language, a compound of the Celtic and the Latin.† The ancient capital was *Aventicum*, now *Avenches*, in the *Pays de Vaud*. Among the Roman antiquities here found, is a sepulchral stone, commemorating an interesting incident

* Cæsar de Bell. Gall. lib. i. 5—28.

† In the middle ages, the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, and sometimes the English, were termed the *Romance* dialects, as all partaking largely of the Roman tongue. The following is a specimen of the *Romance*, as spoken in the Swiss canton of the Grisons: *Jou hai se crin. Nuo son iou? Di a mi kentas uras hans ins ded ir ensi? Se dat ei ara tejas del alp sin via? Jou son Franzos. I have lost my way. Where am I? Tell me how many leagues I shall have to go up hill? Are there any chalets on the road? I am a Frenchman.*

which occurred during the confusion that ensued after the murder of the Emperor Galba. Some of the insurgent Helvetians were defeated by Aulus Caecina, the Roman general, who was in the interest of Vitellius; and who demanded, as a condition of peace, the execution of Julius Alpinus, the most influential man of the country. His daughter flew to the camp of Caecina, and threw herself at his feet, intreating her father's life; but the stern Roman commanded him to be instantly put to death. The inscription is in memory of the daughter, who is said to have died of grief: 'I, Julia Alpinula, lie here interred; the unhappy offspring of an unhappy father. I, the priestess of the Goddess Aventia, was not able, by my entreaties, to avert my father's death: he was destined to a miserable end. I lived XXIII. years.*'

During the reigns of the last sovereigns, previously to the division of the empire, Christianity gradually extended itself over Helvetia, which was regarded by the Romans as a part of Gaul. When the Roman power had become too feeble to repel its enemies, the nomad hordes of barbarians that inundated the south and the west, did not suffer the Helvetic and Rhætic provinces to escape.

* IULIA . ALPINULA . HIC . IACEO . INFELICIS . PATRIS .
INFELIX . PROLES . DEAE . AVENTIAE . SACERDOS .
EXORARE . PATRIS . NECEM . NON . POTVI . MALE . MORI .
IN . PATIS . ILLI . ERAT . VIXI . ANNOS . XXIII .

Conquests, and massacres, with all the miseries that follow in the train of war,—though they could not change the everlasting features of nature, went far to extirpate the ancient people; and the mountain peaks, hoary with the snows of ages, looked down upon a new and mixed race.

Early in the fifth century, the Burgundians, a Vandal nation, but less barbarous than some of the other northern tribes, settled on the banks of the Rhone, on the lake of Geneva, and on both sides of the Jura range. About half a century later, the Alemanni, originally a Suevic people, inflamed with barbarian animosity against the Roman name, destroyed every vestige they could find of the imperial dominion eastward of the Aar; where they fixed their habitations, as well as in Germania; allowing none of the former inhabitants to remain, but as their bondmen. The Ostrogoths from the east, and the Euxine Sea, took possession of Rhaetia. In the mean time, the Franks, a mixture of a Teutonic race, with other confederated tribes, had established themselves in Gaul, and had obtained a great ascendancy over the Alemanni.

Hence, about the year 500, the country now called Switzerland, was shared between the Ostrogoths, the Alemanni, the Franks, and the Burgundians. The OSTROGOTHS possessed Rhaetia, corresponding, in general, to the territory of the Grisons, the Tyrol, the cantons of Uri, and Glaris, and the country as

far as to the lake of Constance: the ALEMANNI and the FRANKS divided the northern, or German part of Helvetia between them: while the ancient Roman province, lying on the south-west, was under the dominion of the BURGUNDIANS. At length the Franks reduced the Burgundians to subjection, obtained the Helvetic territories of the Alemanni, and drove the Ostrogoths over the Rhætian Alps, which extend eastward, through the southern part of the canton of the Grisons. Thus, in the former part of the sixth century, the whole of the country was brought under the power of the FRANKS.

When the Frankish dominions were divided among the Merovingians, the Helvetic provinces were shared between two sovereigns; but Clotaire II., at the beginning of the seventh century, reunited the whole empire. Subsequently, Charlemagne became the benefactor of this interesting country, by introducing into it, among other improvements, popular education, and the cultivation of the vine. Under his feeble successors, the great families became more and more independent of the monarchs; and new and changing kingdoms arose, which extended over more or less of the modern Switzerland.

The kingdom of Provence, or Arles, was founded by Boso, in 879, in the territory between the Jura mountains and the Rhone; and when subsequently enlarged, it became the kingdom of BUR-

GUNDY CIS-JURANA. In 888, Rudolph, Duke of Rhaetia, obtained possession of the country lying between the Jura, the river Reuss, and the Pennine Alps,—the chain reaching east, from the Col de Bon Homme, and Mont Blanc, to Monte Rosa. This new kingdom is known by the name of Upper Burgundy, or BURGUNDY TRANS-JURANA; including, besides the more northern tracts, Geneva, part of Savoy, and the Valais. About 980, Rudolph II. united both these Burgundian kingdoms into one, calling himself king of ABLES and BURGUNDY.

On the death of Rudolph III., the last of these kings, Alemannic and Burgundian Switzerland were again united with the GERMANIC EMPIRE. This event occurred in the imperial reign of Conrad II. His grandson, Henry IV., conferred the Alemannic part of the country on the house of ZÄHRINGEN; and thus was laid the foundation of a line of five successive princes, under whose increasingly powerful sway Switzerland greatly flourished. Berchtold, the last duke, died in 1218, and his possessions reverted to the empire.

In the same year in which the dynasty of Zähringen expired, was born RUDOLPH, founder of the towering house of Hapsburg, or the imperial dynasty of Austria; whose original paternal domains were situated in the canton of Bern. Rudolph, as emperor, professed much attachment to the Helvetic people; and he appears, in the earlier part of his

career, to have been popular in this country, where his house was already so influential; and where, previously to his being elected emperor, he had exerted himself to protect the towns, and the rural districts, against the oppression of the other nobles, and of the marauding chiefs.

ALBERT, the son of Rudolph, had been created Duke of Austria by his father, whom he succeeded in the empire, in 1298. This prince, of a temper ambitious, haughty, obstinate, and tyrannical, was not content that the people of the three *Waldstädte*, or *Forest-towns*, as the cantons of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, were called,—should, as before, hold their privileges as dependencies of the empire; but endeavoured to force them to acknowledge themselves his subjects, as Duke of Austria, and in right of his own hereditary possessions, which were separated by these little states. These cantons, already knowing but too well with whom they had to deal, refused thus to be placed in a new political position. Two governors, GESSLER and LANDENBURG, men of kindred spirit with their master, were now set over these free-born children of the Alps, with a view to intimidate them into submission, and to induce them to bind themselves in allegiance to Albert, by an oath. To crush their spirit, however, was impracticable; and the manner in which the emperor's representatives conducted themselves, was ill calculated to con-

ciliate a people, in whose breasts the kindled fire of liberty was impatient of its imprisonment; and which only required a favourable opportunity to burst into an open flame.

The taxation of the country had been gallingly increased; the slightest offences were rigorously punished; and the imperial officers seemed intent on wantonly provoking the people to acts of insubordination, that they might have an excuse for severity. A new house could scarcely be built, in these mountain-fastnesses, without craving permission of the Austrian authorities. Gessler set up a hat on a pole; and none were allowed to pass the spot without bowing, uncovered, to this symbol of the Austrian dominion; and little more than the governor's fiat was required, to shut up any individual in some distant dungeon. Gessler insultingly called his strong castle in Uri, where he ruled,—the '*curb of Uri*.'

The oppressed and insulted foresters were sometimes treated in the most barbarous manner. Of this, one instance occurred in the case of the father of a young man, whose name was Arnold of the Melchthal, in Unterwalden; where Landenberg was governor. Arnold had, with some violence, retaliated an insult offered him by the agent of Landenberg, and was sentenced to have his eyes put out! which inhuman punishment was inflicted on his aged father, in revenge for his having allowed his son to escape to the mountains!

The men of Schwytz had already, long ago, earned the reputation of successful resistance to the encroachments of tyranny, both secular and ecclesiastical; and on hearing of the accession of Albert, they had hastened to strengthen the bond of union with their neighbours, which was afterwards to be regularly organised,—preparatory to the introduction of a new æra for the mountain-race,—that of their emancipation from the Austrian yoke. The time was arrived for the spirit of freedom to break forth in the persons of the THREE SWISS, who were WALTER FÜRST, of URI; WERNER STAUFFACHER, of SCHWYTZ; and the injured ARNOLD of the MELCHTHAL, in UNTERWALDEN. These were the first to form the confederacy which ultimately issued in breaking the rod of the oppressor.

The plan was no sooner communicated to others than it was hailed with joy. The three heroes, each taking ten friends with him, met by night, in November, 1307, in the meadow of Grütli, near Bruenen, on the lake of Lucerne. Here, the whole company, clasping each others' hands, vowed to be mutually faithful unto death; to undertake nothing but in common; to defend their ancient privileges to the last; to do no wrong to the German emperor, as head of the house of Hapsburg; nor to inflict any personal injury on his representatives. Then, at the moment when the dawn of

the morning began to gild the summits of those Alpine masses which form an amphitheatre around the lake, the three leaders, advancing into the midst of the assembly, with uplifted hands, took a solemn oath to fight manfully for that liberty which God had given, naturally, to all men; and to transmit it, as a sacred boon, to their posterity. The other confederates imitated their example.

These patriots, and more especially the three founders of the league, are embalmed and immortalised, in the minds of the Swiss; as may be witnessed in the pictures which are continually met with in Switzerland, representing them as lifting up their right hands solemnly towards heaven, and swearing that their country shall be free.

The conduct of Gessler towards WILLIAM TELL, one of the thirty-three, and son-in-law of Fürst, sealed the destinies of the revolution. It was observed that Tell failed to pay the servile homage that was demanded to the hat, at Altorf; and he was immediately arrested, and brought before Gessler, who hoped to extort from him information respecting the rumoured conspiracy. Tell maintained a determined silence; and, according to the received tradition, Gessler had the wanton inhumanity to compel him to shoot at an apple placed on the head of his son, on pain of death if he missed his aim. Tell succeeded in hitting the mark, and confessed that, in case he had shot his child, a second arrow which

he had in his quiver was intended for Gessler himself.

The history of Tell, in general, admits of no reasonable doubt; even though the incident relating to the apple be not so fully authenticated. The attempt, however, by Freudenberger, in 1760, to throw discredit on this part of the story in particular, called forth the loud indignation of the Swiss; and especially of the government of Uri, who caused the sceptical pamphlet to be publicly burnt.

At all events, the Austrian Vogt* ordered Tell to prison for life; and with the view of seeing him secured, accompanied him in a boat on the lake to Kusnacht. A storm arose, and Tell found means to escape; and shortly afterwards, galled to revenge, he shot Gessler, with an arrow, as he was passing along the road. This event brought affairs to a crisis; and in January, 1308, the inhabitants of the three cantons succeeded, without bloodshed, in deposing the Austrian governors, and in destroying the castles which had been erected to overawe the country. Tell is regarded as the great Helvetian patriot; his memory is dear to the heart of every Swiss; and imagination is laid under an embargo to depict the apparition of the favourite hero as practising the cross-bow, at Altorf his birth-place, near the lake; while

* Bailiff.

the wintry moon is shedding her highest ray on the Alpine snows.

Intestine commotions prevented Austria from offering any effectual resistance to this revolution till the year 1315, when the wrathful Duke Leopold appeared in Switzerland with an army of twenty thousand men, and attempted to force his way to the town of Schwytz, through the narrow pass of Morgarten. Fourteen hundred Swiss, the flower of the youth of the Waldstädte, after spending a whole day in the streets in prayer, and in chanting solemn hymns, cast themselves, like the Spartans at Thermopylae, into the defile; and hurled down upon the Austrians fragments of rocks, and trunks of trees: they afterwards charged the enemy, and threw them into entire confusion, there being no room for so large an army to act. The Austrians were glad to make terms with a people who were so strongly fortified by the nature of their situation; and so resolved to defend their rights against the encroachments of tyranny.

In the same year, the newly-formed alliance of the three cantons was confirmed; and from this period the Confederacy of Switzerland dates its rise; the country having derived its name from the canton of Schwytz, or Schweitz, one of the three which were first united: Lucerne was added in 1332; and by the middle of the same century, after considerable struggles with the feudal lords,

and the Austrians, the cantons of Zürich, Glaris, Zug, and Bern, had acceded to the league; but none of the remaining states joined it till the sixteenth century.

In 1386, Leopold II., Duke of Austria, attempted in vain to crush the now consolidated Swiss Confederacy; and the battle of Sempach was fought between fourteen hundred of the mountaineers, and four or five thousand of their oppressors, all chosen men, comprising six hundred of the feudal nobles and gentry, cased from head to foot in brilliant armour. It was in this battle that Winkelried, the Decius of the Swiss, exclaiming to his companions, *Take care of my wife and children—I will open a passage for you*, rushed on the lances of the enemy, and enabled his countrymen to pass on to victory, over his body. This battle decided the fate of the Confederacy, and placed it beyond the reach of danger. If war could ever admit of being regarded with complacency, it would be in the struggles of the Swiss for liberty, against the tyranny of Austria, and of the feudal lords.

Early in the fifteenth century, the community of Appenzell had so far achieved its freedom, as to engage in an alliance with the Confederacy. The Grisons, a people inhabiting the ancient *Rhaetia Superior*, commenced asserting their independence, in 1424, by forming the *Grey League*: soon after,

followed the *League of the Ten Jurisdictions*; while the *League of God's House*, which had been projected thirty years before, was renewed and confirmed. These small republics were added to the Confederacy in 1788, under the name of the Canton of the Grisons.

Some districts purchased their independence with money paid to their feudal barons. This was the case with the little community of Gersau, situated at the foot of the Rigi, and containing only eighteen square miles of territory. Gersau thus became an independent state: it is now united with the canton of Schwytz.

Though the Confederacy had not as yet reached its maximum of consolidation and extent, and its politics were still connected with those of the Empire, the present period comprised some of its brightest days; as it enjoyed a happy exemption from those civil discords which afterwards originated in that avarice and ambition which preferred the private interests of particular cantons, to the general welfare of the whole.

Thus arose the *war of Zürich*, between that canton, and those of Schwytz and Glaris, respecting the estates of the Count of Tockenbourg, who died in 1432. Uri, Unterwalden, Lucerne, Bern, and Zug, afterwards united with Schwytz and Glaris; and, in 1440, Zürich was compelled to submit to terms, and to make peace.

The quarrel, however, was soon renewed, on the part of Zürich, and the burghers assumed the red cross, so hateful to the Swiss, as the badge of Austria; with which power Zürich had now formed a secret alliance. The inhabitants of this state at length openly assisted the Emperor Frederick in his endeavour to obtain possession of the Argau; and Bern, with its ally Soleure, united with the confederates against the faithless canton. Civil war raged, and executions and assassinations occurred among the Zürichers themselves, from their own internal dissensions.

The Austrians procured troops from France, which were commanded by the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI.; and, in 1444, was fought the memorable battle of St. Jacob, near Basle, in which sixteen hundred Swiss withstood an army of several thousand French, and all perished, excepting ten, after having laid in the dust multitudes of their enemies. The war of Zürich, which lasted thirteen years, ended in the re-union of this canton with the other parts of the Confederacy.

The first alliance of the Swiss with France, took place in 1453; and in 1467, it was renewed, by Louis XI. who was anxious to employ the Helvetic arms against his powerful enemies of the house of Burgundy. The aggressions, and the injustice, which the Swiss had experienced from the governor whom Charles the Bold had placed

over his territories adjacent to Bern and Soleure, enabled the artful monarch of France to draw into a war with Burgundy, a people, whose conduct at Basle, of which he had been the eye witness, had inspired him with the highest sentiment of their military prowess. The duke, who had hitherto been deemed invincible, was completely routed at Granson, and the enormous treasure of his camp fell into the hands of the Swiss. They also defeated the Burgundians at Morat; and again at Nancy, where Charles lost his life, in 1477.

The alliance with France, and the war of Burgundy, formed a new æra in the history of the Swiss. Their friendship was now courted by neighbouring states, and they had established a high military reputation; but their French connexion, and their increasing love of war and plunder, made lamentable inroads on the morals of the country, and greatly lowered the tone of character that once distinguished it. Nicolas de Flüe appears, about this period, to have patriotically allayed some jealousies that had arisen between the rural, and the city cantons; and Friburg and Soleure were now admitted into the Confederacy. This occurred in 1481.

Next arose the Suabian war, occasioned by the Swiss refusing to join the *Suabian League*, a combination of the cities of Upper Germany, under Maximilian, for the avowed purpose of protecting

the Germanic empire. The cantons had no confidence in Germany, on account of Austria; especially as an attempt was at the same time made to renew the jurisdiction of the imperial tribunals in Switzerland. The Swiss gained many victories over the Germans, and the war ended in the peace of Basle, in 1499. The empire now relinquished all attempt to claim jurisdiction in the territories of the Confederacy. In 1501, Basle and Schaffhausen became cantons. Appenzell was added in 1513.

The Swiss were, in 1512, involved in the Milanese war, against France; which originated in consequence of Louis XII. having laid claim to the Duchy, and ended in his defeat at Navarra; in the invasion of France by the Swiss and their allies; and the subsequent abandonment of the pretensions of Louis. After his death, however, Francis I. succeeded in obtaining the Duchy of Milan, but granted an advantageous peace to the Swiss, ceding to them the possession of the Italian bailliages which now constitute the canton of Ticino. They had previously conquered the Valteline, and Chiavenna.

During the progress of the Reformation in Switzerland, the flames of civil war were repeatedly kindled between the Catholic and the Protestant cantons; and Zuinglius, the Reformer, himself fell in battle, at Cappell, in 1531.

In 1536 the Pays de Vaud was taken from the Count of Savoy, and annexed to Bern. This was an important accession of territory to the Confederation.

From the fifteenth century, the Helvetic Confederation became recognised among the European states; and subsequently to the Milanese revolution, the Swiss engaged in no foreign war on their own account; and remained unmolested by invasion, for nearly three centuries,—till the ‘storm that wrecked the world,’ involved them in all the calamities that powerful and lawless enemies could inflict. During this long interval, however, the ancient connexion with the German empire, and with Austria; the situation of the country, between Italy, Germany, and France; and its own intestine civil and religious discords,—continued occasionally to render it the scene of bloodshed and desolation. In 1620 a disastrous religious war broke out in the country of the Grisons, and the Protestants of the Valteline were massacred with the most barbarous atrocity.—At the peace of Westphalia, in 1648, the Swiss cantons were formally acknowledged to be independent of the Germanic empire.

On the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, Protestant Switzerland became the asylum of the persecuted French; and the disinterested and Christian hospitality that was for many years

displayed by these comparatively poor states, is painfully contrasted with the bloody feuds which too often occurred among them on account of religion: witness the civil war of Tockenburgh, which lasted during nine years, and before its close in 1712, presented to Europe the spectacle of nearly 150,000 Swiss, Protestants and Catholics, in arms; and arrayed in mortal combat against each other! The prevalence of covetousness, private ambition, and religious discord; and the want of mutual confidence among the cantons, together with the progress of French principles and morals, prepared the country to fall a prey to republican France.

The French revolution, like an earthquake in the heart of Europe, agitated all the neighbouring regions with the shock. After doing every thing to foment the internal dissensions of Switzerland, the republicans of France entered the country, in 1797; and after considerable bloodshed, they succeeded in abolishing the ancient confederation, and in erecting another constitution, under the name of the Helvetic Republic; which was modelled according to the new government of France, and subject to its councils. This was the beginning of sorrows to the modern Swiss, and the cause of a series of bloody conflicts and revolutions.

The ancient spirit of freedom, roused to resistance.—produced dreadful collisions with the French

arms. This was especially the case with respect to the small cantons, after most of the others had yielded. Brunnen, on the lake of Lucerne; in the neighbourhood of which village the three Swiss patriots had formed the league against the tyranny of Austria, five hundred years before,—now became the seat of the councils of these three original Forest Cantons; and here they concerted measures for endeavouring to repel the cruel aggressions of France. Morgarten, where the first great victory had been achieved over the Austrian power, was again the scene of conflict; and, at this memorable spot the poor Swiss, under the command of their general Aloys Reding, frequently repulsed their unprincipled invaders. The French, finding that it was not easy to crush liberty in the home where it had been born, and had waxen strong for centuries, sought to allure their victims by solemnly promising to respect their ancient independence; but the Swiss were no sooner thrown off their guard by these syren vows, than their faithless enemies rushed upon them unarmed, with an overpowering force; and compelled them on pain of death to swear submission to the new Helvetic Constitution.

Unterwalden was the last canton to yield to the French; and when it was summoned to give in its adherence to the revolution, all the men of the Lower Valley, fifteen hundred only in number, re-

solved to sacrifice themselves in the hopeless attempt to save their country; and flew to arms. They removed their wives, children, and cattle, into the highest chalets on the mountains, and then descended to meet the foe.

The French had embarked on the lake; and these beauteous and enchanting regions,—where sublime mountains, crested with their pine forests, and skirted with verdure, had been reflected, in tranquillity, from the placid bosom of the waters for ages, since the Austrian had ceased to oppress the *Walstädte*;—these shores that had echoed only to the voice of the storm, to the Alp horn, or to the chanted legend of the ancient freedom,—now reverberated with the murderous thunders of war. A dreadful conflict ensued between the inhabitants of the valley and the invaders; but the French were vigorously repelled from the border of the lake; two of their vessels were destroyed, and five hundred of their troops perished.

That the poor inhabitants of these once happy valleys, however, should long resist the French arms, was impossible. In the final conflict, the men of Unterwalden were at length overwhelmed by two bodies of troops, which poured down upon them from the opposite mountains, and acted in concert with another armament on the lake. In this last crisis of their country's fate, the inhabitants of the valley appear to have fought almost *en masse* ;

and many of the youth, and even of the women, joined the ranks, and fell in the field ; where was mingled together the blood of fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, sons and daughters ! When the sanguinary conflict was nearly over, two hundred men arrived from the canton of Schwytz, every one of whom perished, after having fought with desperation against the French !

An indiscriminate massacre took place on this melancholy day ; and, the next night, the remorseless enemy fired the town of Stantz, the capital of Unterwalden. The neighbouring villages shared the same fate ; and this lovely and smiling valley, so celebrated for the beauties of nature, was converted into one universal scene of plunder, rapine, flames, and carnage ! Such are the calamities and horrors which the heart of man will allow him to inflict on his defenceless fellow man ! Such a fiend may man become !

Bonaparte, the arbiter of the politics of nations, at length gave a constitution to the Swiss, known by the name of the *Act of Mediation* ; which was ultimately conformed to the wishes of the people ; and proved conducive to their posterity. Switzerland now consisted of nineteen cantons, of which the equality of the citizens formed the basis ; while each canton was more or less democratic or aristocratic, according to circumstances.

The triumph of the allied armies, in 1814, libe-

rated. Switzerland from the influence of the great modern conqueror; but the change which thus occurred in her destinies nearly produced a civil war; as the cantons were not agreed in opinion with respect to the constitution that should be adopted for the country. The Congress of Vienna, however, saved it from the miseries of new revolutions; and in fixing the boundaries of the countries of Europe, they legislated also for Switzerland; restored her independence; added three additional cantons; and secured to her the constitution she at present possesses.

The Swiss Confederacy now consists of twenty-two cantons.* Each of these separate republics has its own laws; and the government is administered by the *Landesgemeinde*, the general assembly of the citizens, or the Great Council, which possesses the legislative power; and the *Landrath*, or Little Council, which holds the executive. Neuchâtel, however, as belonging to Prussia, has a monarchical government, with estates. The cantons form, together, a general community, the affairs of which are managed by the Diet, which is composed of representatives from the cantons, who assemble in rotation, at Zürich, Bern, and Lucerne, in July, every two years; or more frequently, if necessary, on the requisition of five delegates.

* The canton of Basle, however, has recently, as above stated, been divided into two, by the Diet, for the sake of peace.

The Diet regulates the external relations of the Confederacy; or declares war, makes peace, and concludes commercial treaties with foreign states. It also has the disposal of the federal army for the general defence, and for the security of internal tranquillity. To this force, each canton furnishes its proportion; at the rate of two men out of every hundred that are capable of bearing arms. The canton in which the Diet is held is, for the time being, called the *Vorort*, or directing canton; and the *Schultheiss*, or governor of this state, is then termed the *Landamann* of Switzerland. The general government, though a legislative, can scarcely be called a deliberative assembly, as it is considered proper for the members to vote according to the instructions of their respective local legislatures. There were, in the Diet of 1834, fifty-one members from the various cantons.

The leading politicians of the country are considered as, at present, divided into three parties. One consists of those who are averse to all innovation, and these are termed aristocrats; among whom are the members of the Diet, sent from Uri, Unterwalden, and Schwytz. The radical party form another division; maintaining the principle of proportional representation, according to numbers, and anxious for the greater concentration of the government; this party consists of the members for Bern, Lucerne, Basle-Country, Appenzell Ex-

teriot, and Thurgau. The middle party incline more or less to the other two; but agree among themselves, in advocating cantonal independence; and it would seem that this division is more numerous than either of the others.

LETTER XI.

Fall of the Rossberg—Lake of the Four Cantons—Alpnach—Valley of Sarnen—Saxeln—St. Nicholas de Flüe—Alpine Thunder-storm—Lake of Lungern—Village of Lungern—Swiss Cottages—The Brünig Alp—Vale of Oberhasli—Lake of Brienz—Tracht—The Giessbach — Interlachen — Grindelwald—The Glaciers—Avalanches.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—According to the plan laid down for us by our friend at Basle, we were to proceed from Lucerne, across the lake, to Weggis; and thence over the Rigi to Goldau; next,—to Brunnen, and Altorf: then to Hospital, and the Furka,—a ridge of the St. Gothard,—and celebrated as the seat of the glacier, which is the icy cradle of the Rhone;—also as a great storehouse of mineralogy; no other region of the Alps being said to present so great a variety of beautiful specimens, as the valleys of this mountain. Our prescribed

route next proposed to lead us over the Furka, to Meyringen; and thence to Grindelwald.

Goldau is a point of attraction, in consequence of the immense Alpine ruins which are there to be seen, scattered over a vast tract of country. The fall of the Rossberg mountain took place here, in the month of September, 1806; and buried five or six villages, containing four or five hundred inhabitants. After a very hard winter, a great quantity of rain had fallen, at different times, in the summer. During the day on which the calamity occurred, hollow sounds were heard, as if proceeding from the bowels of the mountain; and the fall of large fragments of it, seemed ominous of some catastrophe near at hand: but the inhabitants of the district appear not to have been sufficiently alive to the impending danger.

In the evening, the upper part of the mountain was seen to sink down; pine forests bowed their ranks; wonted water-courses were suddenly dried up; and new fissures yawned:—the birds flew screaming away; and houses were torn down from the mountain-side to the frightful depth of a thousand or fifteen hundred feet. A party had, a short time before, separated on the Rigi: those who remained on that mountain had seen their companions enter the village of Goldau, and intended shortly to join them there—but the friends had se-

parated to meet no more ! Of Goldau nothing was left but the church-bell, which was found a mile off. It was almost a miracle that any individuals should have been saved from this chaos of ruin ; but sixteen or seventeen persons were dug out from the edges of the wreck.

Five miles from the immediate seat of the mischief, immense masses of earth and rock were tumbled into the lake of Lowertz, the end of which was completely choked up ; and its waters leaped furiously over the island of Schwanau, which is in the midst of it, to a height of seventy feet, and swept away the houses, with their inhabitants, from the opposite shore ; carrying a chapel which stood there, built of wood, to the distance of a mile. Enormous rocks, the monuments of this terrible convulsion, were left strewn over a surface of eight or nine square miles, to tell of the desolation, and to warn the succeeding inhabitants to watch continually for the first premonitions of another ruin ; for this catastrophe was preceded, for a day or two, by noises and agitations of the earth.*

* This was but one instance of the convulsions of nature, in these sublime and terrific regions. In 1618, a still more destructive mountain-fall overwhelmed the flourishing town of Plurs, situated among the Italian Alps, at the foot of Mount Conto. It occurred after heavy rains, and was preceded by several unheeded warnings,—such as the fall of large fragments of rock from the

Finding that the plan marked out for us would involve a too rapid succession of fatiguing journeys for the strength of some of our party, we determined on another route; and took a boat from Lucerne to Alpnach, in the canton of Unterwalden; a village situated at the south-western point of the beautiful lake of the Waldstädte. From the water, the appearance of Lucerne, with its numerous towers,—lying between the masses of the Pilatus, and of the Rigi, is exquisitely picturesque; and, as you advance, the changing scene presents numerous magnificent points of view. The Pilatus towers nearly six thousand feet immediately above the

mountain, in which chasms appeared, as though it were cleft in twain; the cattle ran about in wild dismay; and immense quantities of gravel poured into the valley from the mountain-side. At midnight, a shock was felt in the neighbourhood like an earthquake; and a noise was heard like distant thunder. Silence followed,—and in the morning the atmosphere was clouded with dust;—the river Maira had disappeared; and the town of Plurs was sought for in vain!—it lay buried sixty feet deep below the fallen Alp, and almost the whole of the population, amounting to two thousand five hundred souls had perished!

The case of one family was exceedingly remarkable, and affecting. They fell on the top of a chaos that was in some places a hundred feet deep. Francesca, the maid servant, who, with the daughter, Marianne, was afterwards rescued from the ruins, affirmed that she found herself suddenly whirled round, in total darkness; and carried away, with the house, which was of wood. When the motion ceased,—injured as she was, she retained her senses, and heard the moanings of the child Marianne; who, in reply to her

lake, which is surrounded by this mountain, the Rigi, the Dietschen, the Honberg, the Louerberg, the Burghenstock, the Axenberg, and the Stanzerhorn: this last mountain presents itself at the end of one of the gulfs of the lake with a grand effect.

When the stormy wind, from the mountain gorges, sweeps over this ample expanse, and agitates it into tempest, the navigation of some of the gulfs becomes dangerous; as in many places the rocks rise almost perpendicularly from the lake. The little chapels that are seen on the crags and on the shore,

call, said that she was held down on her back, and that she could see a glimmer of light. She asked—whether some one would not come and take them out? Francesca replied, ‘No, it is the day of judgment!’ The entombed prisoners then prayed together; and the striking of the clock of Hunenberg convinced Francesca that all was not ended in the world,—but that something still remained in existence, undestroyed by the convulsion.

The master of the family, who was not at home at the time of the disaster, had wandered about in vain in a state bordering on distraction, seeking for the ruins of his home, amid a scene where every familiar object was obliterated from his view. He at length saw a human foot projecting from the frightful mass of earth and ruins;—on searching, he found his wife, with the child Marianne in her arms! The mother was dead,—but the child, having a broken thigh, was saved. Francesca was taken out of the earth speechless; and remained for some time blind. She recovered her sight, but continued always subject to convulsive paroxysms.—*Vide Goldau und Seine Gegend; wie sie war, und was sie geworden; in Zeichnungen, und Beschreibungen. Zürich 1807.*

and one which we passed on a small island, add to the varied associations of the scene ; which cannot fail to suggest to the traveller the most powerful images relative to the independence of the mountain-born Swiss ; of whose oppression and emancipation, these waters have been the silent witness : while the continued emblems of Romanism, obtruding themselves on the attention, among all nature's sublimities and beauties, endlessly recall the mighty sway of an apostasy, which seems invested with a sort of omnipresence.

After leaving, on the left, Stanzstadt, a village finely situated on the border of the lake, we proceeded to the extremity of a gloomy bay, and arrived at Alpnach, at the foot of the Pilatus ; having been about two hours and a half in the boat. This place is remarkable for the *Slide* which was constructed here by Rupp, in 1812, for the purpose of letting down the pines from the sides of the mountain. A kind of trough, of the enormous length of about eight miles, was formed of trees ; its termination being close to the lake. It is said that under favourable circumstances, that is in wet weather, trees have thus been made to plunge into the lake in less than five minutes. These trees are formed into rafts, on the lake ; and are then floated down the Reuss into the Rhine.

At Alpnach, we found the landlord a very polite and pleasant old gentleman, who spoke only Ger-

man; this being the first time we had been at an inn where there was no one who spoke French. It would seem that, in this part of Switzerland, the knowledge of French is still an accomplishment. It appeared that the daughter of our host had resided in the canton of Neuchatel for the purpose of acquiring it; but was absent from home. The traveller's book was full of humorous eulogies of the host, his inn, and his daughter; and we found the description of him so just, that we were happy to add our meed of praise.

It is not always easy, when travelling in these parts, to get such a supply of food as is suitable for those who, like some of our party, had suffered from fatigue and indisposition. The bread has always more or less of acidity, perhaps from its not being made from yeast; and the mode of cooking the meat at the inns is so artificial; there is frequently such a variety of heterogeneous messes, cold and hot, put on the table; and the wine is generally so tart,—that a delicate stomach finds it difficult to take a sufficiency of food, without producing disorder. We obtained here, however, a tolerable repast; during which our civil host brought us some cheese, which he told us was fifty years old. It was in small pieces, and looked exactly like chips of deal, having scarcely more taste, and being nearly as hard. But it was gratifying here, to recognise a relic of the ancient

customs of the Swiss. Remarkable events in families,—such as births, marriages, and sometimes deaths,—were formerly commemorated by the making of a large cheese of superior quality. In the case of marriages, the names of the parties were carved on it; and portions were eaten at the weddings of the descendants, from generation to generation. This remnant of simplicity of manners is not yet extinct in some of these more remote and mountainous parts of the country; and it is still the practice to set fragments of an old cheese before guests, by way of showing them respect.

We hired a carriage at Alpnach, and in the afternoon passed through the beautiful Oberwald, or valley of Sarnen, watered by the stream called the Saa, embosomed in mountains, and well deserving the distinction it obtained some years ago, of being exhibited at the Diorama in the Regent's Park, as an example of the beauties of Switzerland. Nothing can exceed the rich effect of some parts of this delightful vale, or the romantic appearance of the groups of cottages which are scattered over it. These genuine Swiss houses are built of wood, with side galleries; and with roofs projecting and somewhat pointed. The casements are generally glazed with very small panes, and protected by a broad ledge which runs above each tier: a vine frequently adorns the front of the cottage.

The chief place in the Oberwald is Sarnen;

situated at the head of the small lake of the same name. It was at this place that Landenberg, the Austrian Vogt, or Bailiff, of Unterwalden resided; whose cruelty contributed to rouse the spirit of Swiss freedom. There is a picture in the Town House representing his barbarity, in depriving of sight Henryander Halden, the aged father of Arnold of the Melchthal.

After proceeding along the side of the lake, for about half an hour, we stopped at Saxeln to view the church; which is much finer than you would expect to find in so remote a valley. The porch is hung with some curious Romish pictures; and the interior is adorned with a great number of black marble columns veined with white, some of which are of one single piece: they are obtained from the quarries of the *Melchthal*, or Milk-Valley, a neighbouring vale abounding in Alpine pasturages. In this church are preserved the bones of St. Nicholas de Flüe; which have attracted many pilgrims to the place. He was born in this village, and is celebrated in the annals of Swiss patriotism; particularly for his conduct in the war against Sigismond, Duke of Austria.

St. Nicholas died in 1487. He passed the latter part of his life in a cave, situated in the Melchthal; and the tradition is that he was miraculously sustained, during the last eighteen years, without food! A visit to the tomb of a patriot, as

such, is a laudable gratification of feeling; but here, every thing is converted into superstition; and in this Catholic canton it is not so much the patriot, as the Romish saint, that attracts the attention of the deluded multitude; who, for more than three centuries, have regarded with religious veneration these remains of mortality. We did not stay to see the saint's bones, as we found there would be some delay in sending for the guardian of these sacred relics; and we were anxious to get forward, as the weather began to threaten.

By the time we had passed along the whole eastern side of the lake of Sarnen, the clouds had gathered into huge, dark, and dense piles, towards the south; and looked like a range of dismal Alps, whose snows had been converted into sack-cloth, and edged with a lurid border, by the upper rays of the sun, which was gloomily eclipsed by these ponderous masses. At length, we reached the mountain pass forming part of the Kaiserstuhl, one of the group which we had seen from the bridge at Lucerne. This pass leads down to the lake of Lungern; and while we were crossing the highest part of it, the storm burst on us; and the fierce glare of the lightning across the blackened sky, the appalling reverberations of the thunder, which crashed among rocks and ravines, and the pouring hail and rain that followed, gave us such an impression of an Alpine storm, that we would

gladly have taken shelter in a neighbouring chalet; but our driver thought it more advisable that we should make the best of our way down the descent; and by the time we had reached the head of the exquisite little *Lungern See*, or lake of Lungern, the tempest had abated.

The road lay along the eastern shore of the lake, which is about a mile and a half, or two miles, in length: it is of a deep blue colour, and is beautifully wooded to the water's edge. We reached the solitary village of Lungern between six and seven o'clock. This truly rustic little place is situated about five leagues southward of Alpnach, in a small romantic vale, and is almost entirely hemmed in by mountains resembling perpendicular walls, which seemed to hasten on the dusk of the evening, by casting their dark shadows over this secluded spot; while the perfect stillness of the chilly air added solemnity to the scene,—now, every moment becoming more and more indistinct; till, at last, the dark and lofty rampart of the surrounding mountains did but skirt with a deeper shade the universal curtain which night had drawn over the heavens.—In the mean time, the goats had been seen returning home in flocks; and it was amusing to observe how sagaciously they divided themselves; and turned off in groups to go, in different directions, to the houses of their respective owners.

The master of the little inn was an exceedingly

amiable young man, and did all in his power to make us comfortable. Every thing was sufficiently to the mind of hungry and wearied travellers, excepting that we were a little annoyed in the night; by being haunted in our beds with grasshoppers, which are here of a very large size. The watches of the night were romantically indicated by the singing of Swiss airs; and the Alpine horn uttered its voice to call the goats to their wild pasturages, when about a hundred of them left the village, early in the morning, for the mountains.

We found that we had now got into a region where a little German was almost indispensable. A fellow-countryman, who had been a guest to our landlord, not having, it would seem, made sufficient provision for contingencies, had exhausted all his ready cash; and could not exchange his circular notes till he arrived at Lucerne: he had therefore no means of paying his bill. This dilemma became ludicrous from the host and the traveller being unable to understand each other, in a matter requiring some explanation, and in which, in the literal sense of the words, the guest could not *reckon without his host*. The latter however no sooner learned how the gentleman was situated, than he readily allowed him to have a conveyance to Alpnach, and to defer payment till he got to Lucerne.

Nothing indeed could be more frank, civil, and obliging, than the behaviour of our host; and we

fancied that we could discern, here, the genuine simplicity of the Swiss manners. There was a gentleness and kindness in the behaviour of the servant who waited on our party, which was exceedingly pleasing. The soul of politeness may certainly be met with without its forms: for benevolence needs little aid from bows and compliments; as we often see exemplified in the manners of the *Friends*. These people at Lungern had nothing at all rough or vulgar about them; though this was by far the wildest and most retired place we had yet seen.

The odd-looking little church of this village, and the cottages, having their roofs loaded with large stones, appeared in the genuine Swiss style. The roofs of the houses, in these parts, consist of layers of wood, instead of tiles or slates; and in some places, a great number of these small flat pieces are laid one on another, the more effectually to keep out the rain; the whole being charged with large stones to prevent the roof being blown away by the furious storms which frequently rage through these Alpine valleys.

The genuine Swiss cottage is entirely constructed of wood, with one gallery,—and, in the superior houses, with more,—running generally along the side of the building. The roof, near which the upper gallery is placed, projects far over it, so as greatly to shelter from wet the foundations of the house, and also the store of cleft-wood, which is neatly piled

against the side of the cottage. A line of casements opens on the galleries, and along the front; and the windows are frequently made of very small pieces of glass, and rendered capable of being protected against the violence of the wintry storm, by substantial wooden shutters. The galleries are hung with some of the produce of the valleys, for the sake of drying it. On the front of the cottage, there is very commonly an inscription in German, in the old black letter character, stating by whom, and at what time, the house was erected: passages of Scripture, and other pious sentiments, are often added. The ornamental carvings in the front have sometimes a rich effect. We also observed in the course of our journey, that many of these houses have a remarkably new appearance, though they have stood many years; and they often exhibit an air of great comfort, and even of elegance. The wood soon assumes a red fine brown hue.

We left Lungern the next morning to ascend the Brünig Alp, over which there is a pass; this being one of the mountains that separate the cantons of Unterwalden and Bern. Our party consisted of eleven persons: two on horseback, with a guide to each horse; one on foot; and one in a *chaise à porteurs*, attended by four men. This is a common chair, with elbows and a footboard; and to its sides are fixed two long poles. Two men at a time act as bearers; holding in their hands the poles, over the ends of which are slipped strong

leathern straps that pass across the shoulders of the men; who relieve each other more frequently according as the way is steeper and rougher. A boy was also in attendance, to assist in carrying a few light articles that were not fastened to the saddles of the horses. Such was our cavalcade; and such is the mode of setting off to cross a Swiss mountain.

The ascent began shortly after we had left the village; and those who were mounted soon found that riding on horseback was here to be quite a different thing from what it is on the smooth, tame roads of level England. Happily the steeds were none of the most mettlesome; indeed, where English horses would plunge, and prance, and endanger the lives of their riders, or make a determined stop, these Swiss cattle are as steady and persevering as can be desired. Nothing appears to disconcert them,—neither precipices, nor gaping gorges, nor the roar of cataracts, nor rocks up which they must often climb from stone to stone, springing and scrambling rather than walking. They are as quiet and gentle as can be imagined, so that with experienced guides, a moderate share of courage, safe girths, and a firm mode of sitting, there is little danger.

In the course of this ascent, we were continually passing along shelves of rocks, bound together with gnarled roots, and formed more or less by labour; but still sufficiently rugged;—and very

troublesome, excepting for foot-passengers; who alone can go with comfort over these chaotic and extraordinary roads. Sometimes, while huge masses of rock, with tremendous crags supporting lefty trees, overhung us on one side,—on the other was a deep, yawning ravine, the sides of which were more or less covered with firs; and deep below, the concealed mountain torrent was often heard to rush hastily over its rocky bed.

It was easy to account for the ruggedness of our path, when we saw crags above us which we were convinced must fall, sometime or other. These mountain ruins and desolations add not a little sublimity to these scenes; though they interfere so much with the comfort of equestrian travellers; and render it awkward to meet a party coming in the opposite direction, which was once our case. It was curious to observe how the goats, each with a tinkling bell about his neck, leaped with the utmost freedom from rock to rock, looking down upon us with much bearded solemnity, but without any appearance of alarm.

Occasionally, as we advanced, the ledges on which we had to pass were so narrow, and the depth below so great, that the necessity of carefully looking to our footing scarcely left us at leisure to admire sufficiently the singular grandeur of the scene. Many trees lay prostrate in various directions, sometimes below and sometimes above the path, having been torn up by the violence of

the storm, or split by lightning, or hurled down with the falling crags, or washed away by the impetuosity of the mountain-stream, hastening to find the valley. Several unseen cascades, or roaring torrents, mingled the sound of their waters with the echos of our cheerful Swiss; who were perpetually singing either the *Ranz des Vaches*, or some mountain-song that was altogether new to our ears, and of the wildest music. They seemed thoroughly happy, and were very civil and obliging, without the least servility. Indeed they were disposed to enjoy the day, as much as ourselves; nor had they forgotten their pipes.

In ascending the mountain, we found that it was inhabited by immense multitudes of grasshoppers; and frequently beautiful butterflies flitted by us. Once our approach roused from its hiding-place a very large bird, which we at first supposed was an eagle; but the guides said that no eagles were found here, and pronounced it to be the *Lämmergeier*, or lamb-vulture;—the *Vultur barbatus* of Linnæus;—or the *Gypaëtos barbatus* of Storr, a name implying its position in natural history, as between the vulture and the eagle. This bird often preys on the lamb, the kid, and the chamois; and is said sometimes to have attacked young children.

The variety of this day's journey added much to its interest: the mountain-summits that came into view, either topped with snow, or rearing their

bare forms, destitute of verdure; and the *chalets*, or cots, which here and there presented themselves, formed a scene which was to us altogether novel. In the afternoon we arrived on the Col of the Brünig, at the toll-house which marks the boundary of the two cantons. Before we had reached this spot, the beautiful vale of Hasli had disclosed itself, embosomed in the grandeur of its snowy Alps. A short descent presents to view the Oberhasli, with the waters of the Aar, the town of Meyringen, and one or two cascades:—the whole scene being sublimely bordered by the rampart peaks of the Grimsel, and other mountains. The distant Reichenbach fall is also discerned, pouring its waters down the Scheideck, opposite to Meyringen.

Here the Bernese Oberland commences; and we now began to descend into the western part of the valley, the guides sometimes halting for a moment to present to us twigs of the nut, or the wild cherry; while the plentiful geranium,—apparently the *Geranium sylvaticum*, bordered our path. A descent of two hours brought us into the valley; and we arrived early in the evening at the little hamlet of Tracht, on the border of the lake of Brienz, through which flow the waters of the Aar.

From the window of our room, at the commodious inn, as we looked across the lake, which is here probably from two to three miles wide, we

noticed the remarkable effect of the opposite mountains, topped with snow, and clear above; but belted with strata of clouds below: for the weather, which had been fine and very warm in our ascent of the Brünig, began to change before we reached the lake; and a prodigious, black cloud was gathering behind the mountains, towards the west,—portentous of another storm. The guides, however, predicted that we should reach our destination before it came on; for, like shepherds in England, these children of the Alpine regions are frequently possessed of no small discernment in practical meteorology. They were right in their opinion; but soon after our arrival, a heavy storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, resounded through the mountains; and though the weather cleared up in the course of the evening, the lightning threw its momentary daylight over the Alpine scene, during a considerable part of the night.

At this village, was a great assortment of those little works of art, such as chalices, boxes, cottages, and the like,—in making which the Swiss so much employ themselves, during the long winter evenings. Many of these cuttings out in wood are very elegant; but the difficulty of preserving unbroken such light and fragile articles, prevented us from selecting from among them, some memorials of this romantic lake, and of Swiss ingenuity and industry.

Between seven and eight in the morning, we were comfortably seated in one of the numerous boats which lay moored before our window; and which, forming as they do, the little all of some of the cottagers in this sequestered spot, are resorted to, especially in the evening, as a sort of rendezvous, for chatting, and for knitting. The people at the inn pressed us very much to hire a carriage to go to Interlachen along the shore; but we were afterwards glad that we went by water,—on learning that not only was the distance greater, but the road very bad; neither of which facts was stated at the inn. We had by no means, however, generally to complain either of selfish duplicity, or of exorbitancy in the charges; though instances of both may be found in Switzerland, as elsewhere.

Leaving Tracht and Brientz, which lie close together along the shore, we were now on the water, surrounded on all sides by the commanding mountains, which form a deep basin for the lake; and having in the distance a loftier summit, said to be seven thousand feet in height.

We crossed the lake to visit the magnificent fall called the Giessbach, or *pouring stream*, one of the finest cascades in Switzerland. It is computed to be more than twelve hundred feet above the level of the lake; but nothing is seen of it till you approach; as it is hidden behind the projecting base

of the mountain down which it dashes. It is divided into seven or eight separate falls, by the ledges of the rocks from which it is precipitated; and the best view is in front of the cottage which stands at the highest part of the foot of the mountain; from which point the effect of the whole is superb. The cascade issues from a chasm a little below the summit of the pine-fringed rocks; and tumbles foaming from ledge to ledge, bordered with groups of trees, which stand ranged beside it in its course, as if to grace its descent into the great receptacle of the waters that lie expanded below it, in a vast sheet of twenty-five square miles in extent, and, in some parts, of five hundred feet in depth.

On ascending higher up the steep mountain, by the side of the Giessbach, several paths are found successively conducting down to it; one of these leads to a wooden bridge which is thrown across the mountain-chasm, where the waters appear like a boiling caldron: but the most extraordinary effect is produced by standing under the fall itself, in a hollow part of the rock which forms a sort of cavern;—here the thunder and fury of the torrent from above, are awfully grand; and it rushes over you with an absolutely deafening roar.

The Alpine horn now again greeted us, and re-entering our boat, we were rowed along the lake, which is between eight and nine miles long, by two

men, accompanied by a woman, who wore the broad Bernese gipsy-hat. We learned that this woman was a sort of doctress for the village of Brientz. The eyes of one of our party had become inflamed in travelling; and on inquiring what medical attendance was to be procured at Interlachen, we soon found that these good people had no very great idea of regular practitioners. The elder of the two men strenuously recommended his wife, and fellow-rower, as far more clever in curing bad eyes than any of the doctors; and she herself was exceedingly urgent in offering her services, declaring that she could in a few moments remove the mischief, which she was persuaded was occasioned only by some loose hairs of the eyelashes having got into the eye; these she offered to take out. Her services, however, were not accepted; but we were much amused with this aquatic doctress, and with the credit she seemed to have acquired for skill to handle the oar, or the eye, with equal facility.

We arrived at Interlachen about eleven o'clock; and immediately engaged a conveyance to carry us to the valleys of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen; the scenery of which is considered as not to be surpassed, on the whole, in any part of Switzerland. The road lay through wild and romantic valleys, bordered on each side by lofty mountains, which were sometimes entirely perpendicular; and on our

left, rushed, with raging impetuosity, amidst huge fragments of rock, the broad torrent which rises among the ices of Grindelwald.

Previously to our crossing this dark and boisterous stream, which seemed to tell of its origin at the base of the most savage Alps,—the road occasionally lay so very near the edge of the deep gorge along which it ran, that we were not without apprehension of danger; but the drivers, here, as well as the horses, are so much accustomed to slender ledges, and fearful precipices, and roaring torrents, that the animals seem never to take fright, nor the men to be off their guard, or lose their presence of mind. We especially felt the awkwardness of meeting another carriage in so narrow a road; but we came to no harm, and thankfully crossed the stream in safety, after about eight miles travelling. This torrent was now on our right, and we entered on the picturesque scenery of the valley leading up to the village of Grindelwald. The vale is beautifully green and fertile, bounded on the south by a chain of mountains skirted with pine forests; while, deep in the valley, and far below the level of our road, ran the mountain stream.

As we approached the village, the snows of the '*Silver-Horn*' of the mighty *Jungfrau* glistened in a lovely blue sky, beyond the gorges formed by other mountains; the whole array of which soon be-

gan to present themselves stupendously to view. On the other side of the nearer mountains, rises the Finsteraarhorn, a pyramid of granite, which towers to the height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea. — The first inn we came to at Grindelwald was so full, that we could not be lodged there; but we found admittance at the other: for the great, and annually increasing number of travellers has created a supply of accommodations equal to the demand; and as the glaciers, here, are of less dangerous access than in any other part of Switzerland, this is a very favourite spot for observing them.

The village of Grindelwald is situated, on the declivity of an Alpine valley; and is itself three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is surrounded by mountains of enormous height, and of awful grandeur; several of which are close to the village, and seem almost to impend over it; others being seen to advantage from the immediate neighbourhood. Northward, is the Faulhorn, computed to be 8,000 feet high: the Scheideck, which shuts in the valley towards the north-east, and separates it from that of Hasli, is 6,000 feet: east, and south, are—the stupendous Wetterhorn, nearly 11,000 feet in height; the Mettemberg; the Great Eiger, upwards of 12,000; the Schreckhorn, exceeding 12,500; and the Viescherhorn summits, which are not far from the same elevation. The Schreckhorn, or *peak of terror*, is so called from its rugged, naked,

and piky appearance, which gives it a terrific air; its sides not being clothed, but only scattered over with snow.

The scene from the valley is sublime, bordering on the terrible;—for there is a savage wildness in the aspect of several of the mountains of this vast group, which rear their tremendous heads towards heaven, hoary with the snows and ices of immemorial time; and seem to frown on all that is beneath them. You are particularly sensible of this impression, when the last purple tinge which the setting sun casts on the upper regions of these Alps has melted away; and the cold, pale hue, which then lingers, for a while, on the everlasting snows, has, in its turn, given place to the dusky veil, which the shadows of the evening are throwing over the whole outline of the mountains; while the bases of the chain have already been long enveloped in a deeper gloom:—these gigantic and awful forms seem, then, to stand around you like grim and shrouded spectres.

I staid out of doors, anxious to receive the full impression of the scene, till it became positively oppressive; and I was glad at last to retire to the homely candle-light of my room, which at least had something earthly and familiar about it. If nature can teach man his own littleness, and strip him of that pride to which, in the moral ruin of his being, he is so prone, it is from such scenes as these that

he may learn a lesson. Never before did I realise so fully the force and the majesty of some of those passages of Scripture, which speak of the Almighty as *setting fast*, or *overturning the mountains*;—*touching the mountains* and causing them to *smoke*;—*weighing the mountains in scales*, and the hills *in a balance*.

This is the region of those eternal ices that are among the most wonderful of the phenomena of nature,—which are all wonderful. The windows of our inn were directly opposite to what is called the *lower glacier*; indeed we were somewhat above its base, looking down on it, across the valley;—and beholding now, for the first time, one of these extraordinary natural curiosities. This bed of ice faces towards the north, lying between the Eiger and the Mettemberg; and, in its appearance, having very much the effect of a ravine between the two mountains, filled with chalk, and extending up their sides; its whiteness being strikingly contrasted with the dark green firs which border it. I took a guide, and proceeded across the valley to visit the glacier. From the inn it looked so near, that, not being as yet sufficiently aware of those optical deceptions which are apt to arise in the contemplation of objects so much vaster than we are accustomed to witness, I was surprised to find that it took twenty or thirty minutes to reach the spot at the foot of the glacier, where they place

a small cannon; which on being fired produces prolonged echos, which die away among the mountains.

As you approach the ice, the valley is scattered over with fragments, which appear to be the wrecks that have, at some period, been precipitated down the sides of the two mountains; and the guide mentioned a tradition which exists in the village, that, about six centuries ago, this glacier extended much farther into the valley than it now does. The immense masses of ice of which it consists, are undermined at the base, by the stream of water which contributes to form the torrent we crossed in entering the valley: this stream continually issues from a cavity, which is of the form of a rude gothic arch.

Vegetation flourishes close to the border of the ice, and strawberries are gathered here. This appears extraordinary to those who, like ourselves, are unused to see green grass, trees, and shrubs, in almost immediate contact with perpetual ice, and frozen snow. It is a well-known fact, that some plants, which have no odour in the lower valleys, become delightfully fragrant at the surprising elevation of nearly seven thousand feet:—a beautiful emblem of the human soul;—which often flourishes most in virtue and in usefulness, in the apparently ungenial element of adversity. The moral winter of the world's frown, has turned many

minds to noble purposes, which might otherwise have passed their hour on earth, unknown, and comparatively useless:—such were the martyrs of the church;—such the English Nonconformists;—such were the pilgrim Fathers of America. The *upper glacier* is more to the eastward, and lies between the Mettemberg and the Wetterhorn mountains:—but though its surface is broader, its pinnacles and crags of ice are not so large as those of the lower glacier.

The glaciers may be described as huge beds of ice, of very irregular forms, and of various dimensions. They have their origin in the alternate and continued partial melting, freezing, and consolidation, of the snows which are perpetually falling on the higher regions of the mountains. These ices are in a state of continual progression towards the valleys; and project more or less into them at different times, according to the warmth or coldness of the season, or the pressure from above.

The shapes of these masses of half-frozen snow, and half ice, are indefinitely varied; as though a stream, tossed with tempests, had been in an instant frozen motionless. Some masses aid the imagination to fancy a confused mixture of towers, and spires, and pyramids, and rocks of crystal; for a thousand strange and fantastic forms glitter in the sun-beam, and reflect prismatic rays. Their general hues vary from a dusky blackish colour, to a beautiful tinge of green or blue. In

some glaciers, where sudden convulsions have taken place from above, a large fragment of rock may be sometimes found oddly sustained on the top of a vast pyramid of ice. In some places, huge stones gradually penetrate deeper and deeper into the mass which they have aided to melt, by their contact with its surface in the heat of summer; thus forming deep wells below. Some of these heaps of ice are of a light green; others, in the lower beds, of a dark blue.

During the winter, a solemn and portentous silence usually reigns over these icy mountain-domains: but when spring returns, there is everywhere a commotion; and noises are heard, as though a general rebellion were taking place among the vassals that have been chained, in frozen fetters, to nature's throne. Far and wide among the glaciers, sounds the hoarse murmur of the stream that is working its secret way beneath the ice; hollow moanings follow,—that might appal an imagination less sensitive than that of those who, like myriads of the Swiss, have been nurtured in all the gloom of superstition; explosions are heard similar to the firing of artillery;—the mountain trembles with the wild uproar, and awful chasms are rent along these crags of eternal ice, with a noise like the crash of thunder to those who are in the midst of the storm.

It is these yawning chasms which have so often proved the destruction of the bold adventurer, who

explores these frozen regions of terror. In spring the rocky masses that, before, seemed bound by the hand of winter in perpetual repose, change their position, and vary their forms every hour; and the water, which can find no vent below, suddenly bursts the barriers that check its course: a furious torrent rages through the ice, and in some cases forms to itself a hideous chasm, a hundred feet in height, and nearly as many broad; and, with waters of a palish blue, hurries through the valley to announce to distant cantons that its prison has been broken; while, either blending with other streams, or tinged with the soil which it tears up in its raging course, it sometimes assumes a shade which might claim to be that of the fabled Styx or the Cocytus.

Of these glaciers, not less than four hundred are reckoned to belong to the Southern range of the Alps, beginning with Mont Blanc: many run between the mountains, to the extent of eighteen or twenty miles in length; some nearer thirty; being sometimes from one to two miles broad. The total superficies of the glaciers of the southern chain alone, it has been calculated, would form a field of ice of between three and four hundred square miles! Some of the fissures in these solid masses, are hundreds, if not thousands, of feet in depth! With the exception of a small part of the Pyrenees, and some isolated spots of Lapland

and Norway, travellers inform us that these remarkable phenomena are to be found nowhere in Europe but in the Alps; the glaciers of which, are the cradles of mighty rivers, as the Rhine, and the Rhone, besides many other streams.

At the inn, small slabs of ice from one of the glaciers were brought to table with the butter, in order to keep it cool,—an humble, but useful application of the wonders of nature in a warm day in August. And while here, we could not but admire the genuine kind-heartedness of a poor Swiss, of the *Pays de Vaud*, who waited on us. One of our party being ill, the *keller*, or *garçon* perceived it; and being much subject to disorder of the stomach, he with great frankness volunteered some medicine which he had procured for himself, from his uncle, who was a medical man. Had we been willing to accept it, he would freely have given us the whole bottle of medicine, which he very earnestly pressed, saying with great simplicity—*Si cela fait du bien à Madame, c'est la même chose que si je le prenais moi-même.* Though the vast influx of travellers into Switzerland cannot fail insensibly to operate on the character and manners of the inhabitants of the more frequented places, it was pleasing frequently to recognise instances of all that we are accustomed to associate with the native simplicity of the Swiss.

We were much gratified, towards nightfall, to be serenaded by several sweet female voices, singing the peculiar and romantic airs of this mountain region. In some parts of the Alps, the ancient custom still lingers, of sounding the *alpenhorn* in the evening; not only as the *kuhreihn*, or cattle call,—but as a salutation in which we may perceive the traces of those devout feelings, which these scenes appear so calculated to cherish. When the sun had already set in the valley, and his last light still clung to the snowy summits, the herdsman who dwelt the highest up the mountain-side, proclaimed through his horn *Lobet Gott den Herrn* ;* which words were repeated by the neighbouring herdsmen, till all the surrounding rocks and mountains became vocal to the praise of their Creator, and re-echoed the pious anthem *Lobet Gott den Herrn*. After this, it is said, a solemn silence was accustomed to prevail, while all knelt down, and uttered, bare-headed, their evening prayer. The horn then sounded, through the increasing shadows, the parting words *Gute Nacht*,† when all the other horns, and the surfaces of the rocks, responded *Gute Nacht* ;—which was the signal for these children of the Alps to retire to rest.

Remains of this interesting custom are still to be met with; and similar characteristics of distant times are frequently recognised by the traveller, in

* Praise God the Lord.

† Good night.

the remoter places, in such salutations as *Gott grüss' euch* ;*—*Guten Morgen geb' euch Gott* ;†—*Gute Nacht geb' euch Gott*.‡ The influence of France on Switzerland has, no doubt, grievously corrupted many parts of this country ; but traces are everywhere to be seen of a purer and more simple age.

The little church of Grindelwald is Protestant, as is the bulk of the population of the Bernese canton. There was nothing in the building to attract notice ; but under the porch was an object which mournfully harmonised with the awful sublimity of the surrounding scene. It was a grey marble tablet, with the following affecting inscription :

Aimé Mouron, Ministre du Saint Evangile,
Cher à l'Eglise par ses talens et sa piété ;
Né à Chardonne dans le Canton de Vaud,
Le 111 Oct, 1791 ;
Admirant dans ces montagnes
Les ouvrages magnifiques de Dieu,
Tomba dans un gouffre
De la mer de glace ;
Le 31 Aout 1821.
Ici repose son corps,
Retiré de l'abîme apres 12 jours,
Par Ch. Burgener du Grindelwald.
Ses parens et ses amis,
Pleurant sa mort prématurée,
Lui ont élevé ce monument.

Heureux des à present ceux qui meurent au Seigneur.

Apoc. xiv. 13.

* May God greet you.

† May God give you a good morning

‡ May God give you a good night.

The simplicity of this plain inscription is peculiarly affecting. It tells, in few words, the melancholy tale, and leaves the imagination to supply the rest. The churchyard was lonely, and no human being was near, except the dead. The wildness of the mountains that towered immediately above, became more deeply impressive; and they seemed to have an aspect of ruthless horror, as they frowned on the sod that covered the remains of one who had fallen a victim in the attempt to climb their dreadful precipices. In contemplating such a scene, it was scarcely possible not to feel the mind recalled from its ordinary thoughts, and filled with a train of solemn and mingled emotions; which were only interrupted by repeated sounds by no means familiar, though distinctly heard; and somewhat resembling slight and distant claps of thunder. These noises I concluded must arise from the falling of *avalanches* among the mountains; and hearing a repetition of the same noise while in the common room of the inn, on inquiry, I was told it was a *lavange*, or avalanche; and that it is common for them here to be heard to fall many times every day.

These avalanches may take place at all seasons; for in the Oberland it is not at all unusual, even in the summer, as we ourselves often witnessed, for snow to fall on the mountains during the night; and to throw a fleecy mantle over their lower

parts, which were before bare. When this new snow falls on the frozen surfaces of former snows, it easily forms avalanches; for the wind blowing on the higher summits detaches successive masses of the recent fall; and they accumulate as they descend from ledge to ledge of the sloping rocks, till they often acquire an immense magnitude. Men and cattle have frequently been extricated from avalanches of this kind, which had buried them, as the snow is soft and not very compact. The sun, moreover, frequently so acts on the *glaciers*, in summer, as to produce avalanches of them: vast masses of ice are tumbled into the valleys, and have been known to be propelled down inclined planes of many miles in length.*

* Montgomery beautifully compares the effects of the invasion of Switzerland by republican France, in 1798, to the desolations produced by these falls; though some parts of the description are more applicable to the snow avalanche:

“ By a hundred winters piled,
When the glaciers dark with death,
Hang o’er precipices wild,
Hang—suspended by a breath:

If a pulse but throb alarm,
Headlong down the steep they fall;
For a pulse will break the charm,—
Bounding, bursting,—burying all.

Struck with horror stiff and pale,
When the chaos breaks on high,
All that view it from the vale,
All that see it coming, die!

Sometimes, in the winter season, furious whirlwinds, which tear up the rock-planted pine, and overturn the habitations of men, will snatch masses of snow from the Alpine summits, and drive them along in clouds, like the sands of the Arabian deserts; till they fill up immense tracts of the valleys; and bury beneath them the tallest way-posts which are set up to direct the traveller.

In the spring, the enormous heaps of snow that have collected during the winter, and have been bound together by frost, become detached by a sudden thaw; and the deep silence of the Alpine villages is broken by the thunderings of the avalanches, which re-echo through the mountains. Even the solid crags are often torn away by them in their fall; and whole forests, immense quantities of earth, with huge masses of rock, and of hard frozen snow, are precipitated together, in wild disorder, and hurled with great violence into the valleys; so that houses, and sometimes entire villages, have been overwhelmed in sudden and hideous ruin. In a few moments, all vestiges of human industry are as if they had never been; and Nature, as though indignant at the encroachments

In a day and hour accurst,
O'er the wretched land of TELL,
Thus the Gallic glacier burst,
Thus the Gallic glacier fell!

Wanderer of Switzerland.

of man upon her domains of ice and snow, takes destructive reprisals, as it were, on his boldness, with her terrible avalanches, and her bursting torrents.*

In the spring, when there is most danger to be apprehended, in consequence of the change of temperature, not only the convulsions which the air undergoes by means of thunder and storms, but even the least vibration,—such as that occasioned by the bells on horses' heads, the crack of a whip, or even speaking aloud, is said to have power to bring down an impending avalanche. On this account, travellers who have to cross mountains, often set

* During the passage of a French army over the Splügen pass, at the gorge of Cardinell, a poor drummer was carried down into an abyss by an avalanche from above: the snow had so far preserved him from being injured in falling, that he was able to extricate himself from it; and to beat his drum as a signal of distress;—but it was in vain! hours elapsed, and the sounds were still heard; but none, alas! could rescue the poor soldier from his frightful fate.

In the canton of the Grisons, which has been especially subject to the ravages of avalanches, the small village of Rueras was visited with such a calamity, in 1749, during the night: but, strange to say, the shock was in this instance so unfelt at the moment, that, according to the testimony of about fifty or sixty persons who were dug out of the snow, it was only known by the extraordinary length of the darkness, and the morning not returning as usual! To about forty individuals it never returned more! Similar catastrophes, of greater or less extent, happen in Switzerland almost every year.—See *Beuttis's Views*.

off very early in the morning, before the snow has begun to soften in the sun ; and the guides sometimes fire a pistol, previously to reaching those spots where they know there is most danger, in order to bring the masses at once down from the mountains, while the party is in a place of safety. Tremendous noises frequently precede the fall of avalanches ; which omen aids the traveller to escape. Their magnitude is sometimes so enormous that they have been known to cover a valley to the extent of three miles from the base of the mountain ; and their destructive effects, in altering the course of streams, and in causing floods, have been felt at the distance of many miles from the place at which they were precipitated.

“ Oft rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll ;
From steep to steep loud thundering down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;
And herds and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets, sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin hurled.”

END OF VOL. I.

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ERRATA TO VOL. I.

Page 64, line 12, *for* fifty per day, *read* near fifty-eight per week.

— 105, Note, line 6, *for* zukommt, *read* zukommt.

**THE
CONTINENT**

IN 1835.

SKETCHES

IN

**BELGIUM, GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, SAVOY
AND FRANCE;**

INCLUDING HISTORICAL NOTICES;

AND

**STATEMENTS RELATIVE TO THE EXISTING ASPECT OF THE
PROTESTANT RELIGION IN THOSE COUNTRIES.**

BY JOHN HOPPUS, M. A.

**PROFESSOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND AND LOGIC,
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.**

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IN 1835.

LETTER XII.

Valley of Lauterbrunnen—The Jungfrau—The Staub-bach—Interlachen—English Chapel—Vicinity of Interlachen—Hofstetter's *Pension*—Awkward situation on the Aarderberg—Unterseen—The Jungfrau—Road to the Valley of Frutigen—Chalets—Village of Frutigen—Kanderthal—Kandersteg—Advice of Guides.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—On leaving Grindelwald, we returned to Zweilutschinen, a place so called from the *two streams* that here meet; the combined waters of which were on our left, on the road from Interlachen. One of these torrents accompanied us from the glaciers of Grindelwald, and is called the Schwartz-lutschin, or *black torrent*;—the other,

the Weiss-lutschin, or *white torrent*, flows from the valley of Lauterbrunnen; the names of these streams being indicative of their difference of colour. The valleys of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen are separated by a chain of mountains; so that we retraced our steps, and having recrossed the rustic bridge, proceeded towards the latter narrow valley. We were now literally walled in, on both sides, by stupendous mountains; and before us reared its mighty head the colossal Jungfrau, which rises from this romantic valley to the amazing height of 10,400 feet; or 12,900 above the sea.

This awful mass is more elevated than any of the mountains of Grindelwald; and is regarded as the most magnificent of all the *Northern* chain, or of the *Helvetian* Alps,—the range which runs north of the Valais, commencing with Mount Sanetz, and reaching, in a north-easterly direction, to the St. Gothard; which is situated between the cantons of Uri and Ticino.

In ascending the valley of Lauterbrunnen, the view of the Jungfrau is exceedingly grand. The extreme whiteness and brilliancy of the perpetual snows which cover its enormous sides, and its vast massy head,—and the towering pinnacles which seem to rise from numerous basins and gorges into some pure elemental region, far above

all the dark abutments of the base, conveyed to the mind an impression of elevation greater than we had before received; and it was impossible not to feel astonishment, in the contemplation of this vast heap of Alps: with such majesty and solidity, do they appear piled up to the very heavens. The glaciers of this throne of eternal snows should be viewed, we understood, from the Steinberg, a neighbouring mountain; or from the side next the Valais: as, from these positions, they are seen branching out to an immense extent; especially the glacier of Aletsch, which reaches upwards of twenty miles in length, and nearly to the Rhone.

The Jungfrau is such an assemblage of terrific rocks, and frightful precipices, that its summit was long supposed to be quite inaccessible. Some thirty years ago, an unfortunate individual who attempted the ascent, was never heard of more; and was believed to have fallen into some one of the yawning chasms on the side of the mountain, and to have perished, either by an instantaneous death, or by being carried down with an avalanche, so as to linger for a time in an abyss of eternal snow, conscious of the hopeless horror of his situation! Unintimidated by his unhappy fate, two brothers named Meyer, determined, in July 1811, to obtain the perilous honour of planting their feet, where no

human being had ever been known to tread before. After they had spent one night on the ice, their attendants lost courage and returned ; the brothers, however, persevered, though almost blinded by the dazzling brightness of the snow ; and passed another night still higher in this frozen and hazardous region. On the following day, they proceeded in the ascent, wearing black veils to protect their eyes ; and after intense and perilous labour, they at length gained the loftiest snows of the Jungfrau, in a heaven which they described as of a pure, deep, and cloudless azure. They raised a flag on this unearthly spot, and descended in safety. At Grindelwald we saw, in the travellers' book, a long account of an unsuccessful attempt made, a few days before, by a young Scotchman. He and his guides had undergone great dangers, and, in their descent, had let themselves down awful precipices with ropes. The attempt was to be made again on the following Monday, but as the weather on that day was wet, it must have been deferred.

The village of Lauterbrunnen has an air of considerable comfort, and a very picturesque appearance,—being plentifully ornamented with trees, and enclosed by stupendous walls of rock : its pretty-looking new church gives it a modern appearance, which is interestingly contrasted with the surrounding antiquities of nature. The inn at the entrance of the

village, from Grindelwald, is commodious, and its back windows command a magnificent view of the piled masses of the Jungfrau. Opposite the little church, and on the right side of the valley, is the Staub-bach cascade, one of the most celebrated waterfalls in this land of the sublime and the beautiful. The long line of perpendicular rock, fringed with pines along the summit, down which it is precipitated into the valley, resembles an enormous rampart that might have been reared up to defend some Babylon of giants, by a race like those who were fabled to have heaped Ossa upon Pelion.

The Staub-bach descends from a height of about nine hundred feet. Two slender streams, falling from the top of the rock, dash against it, together, perhaps about half-way down,—then blend their waters, and hasten to the valley. The whole has an exceedingly light and airy effect, rather elegant than grand, as the quantity of water is but small, compared with the vast height of the fall. In the descent, the water is so foamy and dispersed, that, at a distance, it is like a misty veil hanging from the wall of rock, and undulating in the zephyr. This is an exquisitely beautiful cascade; and its name, *dust-stream*, may be derived from its being so much scattered in spray. Whether the fall is materially altered in its character by a wetter season we did not learn; but it is easy, in this neighbourhood, to trace the effects of those violent storms of

rain, which sometimes, on a sudden, swell the streams into raging cataracts, that flood the valley, and sweep rocks, trees, the dwellings of man, and the fruits of his agricultural labour, all before them, in one common desolation.

On our return to Interlachen, we established ourselves at the agreeable *Pension* of Christen Hofstetter. This is one of about a dozen, or more, very respectable boarding-houses; at which, for the sum of five or six francs per day, provisions and lodging, with every comfort, may be obtained.

Probably no spot in Switzerland is so much frequented as a rural place of residence, during the summer months, as this. Last season, there were, here, in all, seven hundred visitors, of whom five hundred were English. The day after our return from Lauterbrunnen was Sunday; and as two of our party were invalids, I went alone to the English chapel; which is part of the ancient Augustine monastery, and nunnery; situated in a spot which is finely shaded by noble walnut and lime trees. In 1431, the nunnery was suppressed by the reigning pope, on account of the disorders and irregularities that here took place. The clergyman who officiates, during the summer, is from the English episcopal church at Nice,—a very respectable and excellent man; and his sermon was decidedly evangelical and faithful. The number of the hearers could not be less than a hundred and fifty, or two hundred.

Interlachen, the name of which would seem, originally, to have been Roman, is situated, as the word imports, between two lakes,—those of Brientz and Thun, in a beautiful valley, walled towards the east, west, and north, by mountains; but, on the south, opening into a plain, in the midst of which rises a high green hill, which is so easy of access that it is called the ‘Lady’s Mountain.’ The Aar, which flows between the two lakes, has three bridges over it: two of these, across its separate streams, unite it with the small, ancient, and dilapidated village of Unterseen; the name of which signifies the same as ‘Interlachen.’ Immediately over this village, frown the bare and stupendous rocks of the Aarderberg mountain. The roads which intersect the valley are excellent; and if it were not for the mountains, and the Swiss cottages, you might suppose yourself in England;—so green is this fine umbrageous vale; and so fertile is its soil.

An agreeable sylvan walk, of short extent, on the other side of the Aar, leads to a promontory which projects into the western end of the lake of Brientz: here are situated the hamlet and church of Ringgenberg; and the ruined tower of an old castle embosomed in trees. This scene is singularly picturesque; having very much the effect of an island on the lake; especially in coming in a boat from Brientz. The main road, leading from

the head of the lake, through the village, is wide and perfectly level, with rows of lofty walnut trees on each side; so as to have quite a sylvan, English effect. The road through Unterseen, to Neuhaus, on the eastern shore of the lake of Thun, is equally good, and is about two miles long, and almost straight. The valley here, also, is rich, with well-cultivated fields, in every part of it; and is bordered by mountains, considerably lower than those which are immediately above Interlachen; on which, more than once, during our stay, we observed the newly-fallen snow, in the morning.

Indeed this is one of the most picturesque situations in the whole country. You are embosomed in mountains;—near two of the finest lakes;—in a lovely, rich, and fertile vale;—with the snows of the gigantic Jungfrau in view, between the gorges of other mountains:—in the neighbourhood are Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen, and other scenes of beauty and grandeur: so that, here, there is an assemblage,—within a comparatively small compass,—of some of the most romantic and sublime features of this truly extraordinary country. Add to which, there is an English evangelical ministry;—while almost every comfort is to be procured in the boarding-houses, that English habits can desire; which is not the case in every part of Switzerland. At a little shop, which is called the Public Library, Galignani's Messenger is regularly obtained from Paris.

At the *table d'hôte* of our *Pension*, was a motley assemblage, and almost a Babel of languages. There was a Russian lady of distinction, and part of her family, who spoke German and French; a Dutch couple; a Spaniard; Swiss, from the French cantons; and many English, who everywhere, since we had left England, formed the majority of travellers. Great decorum prevailed, and we did not observe that any cards or dice were introduced,—so commonly to be seen in the German inns. There was also affability enough even among the reserved English, to render it probable, that if any one of the company had fallen into the Aar at the end of the orchard,—the joke might not have been practically exemplified,—of one ‘Englishman declining to save another from drowning, on the ground of not having previously been formally *introduced*.’

The numbers continually varied; as, on most days, some were arriving, and some departing: some returning, to tell of what they had seen in their respective tours; others setting out to visit Lucern, or Thun; or to ascend the Wengern Alp, in order to watch the avalanches of the Jungfrau; or to explore the frozen glaciers:—these travellers would be distinguished by their mountain costume; consisting of a light frock and pantaloons, a wallet, an alpenstock, or spiked pole,—and, sometimes, a pair of sandals with iron spikes, for safety in walk-

ing over slippery paths. It is not uncommon in Switzerland to meet a party of holiday school-boys accoutred in this way; and alping is a favourite amusement with the German students.

Two days of almost incessant rain, and the indisposition of two of our party,* prevented me, during the week of our stay here, from going to any distance; and I did little but read at home; or walk about the immediate neighbourhood; or watch the white, misty clouds which frequently dimmed, and half-shrouded the mountains,—giving them that air of mystic and spectral grandeur, which is thrown over vast objects, by indistinctness of outline, and is one among the many interesting phases of nature, in this land of sublimities.

The orchard of Hofstetter's *Pension* is bordered by the rapid Aar, which runs from the lake of Brienz into that of Thun. Immediately on the other side of the river, rises the Aarderberg mountain; reaching like a huge rampart all along the vale of Interlachen, and terminating in the prodigious rocks which overhang Unterseen. This mountain is clothed to the very ridge with forests, excepting where the numerous Alpine torrents

* Interlachen has the advantage of the medical skill of Dr. Charles Ebersold. This amiable man is very successful, and indefatigable in his profession; and, in visiting his patients, is constantly taking long and fatiguing journeys among the mountains.

have worn for themselves deep channels in the rocks, from the summit to the base. A short ascent leads to an arbour; and higher up the mountain, is a beautiful patch of greensward, which is so steep that it is exceedingly difficult to climb: the trouble however is repaid by the beauty of the scene which here presents itself. The picturesque village of Interlachen lies below:—in front is the Jungfrau, which is almost everywhere seen in these parts, in consequence of its vastness, and its height: the two lakes are expanded on the right and left; and the beautiful and smiling valley is between them: the *tout ensemble* is magnificent.

Another solitary excursion in the same direction, on a subsequent day, was not quite so agreeable. Being desirous of seeing the prospect from the *summit* of the Aarderberg, I crossed the covered bridge situated at the point where the Aar issues from the lake of Brienz; and having obtained some information from a peasant as to what turns to take,—after some little difficulty, on account of the great steepness of the ascent, and the intervention of rocks which sometimes rendered necessary a circuitous route,—I found my way, through a vast pine-forest, to the ridge of the mountain. The view was of the same description as before, but more extended; comprising the valley on the other side of the Aarderberg, and the mountains beyond it; including a summit or two capped with snow.

I walked along the ridge of the Aarderberg, till I came opposite to Unterseen; and had a commanding view of the lake of Thun, and of the lofty summits that appear to surround its extremity. No one being near, I could obtain no information as to the track; and unfortunately lost myself. Thinking the descent would be nearer down to Unterseen, than to return the way I came, as the mountain is lower where it overhangs that village; and seeing, as I thought, a path, I followed it: but after descending for half an hour, I came to the edge of the perpendicular rocks above Unterseen, and found that the path I thought was *human*, was in reality only one worn by the goats; and that it was impossible to get down the mountain that way. I had now left home about four hours, and had been fatigued with the ascent; there was, however, no alternative left but to *re-ascend*, through the thick forest to the summit; and having gained it, to return by the way I came: but I missed the path; and became entirely confused, by perceiving a number of similar narrow tracks, leading in different directions.

After another hour's laborious exertion, in attempting, in vain, to find my way back to the mountain-top, through the wood; and being by no means easy with respect to my situation and prospects—I resolved to change my plan, and instead of either ascending or descending, to endeavour, as much as

the thickness of the forest, and the ruggedness of the rocky soil would allow, to keep horizontally along the declivity, in hopes of coming to one of those ravines which, from the valley, I had observed running from the top to the base of the mountain. In the course of these exertions I became so exhausted, from having nothing whatever with me to eat or drink, that I was obliged to lie down several times, in order to gain fresh strength.

At length, I succeeded in arriving at one of the ravines, which led down with a very steep inclination to the base of the mountain; and partly by the help of my umbrella, and partly by clinging to the roots of the trees which the wintry torrent had left bare,—I was able, for a while, to slide down the shelving plates of rock, of which this dry channel consisted;—till I came to a place where the rocks were so steep, and the ledges so far apart, that I was compelled to abandon the attempt to proceed further in that direction. Here I could see the river Aar, and the village of Interlachen, with Hofstetter's boarding-house, immediately under me; and could hear distinctly the dogs barking, the men thrashing; and what would have been a mockery of hunger, if the desire of safety had not predominated over mere animal wants, I heard the *table d'hôte* bell ring for dinner. Yet there was one other consideration more painful

than all the rest—it was, the anxiety which would be felt, especially by one, on my account. I was in a situation which admitted of no delay, as it was now getting towards evening; and the bare possibility of having to pass the night on the mountain-forest, crossed my mind with an appalling force, and caused me to redouble my exertions.

With considerable additional efforts, I scrambled my way through the underwood, on the steep and rugged flank of the mountain, and at length struck into another ravine,—again met with the same difficulty,—arising from the precipitousness of the rocky channel,—and again endeavoured to make a sweep, through the wood, round to a lower part of the same ravine. I came to it again, and found that my only way to get upon it, was to let myself down between two very steep and narrow rocks that led to it; which, by the help of my umbrella, and by clinging to the trees that projected from the crags, I at last effected, not without great exertion, and got on to a mass of loose stone and gravel that lay at the base of the mountain, which I now reached without much difficulty. A man who was passing in one of the little flat boats that navigate the Aar, put me across into Hofstetter's orchard, through which I was glad to steal into the house; for my clothes had suffered considerably.

I had been seven or eight hours on the mountain; and got home at last, feeling gratitude to

Providence, for my preservation ; and with no other inconvenience than torn clothes, scratched and blistered hands, and a wakeful night ; for I was too excited to sleep, being continually possessed with the idea that I was falling down frightful precipices. One lesson was learned by this awkward adventure, —which was, never in future, without a guide, to attempt the ascent of even so humble a mountain as the Aarderberg is, as compared with its snow-crowned superiors.

The day before we left Interlachen, being the Sabbath, the parish-church of Unterseen was open at nine in the morning, the usual time of service in the Protestant churches throughout our line of travel. The church was full of people ; and there was an air of devout intelligence about them ; and that appearance of personal neatness and comfort, which the traveller may often observe, as forming a striking contrast with what is frequently seen in the rural parts of Catholic districts ; though the ancient village of Unterseen itself, has a decayed and uninviting appearance, which would disappoint those whose associations were formed by the exhibition of it at the Diorama. The uniform, black head-dress of the women, made of silk and lace, gave a remarkably solemn appearance to the crowded assembly ; and had almost the effect of a general mourning. The elders of the church, and the magistrates, sat in the old stalls which surround the chancel of this

homely building, and the clergyman wore a black gown with loose sleeves, and a white ruff round his neck, resembling the dress in which the puritan ministers are frequently represented. The sermon was a faithful and affectionate appeal, preparatory to the Lord's supper, which was about to be administered.

The Sabbath appeared to be observed, here, with decorum ; and the bulk of the population of Unterseen seemed to frequent the church. But the attentions which visitors require at the boarding-houses at Interlachen, probably have an injurious tendency on the habits of the people ; as they are so much occupied in waiting on their inmates ; in this village too there is no German church, Interlachen being part of the parish of Unterseen. On the way back across the Aar, the glowing morning had thrown its radiance gloriously over the snowy masses of the Jungfrau, of which a magnificent view presented itself from the bridge. It shone in the brilliant sun, towering majestically above all the nearer Alps, like a vast throne of burnished silver, and had an effect altogether splendid ; seeming well to harmonise with the ideas of triumph, and of glory that are associated with the Saviour's resurrection-morn.

We went to the English forenoon service, which was exceedingly well attended ; and the discourse, both in its doctrine, and its spirit, entirely harmo-

nised with our views and feelings : but in the evening, we heard from the same gentleman a sermon advocating the personal reign of Christ on earth ; on which subject, the preacher though a young man, spoke with much decision,

On the following morning we left Interlachen, to proceed to the Kanderthal, or valley of the Kander. Our road lay under the Abendberg mountain, along the south side of the lake of Thun, one of the most beautiful in Switzerland ; near the south-western shore of which, and from five to six thousand feet above its level, rise the Niesen, and the Stockhorn. After passing the village and castle of Spietz, romantically situated at the water's edge, we bade adieu to this enchanting lake, reflecting from its bosom the vast masses that immediately surround it, and we proceeded to ascend a mountain road.

During this day's journey, among humbler summits, were pointed out to us some which belonged to the more gigantic of the Alps. The appearance of the snowy peaks of the higher mountains, when seen from a considerable distance, is, in some states of the atmosphere, extremely beautiful ; they resemble elegant, shadowy cones, afloat on a sea of exquisitely pencilled clouds.

We continued our route along the valleys of Frutigen and Kander ; and the former part of the journey was through scenes of surpassing richness. The verdure and fertility of the soil ; the variety

and beauty of some of the mountains, clad with trees; the sublimity of others; and their novel and grotesque forms, surrounded at their bases everywhere, with verdant fields, and all the richness of Alpine pasturage—were, this day, a source of perpetual interest; and no journey we had taken in Switzerland, left on our minds a greater impression of the beautiful and the picturesque. The chalets, on the sides of the mountains, and occasionally the grazing cattle, added life to a scene of grandeur and loveliness. In this part of the Bernese Oberland, including the adjacent valleys of the Ober and Nieder Simmenthal, it is said that the chalets are upwards of twelve thousand in number; a mark of the fertility of the soil, of these Edens of Switzerland.

The chalets vary in size, and fitting up, according to the wealth of the owner, or the purposes for which they are designed. They are built entirely of wood: the walls consist of pine trees, rudely hewn square; or even left whole, merely having the bark off; and these timbers are usually placed at some distance from each other. The roof is constructed of thick layers of wood, bound together with rafters, and loaded with great stones, as a security against the wind. The smaller chalets, of which there are great numbers, are mere rustic barns; where the provender that has been gathered on the mountain valleys and terraces, in the sum-

mer, is laid up for the use of the cattle, during the winter; or where they themselves are sheltered. In the summer, the cattle are driven to the highest pastures; and some of the lower chalets are constructed of a size to admit of being employed as cottages for the cow-herds, with conveniences for making butter and cheese. Some chalets are of a superior order to the above, being, in fact, snug little houses on the mountain pastures, and belonging to those peasant farmers who have saved some money.

No one can pass through Switzerland, without being struck with the marks of industry which are perpetually to be seen. In all the lower valleys, many of which are, like this district, extremely luxuriant and productive, agriculture reigns; while the higher regions that are within the line of vegetation, are appropriated to pasturage. The vale of Frutigen has evidently repaid the industry of its inhabitants; as is to be seen in the indications of fruitfulness, and the numerous human habitations, with which it abounds. The vicinity of the lakes of Thun and Brienz, must also prove of an advantage to these valleys, in respect to transport, which others do not enjoy.

Frutigen is a superior, and very agreeable village, containing good houses, and a comfortable inn; and commanding a view of some of the distant snow-mountains of the northern range. Having here

recruited,—we next entered the Kander-thal, which is a narrower, and less beautiful valley, than that we had recently left. The latter part of the road became exceedingly wild and steep; surrounded by rocky mountains, with falls of water; while the roaring stream, called the Kander, was rushing through the valley, on our right. No journey had, as yet, interested us, on the whole more than this;—so various was the scenery;—so rude and lofty many of the mountains;—so fertile and lively the plains;—so rich the pastures for the cattle, especially during the former part of the day:—and, occasionally, a ruined castle, looking down upon us from a lofty height, told the tale of the chivalry of bygone times, and blended, in imagination, all that is fierce in human passion, with the grandeur and the beauty of surrounding nature. In short, during this day, several of the scenes were exactly of the kind appropriately known by the name of *Suisse*.

For a considerable part of the year, some of the streams, which we this day crossed, must be wholly impassable by carriages. One of them was an overflow of the river Kander; and in consequence of the rains which had fallen while we were at Interlachen, the current was so impetuous, and so powerful, that we saw it turn over stones of large dimensions; and the struggling of the torrent against our vehicle, convinced us that we were fortunate in having the weight of four persons in it, besides the driver.

In the evening, we reached the solitary hamlet of Kandersteg, shut in by mountains partly coned with snow;—a spot having a peculiarly desolate and gloomy aspect, from the barrenness of the whole neighbourhood, and the absence of foliage. This dreary village is situated at the northern foot of the Gemmi, and near the base of the glacier-throned Blümlis-alp. The coldness of the evening air, blowing from the snowy regions of the mountains rendered the fire in the homely saloon of the inn extremely agreeable.

This little inn, is a complete Swiss cottage, wholly built of wood, with a gallery on each side. The accomodations were the rudest we had met with. We had been told at Interlachen by a *courier* belonging to a family at Hofstetter's that the landlord was a '*perfect brigand*;' so that had we indulged imagination, we might have been almost prepared to meet with a sort of *Giant Despair* in this wild and savage wilderness. In this representation, however, there might be pique, as is not seldom the case between couriers and landlords: for the couriers often assume great consequence, and are as well served at the inns as the families themselves; as all arrangements are generally left to them. We found the landlord not wanting in civility, though certainly rough and unpolished. But the night we spent here, was the oddest that had occurred to us. The inn was so full that it was with

difficulty all could be accommodated; indeed, some were obliged to sit up; so that talking was heard all night long; and the uproar produced by the dragging of beds up and down stairs, doors opening and shutting, and the whole wooden house creaking, was such, that sleep was impossible.

The rooms were all so near each other, and so thinly boarded, that the annoyances that were met with, became public; and were announced by some English gentlemen with no small degree of merriment: especially was this occasioned by the loud complaints that were heard, towards morning, respecting the devastations which had been committed by hordes of fleas.

We had come to Kandersteg, with the view of crossing the Gemmi; and having heard so much of the terrors of the *descent* of this lofty and abrupt mountain, on the side next the Valais,—it required courage, in some of our party, who had recently been invalids, to undertake so arduous a journey, over the most curious and extraordinary pass in all Switzerland. But we had ascertained that, with proper attendants, and our own precautions, there would be no real danger. The general cause of the lamentable accidents that have sometimes occurred to travellers in this country, has been their neglecting to follow, in all points, the advice and conduct of the guides; who, as they are constantly traversing the same mountains, are necessarily acquainted with all the dangers.

They always advise travellers who are about to cross over the higher regions of the Alps, to start early in the morning; to remember that it is less dangerous to *ascend* than to *descend*; and to avoid being out late in the evening; as this is the period when thunder storms generally come on. They caution strangers respecting the hazard of crossing the snow-mountains before the spring-avalanches have fallen; or immediately after a long-continued season of wet,—when there are frequent falls of the masses of rock, which are detached from the precipitous crags. They also inculcate the necessity of striving, as much as possible, against allowing a paroxysm of alarm to seize you, in travelling along the edge of a precipice; and exhort you to be sure to keep up your spirits.

LETTER XIII.

Departure from Kandersteg for the Gemmi—Mannschaft—Ascent—Schwarbach—Canton of Wallis—Snows of the Gemmi—Dau-
ben See—Glaciers—View of the Pennine Alps from the Gemmi—Descent—Activity of the mountain-guides, in bounding
along the edges of precipices—The Valley—Leuker-Bad—Avalanches—Journey to Leuk—Valley of the Rhone—Roman-
tic view of Leuk—Romanism—Charnel-house Chapel—Cos-
tume—Valley of the Rhone—Sion—Recent Avalanche from the
Dent Blanche—Goitres—Martigny—Deluge of 1818—Upper
and Lower Valais.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—On the morning after our ar-
rival at Kandersteg, we set out to cross the Gemmi.
The courier whom we had seen at Interlachen, had
told us that our Kandersteg host had two mules, the
larger of which was said to be a ‘stubborn, unma-
nageable, savage creature;’ and was described in no
measured terms, and with epithets not by any means

limited to terrestrial imagery. This had put us on our guard; and to avoid the possibility of having as a companion over such a mountain, an animal of so bad a character, care had been taken, the over-night, expressly to order a *horse*. In the morning, however, a large mule was brought out, ready saddled, and it was evident from the description, that this was the identical animal respecting which we had been cautioned. Fortunately, it so happened that there was still a horse in the stable; and in a few moments, at half-past six o'clock, the whole party, consisting of seventeen persons, and the horse, was in motion towards the mountain,—which rises abruptly from the end of the valley.

To avoid fatiguing the late invalids, we had two *chaises à porteurs*, which the men carried, by resting the poles on their shoulders; and not, as before, in their hands. Six *träger* or bearers, are required, two at a time, to each chair, for this laborious pass: and these twelve men, and a boy who assisted in leading the horse, on which one of the party was mounted, and in carrying some articles, completed the number of our *mannschaft*, as they term it. The horse led the way; next followed, the *chaises*; then myself; as usual, on foot. The appearance of these guides was wilder and more grotesque, than that of those who conducted us over the Brünig, almost every one wearing a nightcap instead of a hat, and each being, as usual, furnished with his

tobacco-pipe. They were in high spirits ; and began the march along the end of the valley at a good pace, singing the remarkably wild notes of their mountain-songs, under a bright and unclouded sky.

Having crossed a small stream, we soon reached the foot of the Gemmi, and began to ascend the only part of the mountain, that, for about three months of the year, is not covered with snow, which, on the remaining parts, is perpetual. A very steep and rugged ascent, consisting sometimes of the rudest stair-case, as it were, of rocks, from which we looked down on the valley of Kander, lying at an immense depth below, brought us, after two hours' labour, through a narrow pass of fir-crowned crags, and by the side of tremendous precipices, to the commencement of the extraordinary scenery of the Gemmi. Tracts of wild and dreary desolation, often with no visible path, lay before us ; and around, were snowy peaks, from which the fall of the avalanche repeatedly reached our ears. Yet a few chalets, some cattle, and a hut or two, at the commencement of this Alpine region, testified that nature yields something, even here : where, during the greater part of the year, frost and snow bind up all things under their wintry dominion.

It was interesting to see climate and situation marked by the successive productions of the vegetable kingdom ; from the shrubs of the mountain-base, to the hardy pine which shadowed its

sides, and the low heath that vegetated on the barren undulations of some of the higher parts;—all, in the region of eternal winter, the ice and snow began to wrap all things in a glazed and impenetrable mantle.

The inhospitable pastures of the Gemmi are bestrewed with strong vestiges of Alpine convulsion: the avalanche has left the traces of its devastating fall; and near the cottage-inn called Schwarbach, rocks, heaped in chaotic confusion one upon another, indicate the ruin of a mountain; which, at some period, is said to have occurred here, to such an extent, that it was overthrown to its base. While passing over these desolate plains, the men did not fail to sing, with a sort of frantic glee; and to shout, in tones so extraordinary, that we all agreed it would be difficult to imagine how any one could utter such sounds, who had not been used to imitate them from childhood: we supposed that the war-whoop of the Indian must be something similar. They did this, as they said, *um die Echo zu wecken*;* and, in one instance, five or six notes were distinctly repeated by the mountains.

The little solitary hut of Schwarbach is, now, only inhabited during three or four months of the year; for, throughout the long winters that here reign, the snow deeply covers the whole neighbourhood. About ten years ago, the master of this cottage,

* To awaken the echoes.

having remained in it till the winter was too far advanced, was buried under the snow for twenty days, with a very scanty supply of provisions; amid the thundering of avalanches, and the constant dread of death. In the attempts that were made, from the neighbouring valleys, to extricate him from his perilous situation, a party were very near perishing by an overwhelming avalanche from the Altels, one of the adjacent hoary mountains; which is seen rearing its pyramid of eternal snow, on the left, from the gloomy abyss of the Gasteren Thal.

Schwarbach was an acceptable resting-place, and furnished an agreeable repast of coffee, and milk; for the wine was too sour:—the guides, however, preferred it to our fare. On our entering the cottage, a young man who was taking a meal, rose from the table, and was so attentive to our wants, that we at first thought he was the landlord; we soon perceived, however, that he had the *tonsure*. Like all the priests we had met with, he seemed to make it a part of his profession to be courteous and polite. The *policy* of Rome appears sometimes to excel the *principle* of those who see her errors; and she is wise in her generation, and often proves a gainer by her skill. We were reminded, by this circumstance, and by the showy prints of the Madonna which hung on the walls, that we were now in the Catholic canton of the Wallis, or Valais.

After refreshment, and about an hour's rest, our guides proceeded with renewed alacrity; and seemed to acquire spirits in proportion to the elevation we had attained. As we pursued the rocky, slaty path, the sterility of the scene became more striking; and the air felt exceedingly cold, after the heat and exertion of the earlier part of the ascent:—indeed we found that we had exchanged summer for winter, having reached the height of nearly 7,000 feet. We here passed over several patches of half-frozen snow, which had drifted, or perhaps fallen in avalanches, from one of the hoary peaks which are based on this rocky and dreary plain, and are covered with snow down to its level. Snow also filled the cavities of several of the neighbouring rocks. On the highest part of the pass, is a dreary lake, about a mile in length, called the *Dauben See*, surrounded by hollow rocks, situated at the foot of snow-mountains, one of which is called the Rhinderhorn. This lake is fed from the neighbouring glacier of Lammern, which descended from another snowy cone on the right; and the chilling, searching air, that breathed on us through the icy gorge which lies between this peak, and the glaciers of Stroubel and Retzli on the south-west, rendered it easy to credit the testimony of the guides,—that these Alpine waters are frozen during about three quarters of the year.

The lake has no visible outlet on this wintry

plain, but is believed to supply a distant valley-stream, by subterraneous communication:— some have suspected its origin to be volcanic. The road runs close by its gloomy brink; and the guides were so full of glee that it seemed advisable continually to caution them; but they uniformly replied there was no danger, and *fürchten sie nicht* was reiterated continually throughout the day. Their merriment was sometimes so great, that in order to meet the wishes of our party, it was necessary occasionally to request them to make less noise; they were always perfectly good-humoured, and for the time, complied. Indeed the impressive silence and barrenness of the higher regions of the Gemmi, and its snowy peaks, tend to inspire the stranger with feelings of deep seriousness and awe; and the solemn presence of these hoary chroniclers, — the representatives of immemorial time, is felt almost to render boisterous mirth a sacrilege against the majesty of Nature, in her most sublime domains.

At length, an opening between the mountain summits presented a new scene:—and the Southern, or Pennine chain of Alps, burst into view, from the other side of the Valais, and far beyond the waters of the Rhone, like an impregnable barrier, between the inhospitable clime of Switzerland and the paradisiac plains of Italy; rearing in the blue horizon its pyramids of pure eternal snow;

among which, proudly claimed pre-eminence,—the Dent Blanche;—the Matterhorn, the slenderest needle of all the Alps, piercing the azure vault to the height of nearly 14,000 feet above the sea;—and the more stupendous Monte Rosa, second in altitude only to the arch-giant Mont Blanc itself.

The fleecy summits of these mountains were beautifully contrasted, in a clear sky, with the shadows from which they seemed to emerge, and with the darker masses that were near; and the whole effect was truly sublime. The impression instantaneously and powerfully felt, was—that, after all we had seen, of snows and glaciers, the grandeurs of creation, in these regions of wonder, were far from being exhausted;—Alps on Alps were still in reserve, in the boundless store-house of nature; and chaos after chaos seemed to rise on all sides, in this remarkable country, to testify to the majesty and omnipotence of the Creator, and the insignificance of the puny creature man !

‘ Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon, and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immoveable ;
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
As rather to belong to heaven than earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him ’tis an hour,
Whence he may date, henceforward and for ever !
To me they seemed the barriers of a world,
Saying,—thus far, no farther !’

Such scenes tend to raise the mind, for a moment, above earth;—to awaken thoughts of awe and wonder, and to fill the soul with emotions unutterable by language, and before unfelt:—but how soon are other, and far different associations, introduced! There is perhaps scarcely a mountain in this country, accessible to the foot of man, that has not resounded to the murderous sound of arms. Often have the pure snows of Switzerland been dyed with the blood of her bravest sons; and her towering summits, destined by nature only to witness the storms of heaven, have re-echoed to the skies, the thunder of war. The mountain-plain we were now crossing, rugged as it is, has not only been the scene of the march of troops; but strange to say, about sixty or seventy years ago, in a civil commotion among the two bordering cantons, pieces of heavy artillery were actually dragged down the frightful precipice of the Gemmi!

To this far-famed descent we were, all on a sudden, summoned. A terrific ledge now presented itself, looking down into an awful abyss of some thousands of feet in depth; beyond which lies stretched along, the rich valley of Leuk, a part of the Upper Valais. It is difficult to describe the tremendous appearance of this perpendicular wall of rock, which leads from the top of the Gemmi to the bathing-place called Leuker-Bad. The horse, and the men, were now immediately relieved

of their burthens, and we began, slowly and carefully, to descend this appalling precipice; each one holding the arm of a guide. The men also offered to us their spiked poles, used by those who traverse the higher regions, whether as hunters, or mineralogists, or general explorers of the wonders of nature. It may be added, that nothing can be more studiously civil and obliging, than the attentions manifested by these sons of the mountains,—especially to ladies, in an expedition, so novel, and apparently somewhat perilous, though to the guides, familiar.

The road has been partly hewn, and partly blown by means of gunpowder, with incredible labour, out of the solid rock. It was begun about a century ago, by the Bernese and the Vallais combined; and they finished it in five years. The face of the mountain is so nearly perpendicular, that from the top you perceive nothing but a few yards of the descent before you; and, in no part, do you see the way below you, to any farther extent. It is no exaggeration to say that here the consequences of one false step would be dreadful to contemplate; for, as we proceeded along the ledge of the rock, we were continually coming abruptly to the very verge of the abyss, and making sudden turns, with a sharp angle, so as to describe a zigzag path on the face of the rock; one part of the narrow way leading directly under the other,

and at each turn bringing into full view enormous flanks of the rocky mountain, of hundreds of feet in depth; while, above us, rose vast masses, over which we had before passed.


We were occasionally annoyed, by one or two of those of our night-capped attendants who were not employed in assisting us in the descent, bounding, with great rapidity; by us, with their alpenstocks,* after the manner of chamois hunters, on the side next the precipice, and on its extreme verge; though to us there appeared barely room for a third person. This gave some of our party such a thrill of horror, that we begged the vaulters to desist. Sometimes the rock was hollowed out so as to form a sort of gallery, projecting a little upwards on the side next the abyss, and conveying the idea of less danger;—at other times, we were on the bare ledge, alternately hemmed in by the walls of rock, and looking down upon the beautiful valley.

On the side of the mountain, on the left, against the bare perpendicular face of the rock, was pointed out to us a sort of sentry-box, at which a military watch was stationed by the Bernese, in the time of war between the two cantons. It appeared astonishing to think how any human being could get at so frightful and perilous a spot; and spend days and nights there!—The last half-hour of the descent was less difficult, as we were now come to paths of earth, at the base of the rock: still

* The spiked poles.

however the precipices continued, for a time, very steep. At length, after accomplishing this most extraordinary passage, some miles of which are worked out of the rock, we reached the valley; having occupied about two hours in the descent, which is said to be nearly two leagues in length.

We were now at the base of the mountain; and on looking back, the scene was impressively grand. The head of the valley appeared shut in by an angle formed of stupendous walls, composed of solid layers of rock, propping, as it were, the very heavens, whose glorious azure rested above them; and to scale such a rampart seemed a task utterly impossible to man; for, at Leuker-Bad, we could see no trace of the path along which we had travelled. The whole appeared above our heads, as one prodigious inaccessible barrier, frowning defiance on the humble valley; and we felt inclined to wonder how we could have descended such a prodigious, and almost perpendicular wall;—and still more so, to think how it was possible to form a road down it! But what will not the art and labour of man accomplish! He has scaled the most terrific Alps, to make himself a path to commerce or to conquest;—and, led on by curiosity or science, has planted his footsteps on the highest cloud-piercing summits, before untrodden since the creation. In a certain sense, what the Roman poet said of man, is literally true,—that nothing is



too difficult for him to attempt:—it is in the affairs of *eternity* alone that his powers seem paralysed;—to aspire to spiritual good,—to *labour for that which endureth to everlasting life*, is a work which evidently has little attraction for him, by nature; and the moral wreck and ruin of his being is strangely conspicuous, amidst the most splendid monuments which bear witness to his enterprise, and his genius.

After seven hours and a half of travelling, from Kandersteg, we arrived at Leuker-Bad, or the baths of Loësche; when the figure of a priest, at the entrance of the village, and a high cross on the outside of the little church, betokened the different destiny of this canton from that of Bern: for while the latter seemed everywhere to bear traces of the genial influences of the Protestant religion, the Valais is as conspicuously under the dominion of Romanism; and in few parts of Switzerland, perhaps, has it more deeply left its impress.

This elevated part of the valley, which is immediately under the Gemmi, is sometimes covered with snow so late as the middle of July. Upwards of a century ago, an avalanche almost buried the

* *Expertus vacuum Daedalus æra*

Pennis non homini datis :

Perrupit Acheronta Hercules labor :

Nil mortalibus arduum est :

Coelum ipsum petimus —.

little rustic town of Leuker-Bad ; and within these few years, it was deserted by its inhabitants, through the dread of a similar catastrophe, from the accumulated snows on the mountains. During the same winter, Biel, a village in the eastern part of the Valais, near the base of the Finster-aarhorn, was destroyed by a terrific avalanche, which is said to have fallen down a descent of four or five miles from the place at which it was first precipitated.

Leuker-Bad, in itself, can boast of few charms ; for though the baths are of great antiquity, and are much frequented, the exposure of the place to these Alpine desolations, has tended to produce in the minds of the inhabitants a feeling of insecurity, unfavourable to improvement. The town therefore has a considerable appearance of poverty : some new buildings, nevertheless, were going forward. There is a tolerable inn, which seemed to be also a boarding-house for the accommodation of those who come here to use the baths, or drink the waters, that issue from several very hot springs ; and are said, in their analysis, to resemble those of Bath. The cottagers avail themselves of the overflow of the waters for the washing of linen, as we observed from the window of the inn ; opposite to which was constructed a kind of reservoir. The large hot bath, designed for the invalid poor, is also at a short distance, where they bathe publicly, in brown dresses, and cut a very strange figure.

After we had paid and dismissed our guides, a group of them came, holding out their hands to us, and gave us a hearty shake; stating their own gratification in having conducted us, and that they were desirous of knowing whether we had thought well of their conduct:—on being assured that we were quite satisfied, they seemed delighted, gave us many good wishes, and, in high spirits, left us.

We left the baths to proceed to Leuk, in the valley of the Rhone, about four o'clock,—with two mules, a horse, and three guides; one of whom was a woman. We had supposed that the ground, after such a descent from the Gemmi, would be nearly level; but in this we were mistaken. The distance is ten or twelve miles, and is almost one continued rugged descent; sometimes on the brink of deep, and tremendous steeps. This latter part of the day's journey was exceedingly fatiguing; but we were amply repaid by the grandeur and beauty of the country; which, though of a totally different character from the dreary and terrific sublimity we had left behind us, was of a most interesting description. The road soon opened on the most romantic mountain scenery, rich in vegetation, with deep ravines on our left. Near the baths, is the singular village of Albinen, situated aloft on the Letchberg rocks; from which a communication with the valley of Leuk has been formed, by means of a series of ladders.

Often, the road became very precipitous and disagreeable for riding, and rugged enough even for the pedestrian. Some of the ravines, along the ledges of which we passed, were perfectly tremendous. The sides of these yawning abysses, however, were richly clothed with the dark foliage of lofty firs; and, occasionally, the turbulent, foaming torrent was disclosed in the depth below. By the side of one of these gulfs, was a small chapel with a showy figure of a saint. Indeed Popery, in the Catholic cantons, seems to reign over mountain, vale, lake, and torrent; and there are few situations, in which you are not reminded of the wide and disastrous dominion of a system, which looks even more artificial and grovelling than usual, amidst the simple majesty of nature.

Leuk is situated on a chalky rising ground, in the valley of the Rhone, which now opened to us. The view of this place, on approaching it, is imposing and romantic, in the extreme. The antique turrets of its castle, once an episcopal fortress, give it a most picturesque air; carrying back the fancy, in a lively manner, to the days of feudalism and chivalry: and the white cliffs of the mountains which bound the valley, skirted with the dark shade of the pines; the streams that rush in different directions to swell the rapid Rhone; the novelty of the objects; and the varied associations connected with looking down upon the magnificent high road, which leads

over the Simplon into Italy;—all conspired to throw an aspect of romance over the whole scene. Within a few hours' ride of Leuk, the Italian frontier begins, and we almost longed to see the classic plains; but though our route had been left open when we set out, we found that we had already planned quite enough work, without touching this attractive land: and had there been no other consideration, the apprehension that was felt in these parts respecting the cholera, which was said to be at Turin, and even to be feared in Savoy, would have deterred us from proceeding. The kindness of two Englishmen, whom we had met with at the Baths, and who arrived at Leuk before us, had already secured for us the best accommodations the inn could afford; and we were comfortably lodged.

The town of Leuk proved to have been, like many other things, deceptive when viewed at a distance. It is but a mean place, with little claims, in itself, to attention, though the approach to it is so imposing, and the scenery of the neighbourhood so singular and striking, especially on account of the course the Rhone pursues, between lofty calcareous mountains. In the morning, we visited a chapel, the walls of which were lined with an immense number of skulls, and other bones; the whole having a very gloomy and ghastly appearance. The place is fitted up with an altar in

mourning; but we had not time to inform ourselves of its history. It might, however, be, that the churchyard in which the chapel was situated, was too full, and required to be thus relieved; for a great number of human bones lay scattered on the surface of the ground, in a disgusting manner.

The altar seemed designed for the benefit of the departed: for the Romish church claims a dominion not less gigantic and absolute over the dead, than over the living; and can unlock, at her will, the gates of purgatory. A wife, a brother, a child, a husband, a father, a friend,—may, it is believed, be suffering unheard of torments in the purgatorial fires,—enduring all the ingenuity of torture that the malice of devils can inflict:—who then can be happy, while any pecuniary resources remain, without purchasing masses for the dead, that may deliver them from these agonies? Thus does Popery haunt the imagination of the devotee, not only on his own account, but also in reference to his deceased relatives. Witness the horrible representations which the traveller almost everywhere meets with in Catholic countries, of miserable naked wretches, with doleful expression of countenance, encircled by the fierce and spiral flames of purgatory; and tormented by demons, and various horrid inhuman shapes!

On looking into the church, which presented nothing remarkable, excepting the charnel-house, we

perceived that the young woman who had attended on us had taken the opportunity of leisure, to repair to her devotions,—a lesson often taught by Catholics to those of a better faith. Her attire was a specimen of the costume of the Valais; which is marked by a head-dress, tastefully arrayed, consisting of a hat of black silk, or velvet, with festoons of very wide ribbon round the crown.

One would suppose that the effect of so many visitors strolling into the Catholic churches, and gazing with an air of mere curiosity on the rites, and relics, which these poor people are taught to think so holy, must tend, in some measure, to lead them to reflect. They must see at least, now that the intercourse of nations is so great, what once they were scarcely aware of,—that all the world is not under the subjection of the priests. No effort is made, generally, to prevent strangers from walking about the churches, during service; and even while mass is going on, a gratuity will suffice to give you a sight of all that is curious.

From Leuk, the road lay along the valley of the Rhone, for about thirty-six miles, to Martigny, in the Lower Valais. The Rhone has its cradle in the glacier of Mount St. Gothard, in this canton; and the stream flows from north-east to south-west, through the whole length of this magnificent valley. A level, and excellent road, runs parallel with the Rhone, sometimes on one bank, and sometimes on

the other; and notwithstanding the Alpine magnificence of the scene, it was easy to perceive that this was quite a different track from any we had been in, since leaving the roads in the neighbourhood of the other mighty kindred stream, the Rhine. The increased pace of travelling; the occasional equipages that were either hastening from Italy, or proceeding in the contrary direction, undeterred by the reports respecting the cholera; the ponderous diligence which met us on its way from Geneva to Milan; and the carts of merchandise, or those belonging to the peasantry, and sometimes drawn by oxen, that were passing between the towns of this remarkable valley,—all united to give a character to this fine, hard road, different from that of any one on which we had as yet travelled in Switzerland.

The scene in every part of this extraordinary day's journey, was truly grand and imposing. The valley is fenced in, on both sides, by huge mountains, and lies between the two chains of the sublimest Alps; the bright summits of which sometimes came into view, beyond the neighbouring mountain-ramparts. This valley,—the *Vallis Pennina* of the Romans,—is the longest of all the valleys of Switzerland; extending nearly a hundred miles, from the glacier of the Furka, on the border of the Valais, to the lake of Geneva. As you travel, during many hours, along this noble

region, the effect is magnificent: you are accompanied at every step by the waters of the Rhone, which perpetually receives the tributary streams that find their way through the ravines of the lofty mountains on the right and left, on which the remains of towers and castles occasionally look down from the heights.

Three hours brought us to Sitten, or Sion, the ancient *Civitas Sedunorum*;—now the capital of the Valais, and a place of singularly picturesque appearance. The valley is here broad; and from the midst of it, close by the town, rise three high, and insulated rocks. The loftiest of these, called Turbeln, is surmounted by the ruins of the ancient episcopal palace; on the next, which bears the name of Valeria, stand the remains of the old cathedral: and on the third, called Meyerburg, is the present residence of the Bishop of Sion, erected in 1574. These crowned hills have a very romantic effect. The Rhone runs near the town, which is built on the Sitten, a stream which merges in the great river, and has its source in the glacier of the Geltenhorn. The sheltering mountains render the climate of this neighbourhood so mild, that the richest fruits grow in the open air; and great quantities were exposed for sale, at an exceedingly cheap rate, in the spacious and imposing main-street which runs through the town.

The valley of the Rhone seems to be the seat

of a deep and debasing superstition. The ornaments in the churches are often of the most tawdry description, with a great air of poverty. In one of the churches at Sion, we noticed a shocking figure of Christ on the cross as large as life, with the effects of the scourging represented. The body is covered with knots of gore, almost like bunches of black grapes, and the whole had a sickening effect. In this part of Switzerland are to be seen many of these tragical exhibitions: they generally included the crown of thorns, the temples streaming with blood, and the flesh extensively lacerated at the side, and protruding, so as to represent the effect of the spear; the whole being daubed with colour in imitation of blood and gore! Before these images you will often see groups of people, of all ages, bending with the utmost appearance of devotion.

While dining at the inn at Sion, an English gentleman, of whom there were several at the table, gave us an account of the avalanche, which had lately fallen, on the road from Martigny to Geneva; and respecting which we had heard many reports. It had descended near St. Maurice, from the mountain called the *Dent du Midi*; and had carried down with it, an immense quantity of the surface of the mountain; so that the valley was bestrewed, to the extent of a mile or more, with stones and earth, and the high-road washed up and

rendered impassable. Fifteen hundred men were said to have been employed in repairing the mischief, to make a passage for the diligence.

The peasantry of this whole valley are often hideously deformed by the *goitre*, which is sometimes nearly as large as the head of the individual. To render these huge wens less conspicuous, these unfortunate people often bandage the neck with folds of black silk. We observed, here, and in the cantons of Lucerne and Bern, numerous instances of this truly afflicting disorder. It is frequently accompanied with idiocy, which is said to exist more in Switzerland, especially in the Valais, than in any other part of the world. Various views have been entertained respecting the cause, or causes, which produce goitre; but the opinion seems to prevail, that it is to be traced to the *calc-tuff*, chiefly carbonate of lime, which is held in solution in many of the springs used for drinking.

As we advanced towards Martigny, with many miles of the flat straight road before us, the end of the valley appeared shut in by mountains; on one of which is a tower. Near Martigny, the valley widens, but is not much cultivated, as the land is exceedingly marshy. It now takes a turn to the westward, and the Rhone hastens to pour its waters into the lake of Geneva. The little town of Martigny is supposed to be the *Octodurum* mentioned by Caesar, and is situated on the Dranse, which here

falls into the Rhone: above the town, on a rock, stands the tower of the castle of La Bathia, one of the ancient fortresses of the Prince-Bishops of Sion; and fearfully associated with the terrors of the gloomy dungeons, and the secret tribunals, which tradition attaches to the days when temporal and spiritual tyranny were combined, to hold the world in chains. Martigny stands at the extreme end of this part of the valley of the Rhone, surrounded by an amphitheatre of high mountains; the torrents from which, render the soil extremely moist.

In 1818, a deluge from the valley of the Dranse, which runs into that of the Rhone, nearly swept away the whole town. The inhabitants were surprised to find that the waters of the Dranse were dwindling almost to nothing: it was ascertained that the bed of the river, in a narrow defile, had become choked up to the enormous height of four hundred feet, by the fall of avalanches and glaciers from the neighbouring mountains; and that behind this vast mass of ice and snow, the Dranse had collected, so as to form a lake of a mile and a half in length. Notwithstanding the Herculean exertions that were used, in attempting to make channels for the water through the ice, the mischief increased; and the waters, at length, burst forth with incredible fury, and a terrific roar, in a torrent a hundred feet deep, which drove everything before it, for the space of thirteen miles,—rocks,

ice, trees, bridges, houses, and cattle;—and in about an hour and a half it had reached Martigny, a distance of upwards of twenty miles. About four hundred cottages were swept away, and many lives lost !

It is this valley, that was the consecrated scene of the pious and apostolic labours of the evangelist Felix Neff. Oberlin, and Neff, were kindred spirits; and their histories are among the most interesting pieces of biography, which the annals of Christian benevolence can present.

The *Grande Maison*, at which we were lodged, at Martigny, is a commodious inn, with open corridors; and appears to have been a convent; of which the steeple remains, and some of the rooms are very curiously and antiquely vaulted and carved. The church, here, is in the usual showy, tarnished style; and contains one or two gory figures of Christ, similar to those we had previously remarked.

By some means, the inhabitants of this neighbourhood have not obtained the credit of being a very industrious community. Indeed the people of the Lower Valais, in general, are regarded as a distinct race from those of the Upper, or eastern part of the canton, near the source of the Rhone. The latter are probably of Teutonic extraction, and speak German: the inhabitants of the Lower Valais, or those who dwell westward of Siders, a place through which we passed between Leuk and

Sion, are a mixed race,—supposed to have been originally Celts, Gauls, Burgundians, and Romans. Every one who has the least pretension to education, in this part of the Valais, speaks French; but the language of the inferior class is a compound of French and German, with a mixture of Latin and Italian words. The people are said to be in a state of great ignorance, in consequence of the want of schools; and are very much under the dominion of the Romish priesthood: nor do they by any means make the most of the land on the borders of the Rhone, for the purposes of agriculture, and pasturage. The population of the Upper Valais bear a character, among travellers, in some respects superior to that of their neighbours, for industry, and the love of freedom.

The country of the Valais itself, is remarkable for the diversity of its animal and vegetable productions, and for the variety of its climate; the harvest being earlier in some parts than in others, by three or four months. It is the paradise of botanists, as its *Flora* contains many rare species; and its valleys and mountains, are the nursery of plants that are seldom to be found, elsewhere, in the same country; and which exist, apart, in different regions of the earth. To the entomologist, the mineralogist, and the geologist, the Valais is scarcely less interesting.

In the fifteenth century, the people of the Upper

Valais contended for superiority with those of the Lower, in a bloody war ; which ended, after many battles, and much desolation, in the subjugation of the Lower Valaise, by their more powerful neighbours.—The restoration of peace to Europe, in 1815, added the Valais, together with Geneva, and Neuchâtel, to the Swiss cantons.

It is remarkable, that while a Romance *patois* is spoken in the plains and valleys of the Lower Valais, the language of the mountaineers approximates nearer to the German. A similar diversity between the inhabitants of the valleys, and those of the mountains, exists in other Alpine regions.

LETTER XIV.

Ascent of the Forclas—Trient—The Tête Noire—Savoy; the Valorsine—Romanism—Sight of Mont Blanc—Valley of Chamonix—Glaciers, de Tour, d'Argentière, and Des Bois—Chamonix—Moonlight—Sound of Avalanche—Mont Blanc—Ascents—Ascent of Montanvert—The Mer de Glace—Chamois-hunting—The Bouquetin.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Before leaving Martigny, it was necessary to determine which of the two routes should be taken, over the mountains, into Savoy;—that of the *Col de Balme*, or the *Tête Noire*. The former is regarded as the most desirable for the view it furnishes of Mont Blanc; while the latter was said to be in itself, by far the most picturesque and interesting course. The strength of our party was, however, to be considered; and as the road over the *Col de Balme* was pronounced by all the travellers, whose opinion we had oppor-

tunity of asking, to be the more steep and fatiguing, the *Tête Noire* was fixed on; and to cross this pass, we started in good time in the morning, three being mounted on mules, each attended by a guide.

Not far from Martigny, is the cross at which the road turns off to the left, leading into Italy, over the great St. Bernard. This mountain is celebrated for the noble dogs which are there reared, for the purpose of extricating the lost traveller from the dangers of the snow. These dogs, which seem to be great favourites with everybody, are often seen, both in the valley of the Rhone, and in the canton of Bern.

We were now ascending the steep Forclas; which rises from the valley, to the height of nearly four thousand seven hundred feet above the sea. The finest chesnut, walnut, apple, and pear-trees, lined each side of the narrow road, which was also bordered with many cottages and gardens. The morning was very hot, and the dry weather had rendered the road dusty; the flies tormented the mules greatly; and they were glad to walk very fast up the steep ascent;—which rendered the journey, to a pedestrian, very fatiguing.

The views of the Rhone-valley, from some parts of the ascent of the Forclas, were characterized by peculiar grandeur. Martigny lay stretched out

below; and the silvery Rhone appeared winding amidst an amphitheatre of mountains, with an em-purpled back-ground of higher Alps, crested with the purest snows: among these was the Gemmi, towering proudly above the road we had traversed the day before, which now looked like a whitish line drawn along the valley; while the whole scene possessed a vast and solitary magnificence. We reached the highest part of the passage, after travelling about three hours, and a cold blast from the glaciers of Savoy, produced a wintry chill that was perfectly contrasted with the dust, and the oppressive heat, of the sun-exposed ascent.

Another half-hour brought us to Trient, a hamlet situated in a deep gorge;—and now some of the snows of Savoy greeted the eye. Not far from this little hamlet, a road leads off to the left, over the Col de Balme; but the path to the Tête Noire descends into a small valley, surrounded by mountains, with a hoary peak, the parent of the glaciers of Trient, part of an immense chain of ices, enthroned at the south-west end. At the cottage-inn a delicious repast was soon in readiness, consisting of bread, milk, honey, coffee, potatoes, butter, and, according to the ancestral custom, some old family cheese: two or three interesting little children, also, presented some of the flowers of their Alpine vale. The

master of the house, on being asked the exact time of day, ran to a rising ground before his door, and said it was noon 'by the mountains,' whose shadows here answer as a natural dial.

The road now began to wind along the gloomy and romantic pass of the Tête Noire; which is truly grand, solemn, and imposing. A woody ledge, with an awful, dark, and precipitous ravine, on the right, in the depth of whose shades, could be traced the busy, mountain-stream, led into a labyrinth of rocks and wood. The precipices were sometimes frightful; and the torrent foamed along their bases, at the depth of five or six hundred feet: but the worst places were guarded by a rude parapet of poles. Above-head, were enormous masses of pine-crowned rocks, heaped one on another, as if by some tremendous convulsion, forming gloomy defiles, never irradiated by the sun-beams. The great quantity of wood, gives to this pass a character decidedly dark, and umbrageous; and the traveller is, sometimes, immediately under the roots of the loftiest pines; while, below his feet, lie shelving forests composed of trees of equal height.

The mules appeared quite at home in the most rugged, and awkward parts of this extraordinary road; and the guides seemed to have a perfect mastery of their business, and were at leisure, fre-

quently to gather the wild strawberry, or the Alpine blossom.

At one spot, a gallery has been blown through the solid rock, for a distance of many yards; and, at the approach to this archway, the crags impended fearfully over the path; while, on the right, was a yawning gulf of dark, perpendicular rocks, fenced with a frail, rustic railing: on the other side of the narrow, interposing valley, were enormous mountains. Further on, we passed the rock of Balmarussa, a huge detached fragment, which an English Countess bought of the government of the Valais, in 1821,—it is said, for three hundred francs, in order to have it marked with her name; which is accompanied with a very sentimental inscription, in such doggrel English, that it must certainly have been written by a foreigner.

The road was often so rocky, and so close to deep ravines, or so artificially patched by trunks of trees, somewhat loosely laid along, that it appeared dangerous to ride,—or rather to attempt to spring, and scramble along; and those of the party who were mounted, got off and walked; as the worst places seemed much less formidable on foot. It is no easy task to convey an accurate idea of the changing scenes of this remarkable pass;—but one uniform character pervades every part of it:—it is a mazy labyrinth, threaded by a circuitous winding path of many miles, traced as in mid-air, between

heights and depths; among rocks, pine forests, and glacier streams; while the whole scene is so darkly shaded, as to have an aspect of impressive solemnity.

In the exit of the passage, and on the border of the Valorsine, you come to a spot marked by those convulsions, which so frequently happen in these elemental regions,—by means, either of avalanches of snow, or of rocks, or the fury of these sudden torrents, which, at some seasons, sweep with irresistible violence down the mountains. Opposite to the path, many fine trees had been torn up by the roots, and scattered in every direction, on the mountain-slope, owing to the recent fall of an avalanche.

Having left the jungles and ledges, the shady glens, the dark deep abysses, and the over-hanging crags of the gloomy Tête Noire, the traveller enters a sylvan scene, exactly like an English copse, with a greensward path. The vale of Valorsine lies before him, and he passes the fall of the Eau Noire, a stream that flows from the broad and lofty mountain called the Buet, on the other side of the valley. An arch thrown across the road, now announced our entrance into Savoy, part of the dominions of the King of Sardinia.

The wild and wintry valley of Valorsine, is sometimes choked up with snow, to a late period of the spring; and is singular, in a country where all is so remarkable, for its mixture of the picturesque

and the wild, — the waterfall, and the frowning rock, — and for the ravages of the avalanche, — which have sometimes threatened to bury the little church and village of Valorsine, beneath the falling mountains of snow. This neighbourhood too, has been thought to exhibit one of the rare cases, among the Alps, of volcanic agency; but the appearances are considered by many to be equivocal.

Throughout the whole of this day's journey, might still be witnessed the sedulous care, with which the Catholic church associates the rites and symbols of her worship with every variety of nature's scenes. All along the road over the Forclas, and through the valleys, — excepting the wildest parts of the Tête Noire, — there were constantly, either crosses, or little chapels, containing a Christ, a Mary, or a saint; and in several of them it was inscribed, that the Bishop of Sion had granted thirty days' indulgence to all who should say five *pater-nosters*, and five *ave-marias*, at these sacred stations! This meritorious act, is supposed to diminish the number of days, during which purgatorial pains are to be endured, by those who do not die in mortal sin: — no wonder that so many devotees are seen counting their beads, and kneeling before these shrines! What other practical tendency can the doctrine of indulgences possess, than that of proving an opiate to the conscience, and a licence to sin?

It is not surprising, that so impious an assumption of power as that which is exhibited by the church of Rome, in pretending to remit the punishment due to sin, should exemplify itself in flagrant violations of all the rules of morality:—it was this that was a main occasion of the Reformation by Luther.

Some parts of the Valorsine exhibit much cultivation, and there were considerable quantities of flax growing. Toward the south, on the approach to the termination of the valley, hardy-looking cattle were grazing on the rocky pastures, with bells on their neck. This appendage is commonly attached to cows, goats, and sheep, in these Alpine valleys, which are enlivened with this wild music; and the herdsman is led, by the sound, to the spot where the wanderer may have strayed. The scene here becomes strikingly wild and dreary; and the wind felt exceedingly cold, as it blew, in a westerly direction, from the ices of Chamonix. On this side of the Valorsine, rise the mountains of Buet, Loggia, and Bérard.

What was most interesting in the passage through this valley, and that which all had been anxiously looking forward to, was the announcement from one of our guides, when we were near Valorsine, ‘*Le Mont Blanc!*’ the singularly white summit of which, now appeared on one side of the end of the valley, above the huge mountains that are

piled around this King of all the Alps. Much as the traveller may dwell, for weeks, on the thought of seeing this mountain, a thrill of enthusiasm comes over him on first beholding it,—at the idea that he is gazing on the highest point of earth in all Europe.

The first sight of Mont Blanc,—from the Valorsine, at least,—scarcely equals the expectations that we are accustomed to associate with it. Excepting the extreme whiteness of its snows, its effect, from this point, is not remarkably striking; its head being rounded, and some of its satellite mountains appearing not far inferior to it in elevation. Yet as you gaze on it, there is a grandeur, and a sort of repose, in the simplicity of its aspect, bearing some analogy to what we sometimes feel, in contemplating the highest order of moral and intellectual greatness, in connexion with that perfectly unpretending, and unobtrusive manner, which seems to be natural to it.

Farther on, the *Aiguille du Midi*, a piked summit, which rises from the vicinity of the central mountain, comes sublimely into view; and, to the left of the rest in the chain, the *Aiguille Verte*. In the descent towards Argentière, the vale of Chamonix gradually revealed itself. On the left was the Col de Balme, the iron cross at the top of which was visible from the Valorsine; and before us was the huge mass of mountains, consisting of

Mont Blanc, and the other towering piles, which rear themselves in the immediate vicinity, as in homage to the monarch Alp; or as defending that central throne which consists of domes of everlasting snow;—while the tinted lights, and the shadows of the declining evening, threw over the scene the most impressive relief; and exhibited to advantage the dark masses of frowning rock, as contrasted with the unsullied purity of the vast regions of snow.

‘ The sun has sunk behind the brow,
The giant-height of proud Mont Blanc,
Gilding its glorious crown of snow,
With his last beams—while all along,
From peak to peak, each trackless height
Reflects rich hues of vivid light,
That o’er Chamouni’s valley fall,
One bright resplendent coronal.

And Summer’s cheering short-lived power,
Sheds o’er the vale its genial spell,
While all around, eve’s witching hour
Is greeted by the vesper bell.
That knell perchance the hunter’s ear
May reach, amidst the glaciers drear,
In some wild chasm, where his prey
Has lured his venturous steps astray.’

The *Glacier de Tour* lies at the head of this sublime valley; and further on, where the road descends from the Col de Balme, at Argentiére, a village so called from a mine containing silver, is the glacier of the same name, flanking a part of

this enormous line of Alps, like a bed of crystal, embosomed in forests of pine. We now descended into the valley, and arrived opposite to the *Glacier des Bois*. This is a sort of continuation of the *Mer de Glace*, which lies above it, in a concealed mountain-gorge. From this glacier, rushes the Arveiron, out of a gloomy chasm, in an extraordinary rock of ice, the accumulation of ages; some parts being of a cerulean blue, and others dark and Stygian: on the top of this rugged arch stand huge pyramidal and mis-shapen masses, ready to be precipitated by the increasing pressure from above.

Avalanches of ice, attended with tremendous explosions, which re-echo like thunder among the mountains, are occurring at this spot, continually, during the summer; when the imprisoned waters, formed by the melting snows and ices, burst forth anew, undermine the mass, and bring down enormous fragments of the glacier:—indeed, but for the midsummer suns, the whole valley would be one vast field of ice. About fifty years ago, as our guides informed us, three travellers imprudently ventured to fire a pistol within the entrance of this icy cavern; when, through the vibration it occasioned, an immense fragment was immediately shaken from its poise, and fell on the unhappy party, one of whom was crushed to death, and the other two were severely injured.

Fortunately, the weather was so fair, during the whole time of our stay at Chamonix, that all the summits of the mountain, presented themselves to view, cloudless,—though travellers sometimes remain here many days, without having a glimpse of the higher regions of Mont Blanc. The evening of our arrival was clear, though chilly; the bare, snow-streaked peaks, which form the out-works of this vast citadel of snows and ices, on the side of Chamonix, resembled pyramids, with jagged, saw-like edges,—or enormous gable ends; and the mighty central domes, with their well-defined contours, and interjacent wastes,—all of the purest snow,—were slightly tinged with the pale red of the setting-sun, and seemed to reach the skies;—while shadows were already resting on the lower gigantic masses, and on the vale beneath them. The front of the Union Hotel looks immediately across the valley, towards the mountain; and opposite, at the distance of about three-quarters of a mile, ran the range of awful peaks, threatening to overwhelm everything below.

The hotel,—which is but one of several, in this once secluded, but now frequented spot,—is a place of excellent accommodations, and is admirably conducted by the active, obliging, and business-like hostess. About forty persons sat down to dinner, of whom the majority were British. Our guides over the Tête Noire, now applied to us to

sign their books, and to state our opinion of their conduct. One youth had been allowed to accompany them for the first time ; and being thus in his noviciate, was highly grateful for our testimony, written in his book, that his attention and care, manifested during the journey, gave the promise that he would become a "good guide." Character is everywhere of moment ; and, here, it is a little fortune to a poor man to be well acquainted with the mountain passes ; and to have the credit of being a careful and obliging conductor.

On looking out, late in the evening, we found that the moon was illuminating the summits of Mont Blanc ; though her orb itself was hidden behind the mountain, and her light had not reached the valley. The mighty range of Alps that was opposite, acquired superadded solemnity and gloom ; this whole line being cast under a deep, dark shade, and but dimly seen,—looking almost like the stupendous wall of another world ; while the snowy plains and solitudes of the upper regions of the vast mass, reflecting the moonlight, were covered, as with an icy shroud, and seemed to be a perfect emblem of all that was cold and trackless.

' The sweet moon flings

Her pallid lustre on the hills around,
Turning the snows and ices that have crowned,
Since chaos reigned—each vast untrodden height,
To pearl, and silver.'

A peculiar, confused, and stifled sound, at midnight, when all else was silent, testified that an avalanche was falling, somewhere, in the neighbourhood, among the mountains; which fact our guides to the Mer de Glace, on the following morning, confirmed.

‘Perchance a gale, from fervid Italy,
Startled the air-hung thunderer; or the tone
Breathed from some hunter’s horn;—or it may be
The echoes of the mountain cataract, thrown
Amid its voiceful snows, have thus called down
The overwhelming ruin.’

If the *beauties* of nature speak to the heart of man, of the benevolence of the Creator, these colossal Alps seem the appropriate emblems on earth, of the almighty power, of which they are such impressive and awe-inspiring monuments. Yet these are but parts of His ways;—these mountains are insignificant compared with the earth; and the earth itself is but a point in the universe. But these gigantic masses produce their effect on the mind, as being majestic images of infinite power; and the sentiments which the contemplation of them awakens, would sometimes be mingled with terror; did we not reflect that the Creator has announced his good-will to man, through the Redeemer; and that the most awful attributes of the Eternal One, conspire to promote the everlasting felicity of those who are reconciled to Him.

The valley of Chamonix is three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It runs from north-east to south-west, and is eleven or twelve miles long; and from half a mile to a mile, in width. It is shut in, on the north-east, by the Col de Balme, which is four thousand feet above its level; and on the south-west by lower mountains. The winter lasts for seven months of the year; during the greater part of which time, the valley is covered with snow. In the summer, the climate is variable; for though the mean temperature, at this season, is seldom more than ten or eleven degrees below that of Geneva, yet a strong hoar frost will sometimes be seen in July. The soil is fertile, and verdant, being well watered; but fruit-trees do not much thrive. The *Gentiana Major* may be seen growing close by the glaciers. The Arve, which rises from the Col de Balme, runs through the valley.

Mont Blanc, and its tributary mountains, stretch along the south side of the valley, about five or six miles; and on the north, is Mount Breven, and the range of the Aiguilles Rouges. At Chamonix, you are too completely under the mighty mass of Mont Blanc to have the full effect of it. The summit is computed to be distant from the vale about six miles, in a straight line; and is so far behind the immediately neighbouring abutments, and yet

seems so connected with them, that you do not, by any means, gain the full impression of its elevation,—which requires a more distant view.

The central granitic mass, rises to the amazing perpendicular height, of about two miles and a quarter above the vale; surrounded by the calcareous mountains which lie like buttresses at its base, clothed with forests of larch and fir, to the elevation of thousands of feet. These forests border those wonderful icy gorges, the glaciers, including, besides those already mentioned, that of Taconay,—and, nearer to the village of Chamonix, the magnificent glacier of Buissons, with its dead-blue pyramids and rocks of ice. The bases of the mountain are crystallised, in different directions, with no less than eighteen of these glaciers, some of them from twelve to eighteen miles in length. The chamois, and the wild goat,—some live specimens of which are exhibited in the museum of the village,—browse near the borders of the glaciers, and at the base of the regions of perpetual snow.

Mont Blanc is computed to be nearly three English miles above the level of the sea; and the extent of snow which crowns it, has determined its name. It is estimated that the ices which reach to Chamonix, lie up the gorges and sides of the mountain, to the height of 8,000 feet perpendicular; and that the snows of the upper parts occupy an addi-

tional space of about 4,000 feet ; making an extent of 12,000 feet of ice and snow, not including the irregularities of the surface. Travellers say that the south side of the mountain presents a rugged and terrific aspect ; being more abrupt, and less covered with snow :—but from Chamonix, it gradually rises above the surrounding mountains, till it first terminates in a point called the *Aiguille*, or *Dome de Gouté* ; beyond this, is a valley of snow, from which rises the *Middle Dome* ; another sweep, still higher, leads to the extreme, rounded summit ; which is named *La Bosse du Dromedaire*, from its supposed resemblance to a dromedary's hunch. Those who have ascended into this unearthly region, describe the highest elevation, as being like the ridge of a house, very narrow, and scarcely wide enough, in some parts, for two persons to walk abreast. The snow is glazed with ice ; and, underneath, is as though it were ground to dust. Some of the granite rock, about a hundred and fifty yards below the summit, has the appearance, it is said, of having been riven by the force of lightning.

It was long thought impossible to gain the summit of this gigantic mountain ; and about six different attempts, from the first that is known, which took place in 1762, failed,—either in consequence of the approach of night ; intense cold ; the rarefaction of the air, affecting respiration ; fresh falls of snow ; or the apprehension produced by the

gathering of clouds around this high place of thunder, ominous of the approaching storm. At length, on the 7th of August, 1786, Dr. Paccard of Chamonix, and James Balma, his guide,—undeterred by the cold which froze their provisions, and the ink in their pockets, and which was accompanied with a piercing wind that almost flayed their faces,—reached the loftiest elevation in Europe, before untrodden by man.

About the same time in the following year, M. de Saussure, with eighteen guides, made a philosophical expedition, to the summit; being provided with instruments, tents, and mattresses. The party passed the first night on the mountain called La Côte; and on the next afternoon, at four o'clock, took up their station, for the night, at nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. The moon appeared intensely brilliant, in a sky black as ebony, and Jupiter was all radiance. The next morning they pursued the steep ascent, with immense labour, and very slowly; but arrived at the summit, at eleven in the forenoon, and stayed some hours in this aerial region, in their tent.

The lower mountains did not appear united as they do below, but completely detached from each other. Two butterflies were on the wing, at this extraordinary elevation, where the temperature was 45° of Fahrenheit lower than that of Geneva, at the same time. In the barometer, there was a differ-

ence of more than 11° of De Luc ; and the humidity, by the hygrometer, was found to be six times less than at Geneva. It required half an hour to boil water ; sounds were very feeble, a pistol giving a report almost like a pop-gun ; respiration was difficult ; a burning thirst was experienced ; no appetite was felt for food ; and nothing but draughts of fresh water gave relief : the pulse, which in repose at Chamonix, had been between sixty and seventy, was increased to a hundred, or a hundred and ten. The heavens appeared of a very deep blue ; and by standing in the shade, the stars could be discerned. The huge Aiguilles, or Horns, which appear so magnificent from Chamonix, dwindled, beneath the feet of this adventurous party ; who looked down on many snow-crowned summits. The Pays de Vaud appeared immediately below them ; but a misty obscurity seemed to envelop more distant objects.*

This mountain, though computed to be five thousand feet lower than the Chimborazo in South America, is relatively higher ; being about three hundred feet more elevated above Chamonix, than the Chimborazo is above the valley of Tapia. Mont Blanc is seen from Dijon ; from the Burgundy mountains ; from Langres, one hundred and eighty miles distant, as the bird flies ; and in all its magnificence from Lyons, which is much nearer. Se-

* Saussure : Voyages dans les Alpes.

veral dreadful accidents have occurred in the attempt to scale the awful height; and in 1820, three persons were swept into destruction by an avalanche, when not very far from the summit.

According to Mr. Auldjo's* account, there had been, up to the year 1827, fourteen successful ascents, including his own; of which he has given a description, more interesting than any romance, and containing appalling details of the dangers to which he and his party were exposed, from abysses of ice which the eye could not fathom; and from an awful tempest of thunder and lightning. About twenty years before this, a young woman of Chamonix had the courage to accompany a party of guides, by whose assistance she was able to gain the ascent; and in commemoration of the adventure, she was called 'Maria de Mont Blanc.' Within these few years, it is said that another lady has scaled the mountain.

Napoleon, who has left traces of his genius, and his ambition, throughout so great a part of the continent, ordered a cross to be erected on the summit of Mont Blanc, as though for a mark of his dominion over the highest pinnacle of Europe, and over all the countries on which it looks down:—but the stormy king of Alps, whose throne is seated amidst heaven's most frequent thunders, and is often vitrified by the scorching lightning,—unlike

* See Auldjo's Ascent.

the vassals that owed their crowns to the Emperor of all the Gauls, disdained to wear the badge of subjection to his power; and, in a day or two, the cross was thrown down by a hurricane.

A cloudless morning smiled on our ascent up Montanvert, perhaps originally *Montagne verte*, from its being covered with wood. It forms part of the base of Mont Blanc, and leads to the *Mer de Glace*. The verdure of the meadows of Chamonix, and the dark shade of the forests, were beautifully contrasted with the brilliancy of the lofty snows; for a magnificent sun shone upon us, and threw his golden beams upon the towering heads and pinnacles of the chaotic masses; the domes of Mont Blanc rising gloriously behind the wall formed by the lower mountains. In the valley all was silent,—and there was not a breeze to give sensible movement to the Alpine foliage; but we stopped repeatedly, to watch the snow, as it drifted at intervals, from the extreme summit, presenting the appearance of a series of light, fleecy, momentary clouds:—or this aerial avalanche might be likened to a veil of mist, floating, in evanescent movements, toward the east, and having a remarkable, and elegant effect.

The road ascended along the shelvy bank of Montanvert, which is sprinkled with firs and larches up to the summit,—a height of 6,100 feet above the sea. About an hour's exertion brought us to

the stream, which here issues from the rock, to refresh the toiling pedestrian. As it ascended higher, the path became more rugged; and the three mules clambered with their usual dexterity, up what may be termed broken and terrific staircases of rocks; and, sometimes, at the very edge of the dizzy precipices that were on our left; while huge rocky fragments, lay scattered in wild confusion, above and below, over the flank of the mountain, interspersed with decayed trunks of trees, blasted by the Alpine lightning, or torn away from the soil by the ravages of the avalanche.

We had travelled no road that was more frightful for riders: and the idea of the possibility of a girth giving way, through the straining of the mules,—or of their falling down exhausted, was continually present; for whether it were that the animals had been over-worked, or that this mountain was unusually difficult to climb, they laboured much for breath, and seemed reluctant to make the ascent. The guides occasionally exclaimed '*un escalier!*' and held the ladies on when the mules were about to scramble up high steps of rock; but the assurance was continually repeated, *il n'y a pas de danger, soyez tranquille.*

It is annoying to riders over the mountains, that the mules always keep on the very verge of the precipices; so that, generally, there is no room for the guides to walk on that side, on which protec-

tion is felt to be needed. This habit is acquired by the mules, in consequence of their being used to carry large burdens over the mountains,—such as barrels of wine; so that they are frequently obliged to keep as far as the road will allow from the rugged walls of projecting rock along which they may have to pass. They have been known, in scrambling over a rocky path, to strike their burden so forcibly on one side, as to throw themselves down the opposite precipice. The guides were very careful; but nothing would have induced our party to ride but fear of extreme fatigue, and the being aware that it would be necessary to walk in the descent.

In ascending, the views obtained of the *Glacier de Buisson*, and of the surrounding scene, were superb: the valley itself, with the village and church-steeple, were strongly illuminated by the sun, and looked lovely below; presenting an appearance of cheerfulness, and gaiety, which was powerfully contrasted with the wildness and ruggedness of our path; and with our anticipations of the cold and icy regions of the *Mer de Glace*, which we were now approaching. On the left, towards the north, across the valley, was the chain of the Red Needles; also the Breven, 8,300 feet high. Below, was the *Glacier des Bois*:—and now, turning to the right, not far from the edge of this glacier, we were on the summit of the mountain,

and beheld the extraordinary scenery of the *Mer de Glace* stretched before us. The exertion, however, that is required in this journey, may excuse the traveller from treading the icy sea, and gazing on the sublime and striking objects by which it is surrounded, without first taking some refreshment at the pavilion, a small room erected as a kind of refectory for travellers; and where persons of almost all nations, and of all ranks, from Josephine, and Maria Louisa, had inscribed their names, in the visitors' book.

The heat, during the ascent, had been considerable; and we had now to encounter an atmosphere which was of a very different temperature from that of the valley, and the mountain-side: in short, in less than three hours, summer had been exchanged for winter, and beautiful green fields, for beds of everlasting ice; around the borders of which, were ranged awful colossal masses of granite rock, and of eternal snow. The pavilion was cold and comfortless, not being cheered by a fire, which, early in September, would have been very agreeable, in a climate elevated more than a mile above the level of the sea.

A descent along a rugged, and narrow path, leads to the *Mer de Glace*; which is, in fact, a vast glacier, or defile of ice, from half a mile to a mile in breadth; running between huge mountains, in different directions, to the extent of about five

leagues; and supposed to vary in depth, from one to three hundred feet. It may be said to bear the appearance of a lake, wrought into tumult and fury by whirlwinds, and then instantaneously frozen, as a perpetual image of the storm;—presenting various elevations, some being fifty or sixty feet; consisting of mis-shapen crags, ridges, and pyramids of ice, generally of a dull blue' cast, with points and edges tinged of a sea-green hue, glittering in the sun-beam with various prismatic colours;—the whole icy chaos being everywhere cleft into fissures of an appalling depth, and interspersed with rocks, that have been tumbled from the overhanging mountains.

It seemed strange to pass a line of hardy *rhododendrons*, at the very edge of the ice; and to be reminded that even here, vegetation is not dead. Quantities of the *ranunculus glacialis*, and of other Alpine plants, are also found in this neighbourhood, in the clefts of the rocks.*

The savage mountains that rise above this extraordinary glacier, have a kind of terrible sublimity;—partially surrounding this icy gulf with

* In some parts of the Alps, where pines will not now grow, the remains of ancient forests have been discovered, where the lynx still prowls, and the *lämmer-geier*, nine feet in its expanded breadth, dashes the chamois down the precipice, with a stroke of its wing, and then pounces on its victim, which it speedily tears to pieces.

an amphitheatre of dark, rugged summits, snowy heads and masses, and enormous shafts of granite, which shoot up into the sky, with their bare and piked horrors, to the height of 10,000, or 13,000 feet above the level of the sea; and from 3,000 to 6,000 above the vast frozen cataract itself, on which we were now standing.

Immediately on the right were several craggy summits; and above them the peak of Charmoz, which impends, with an awful precipice, over Chamonix, down which an unfortunate traveller once fell, and perished. The peak called the Giant, the highest that is visible from this spot, towers at the end of the icy valley, where it turns off to the right, to form a part of the frozen footstool of the vast throne of the great Atlas Alp:—for the glacier there runs up to mingle with the assemblage of ices, which unite to bind the higher parts of the base of the central mountain, in the rigours of that perpetual winter which here begins to reign. The mass of the Jorasse, beyond which lies Piedmont, is still farther on the left, and shuts in the valley, as with a long rampart of snow; while, on the other side, several needle shafts, of different hues and forms, rise abruptly into the cloudless blue, to a stupendous height,—of which the principal are the Aiguille Drû, the Aiguille Verte, and the Aiguille du Moine.

One of these Aiguilles darts its pyramidal pike

immediately from the border of the ice, to an elevation of 6,000 feet above its level: the upper part is nearly perpendicular, and towers, for 3,000 feet, in naked and stern majesty, with only a few streaks of snow; seeming to reject the mantle that covers an equal space below, where this mass of granite slopes down to the snowy bed from which it rises, at the edge of the glacier.

Under the direction of the guides, and armed with spiked poles, we walked some distance on the ice; which, just at this place, had the form of flat slabs of immense size, with chasms between them, varying in width from a foot and upwards, and tinged at their edges with shades of green and blue. Large stones were thrown into these crevices, and were heard for several seconds, with a hollow noise, till the sound died away, giving the idea of a fearful depth. Higher up, in the direction which leads to a spot called the garden,—an isle of earth, in the midst of ice,—the pinnacles become much loftier, and the chasms are of the depth of four or five hundred feet, and so wide, that travellers sometimes are obliged to go several miles round, in order to avoid them.

Before coming off the ice, our guides exerted all their strength to push a large fragment of rock into one of the chasms, at the edge of the frozen platform on which we stood: but not choosing to trust to the effect that might be produced on so

brittle a foundation by a violent shock, we thought it advisable to get on *terra firma* before the men proceeded further with their experiment: they tried long and hard, but could not succeed in overthrowing the mass, and we lost the effect of the thundering reverberations which all such concussions produce, in this region of solemn, and deathlike silence. Two ladies whom we had met at the pavilion, one of whom was a French Baroness, who regretted that she had forgotten the English she once knew, walked full half-way over the glacier, with their attendants;—but our party were not disposed to follow them so far, and proceeded to visit the granite rock, called the *Rocher des Anglais*, bearing the inscription ‘Windham, and Pocock,’ who were the first foreigners to explore this wonderful locality.

Earlier in the season, this Alpine elevation is the scene of some of the wildest convulsions. In the spring, the snows fall in tremendous avalanches from the lower parts of these enormous peaks, and obelisks of rock: and the increasing warmth of the season relaxes, for a time, the icy bond, in which all things have for months been locked up, in silence. The snows on the border, melt into the Mer de Glace, in which, vast rents are burst with terrific explosion: the water finds a way down the Glacier des Bois into the valley, at the source of the Arveiron; and breaks for itself new outlets through the frozen masses, undermining the upper parts

of the glacier, till blocks of ice, and of solid rock, earth, frozen snow, and furious torrents of water, rush together in hideous confusion into the valley ; which is sufficiently warm in summer to prevent it from being permanently added to the frozen empire of Mont Blanc.

We lingered on the verge of the Mer de Glace, surveying the icy domain, and the forms of terrible grandeur that surround it, till we began to shiver with cold ; and then returned to purchase a few memorials of the scene, at the pavilion ; where are sold mineralogical specimens, prints, and the polished horns of the chamois. As we began to descend, the Dent du Midi was pointed out, in the distance, the mountain from which the avalanche lately fell, near St. Maurice, and, for some days, blocked up the high road from Geneva to Italy.

One of our guides had ascended Mont Blanc five times : another had accompanied Mr. Auldjo ; and, being a chamois-hunter, he seemed vastly pleased with the remark—that possibly he might have killed the chamois whose horn we had just purchased. The hunting of the chamois is a favorite occupation of the more adventurous of these mountaineers ; and, in pursuing it, they acquire an extraordinary power of vaulting, with their poles, down the face of rocks.

It is said that the chamois are so accustomed to the loud explosions, and thunderings of the glaciers

and avalanches, that they care but little for the report of a gun ; but the instant they see a man, they bound away with an eye of fire, and with incredible speed. The hunters sometimes spend whole nights in lying in wait for their prey, among crags, and snows, by the light of the moon : but from this dangerous chase, many a hardy adventurer has never returned, having perished on the mountains :

. ' Alas !
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home ! On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast !'

The chamois is an elegant little creature, and will climb rocks so abrupt, that it would be supposed hardly possible for them to gain a footing. When hemmed in, they will sometimes rush violently on their pursuer, perhaps on the very verge of a precipice,—when the only safety for the hunter consists in immediately lying down. They bound from twenty to twenty-five feet at a leap ; and it is said that rather than be taken, whole herds of them have been known to precipitate themselves down perpendicular rocks, where they have been dashed to pieces.

The mountain-goat, or bouquetin, used also to be found in the regions of Mont Blanc : this

animal will, when pursued, bound up a rock to the height of twelve or fifteen feet; or rush up a narrow chasm, between two walls of crags, alternately springing from side to side, till it reaches the top. A village which we passed between Martigny and Valorsine, used to be famous for a race of hunters in the perilous chase of these mountain-goats, till the animals became almost extinct in this neighbourhood.

LETTER XV.

Chamonix—Superstition—Effect of Alps—Road to Servus—
View of Mont Blanc—The Needle of Varens—Fall of Chede—
Romanism—View of Mont Blanc from Sallenche—The Cholera
—Cascade of Arpenas—Cluse—Bonneville—Savoyard History
—Attempt of Polish Refugees, in 1834, to produce Revolution
—Religious State of Savoy.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Previously to leaving Chamonix, we paid a visit to the village church, the mean and showy ornaments of which, seemed signally contrasted with the surrounding majesty of nature. Superstition evidently reigns in this valley, the scene of such overpowering demonstrations of the divine majesty: but *nature* has no cure for the moral disorder of man! It was painful to observe that a high crucifix near the bridge over the Arve, in the centre of the village, received the

homage of the passers by, just under the stupendous masses of Mont Blanc !

In Catholic districts, the guides, notwithstanding their constant intercourse with foreigners and Protestants, seldom fail to make their obeisance to these crosses, and to the tawdry little shrines, which perpetually present themselves. Yet, when conversed with on the subject, they seem at a loss, as might be expected, for reasons wherewith to defend their conduct ; and reply, *tout le monde fait comme cela ici*. Two of our guides to the Mer de Glace seemed to possess considerable intelligence, and did not fail to bring us a packet, containing specimens of the geological structure of some of the mountains of Chamonix ; consisting of granite, gneiss, mica slate, sienite, hornblende, and other minerals.

On our departure from the valley, in a *char à bane*,—a car in which three persons sit sideways, and one in front,—the upper regions of Mont Blanc were surrounded by cumulated strata of slightly shadowed clouds, on which the extreme summit was beautifully enthroned, brilliantly illuminated by the afternoon sun. The snowy domes appeared like some pure ethereal region, emerging out of the atmosphere of this low world, and destined to be the abode of some order of happy beings.—‘ High mountains are a feeling : ’—the pe-

culiar emotions which we are prone to indulge, while viewing these loftiest Alpine heights are, as it were, mystic revelations of the original nature of man: they unveil the secret lingering of the soul, in its degradation and its fall, after the images of ideal beauty and greatness; and are prophetic of the perfection to which, as regenerated, it is destined in an unfallen world.

When objects and scenes make an unusually great impression in our minds, we have a tendency to invest them with a kind of personality. In Switzerland, each mountain may be imagined to have its own character; the Jungfrau, as seen from the northward, may perhaps be said to impress you with the idea of proud and dominant grandeur: the mountains of Grindelwald stand like hoary giants, in that solemn and silent wild: the masses of the southern chain, seen from the distance of the Gemmi, look sublimely beautiful, as their snowy crests rise above the dark regions below them; the bare pikes and crags around the *Mer de Glace*, have a sort of grim horror investing them, which seems well to harmonise with that frozen region: the vast Mont Blanc, as seen from the vale of Chamonix, terminating in an unostentatious rounded summit, and sustained by other mountains, may be said to look simply dignified and majestic, as the conscious superior of all.

• The eternal mountains momentarily are peering
Through the blue clouds that mantle them ;—on high
; Their glittering crests majestically rearing,
More like to children of the infinite sky,
Than of the dædal earth.—Triumphantly,
Prince of the whirlwind ! Monarch of the scene !
Mightiest where all are mighty ! from the eye
Of mortal man half-hidden by the screen
Of mists that moat his base, from Arve's dark, deep ravine,
Stands the magnificent Mont Blanc ! His brow
Scarred with ten thousand thunders ; most sublime,
Even as though risen from the world below
To mark the progress of Decay : by clime,
Storm, blight, fire, earthquake—injured not ! Like Time,
Stern chronicler of centuries gone by.'

Westward of the splendid glacier of Buisson, which, like that of Des Bois, comes down into the valley, the mountains become lower. We proceeded along the romantic road to Servoz ; which is frequently very steep, and is hemmed in by mountains. In one place, it runs along the edge of a ravine of enormous depth ; darkly clothed with taper pines, which shoot up from the ledges of the abyss ; in the bed of which, the turbulent Arve, whose course we were following, bears along the melted snows and ices of Chamoniæ.

The road descends abruptly to the Pont de Pellissier ; and in the approach to Servoz, Mont Blanc began to display itself, on the south ; so as to furnish a view quite different from any we had yet

obtained, of this stupendous pile of mountains. Its mighty summits had fairly disengaged themselves from their bases, which, before, greatly intercepted the sight; and the whole spaces lying between the gorges of the nearer mountains, now appeared filled up with one vast barrier of snow, stretching far up into the heavens, from right to left; and over this immense frozen region, the declining sun shed a flood of glory; while some of the lower parts were shaded by fleecy clouds, the presage of a change in the weather which was to be realised in the course of a few days.

The valley of Servoz is remarkable for the fall of a mountain, which occurred about a century ago. It kept crumbling to pieces, for several days in succession, darkening the air with clouds of sandstone and limestone dust. A number of the inhabitants of the valley were buried beneath the ruins. The road now proceeds through a region characterized by a desolate kind of grandeur, leaving the stupendous aiguille of Varens, 7,000 feet high, on the right; and at length reaches the small, and picturesque lake of Chede, whose dark green, and transparent waters, beautifully reflected the neighbouring trees, and the pure snows of the distant mountain.

Near the village of Chede and a little out of the road, is a cascade which is much admired for its

picturesque effect, as it is embosomed in the richest foliage. It falls, first, perhaps, forty or fifty feet, in a single stream, from the forest-clad mountain-top;—then divides on each side of a projecting rock;—then again unites gracefully in foam, as it is dashed down a narrow chasm between the crags,—till its hurried waters collect in the valley below, and pour along, in a bluish stream, to swell the Arve. The road now opened into the rich and broad vale of St. Martin; still bordered by lofty mountains, and forests of pine, with the Arve on the left.

All along the road from Chamonix to St. Martin's, is still visible the omnipresence of that spiritual despotism, which ever marks as its own, the wildest or the most beautiful of landscapes; and stands always ready to add another and another link to the chain of mental slavery; by forming ever-new associations, in the mind, between the symbols of superstition and the changing scenes of nature. Innumerable crosses, and little chapels, lined the way; and over them, in French,—which from the valley of the Rhone had taken place of German,—were placards respecting indulgences,—for saying credos, ave-marias, and pater-nosters. Some of these stations were erected expressly for the benefit of souls in purgatory; and were inscribed with appeals to the sympathy of the passing traveller, on behalf of the miserable beings, supposed to be tormented in those fires.

Not finding, at St. Martin's, the desired accommodations, it was necessary to cross the Arve to Sallenche, the chief town of Upper Faucigny, a province of Savoy. It was here that we obtained the most superb, and impressive view of Mont Blanc; whose heads, clear of nearer obstructions, now boldly towered above all else that was lofty and tremendous.

The sun had sunk below the horizon; but his glowing rays still played on the upper parts of this vast aggregate of Alps; which at the distance of fifteen miles, lifted itself in continuous masses, so as to overlay an immense proportion of the horizon, and to fill the eye every moment;—seeming to prop the heavens, like the huge cyclopean rampart of some other sphere. The widely-extended fields of snow, were marked, at intervals, by dark relieving shadows; which accumulated at the bases, and gave prominence and distinctness to the outlines. It proved that we had before failed to form adequate conceptions of the height and magnitude of the mountain;—but now, it stood confessed, in all its pre-eminence: the sight was stupendous! It was gratifying to perceive that others felt the same impression from the view as ourselves, for a group of people were gazing on the magnificent scene, as they sat at the foot of the handsome stone bridge, which is here built across the rapid waters of the Arve.

The balcony of the Belle-vue Inn, at Sallenche, looks towards the mountain; and as the evening drew in, and planted clouds in the horizon, the vast outstretched snows of Mont Blanc, still reflected from the sun his last glow, which gradually melted away, and left the natural whiteness of the snow long distinct from the deep leaden shades, in which all things besides were, successively, involved. At length, night, and her train of clouds, brought the whole scene under the dominion of darkness; yet we all gazed towards the spot; and repeatedly rose to look for what had now become invisible.

On returning once more, however, to the window, to ascertain whether the removal of a portion of the clouds which had settled over the heavens, might allow of yet another glimpse of the twilight reflection from the snow,—we were surprised, while still looking steadfastly towards the quarter where the mountain lay, on a sudden to perceive, high up amidst the darkness, a reddish light, which at the moment appeared like a distant fire, and the next instant softened into intermingling shades of purple and pale green; till the moon, in a few seconds, emerged from behind the mountain, and for a short time threw a tide of chastened splendour over the icy fields, which were skirted with a festoon of beautifully-shadowed clouds:—but with this glimpse of moonlight glory, we were obliged to be content; for the clouds,

after floating, once and again, over the moon's disc, and darkening the pale flood of silver that seemed to bathe these eternal snows, soon veiled the whole scene in uniform obscurity; and we saw no more.

The next morning was cloudy, and the giant mountain had vanished from the field of vision, as though it had never been. Before leaving Sallenche for Geneva, distant about thirty-five miles, we took an opportunity of surveying the town, which has an antique, and decayed air; and there appeared much less of comfort among the inhabitants, both at this place and in Savoy, generally, than among the Swiss. The goitre, too, seemed much to prevail here, attended frequently with an idiotic vacancy of look; indeed we had repeatedly observed evident idiocy, and the goitre, as features of the country, from our entrance into the valley of the Rhone. After looking into the church, tawdriily adorned with the various symbols of popery, we went to a convent of nuns, beautifully situated at one end of the town, having learned that strangers were admitted to see it: but on ascending the staircase, we found that the interior was not shown, on account of the illness of one of the sisters. A large school is attached to the nunnery.

Previously to our leaving Sallenche, the news arrived that, in consequence of the prevalence of the cholera in Italy, and parts of the south of France,

the King of Sardinia had ordered a *cordon* for the safety of his subjects; prohibiting all persons from entering his dominions, by way of Geneva, till after a week's quarantine;—that city being so great a resort for travellers from all quarters. Happily, this awful scourge had not appeared in any of these parts; and we found that, here, as in Switzerland, the people trust, for defence against the disease, in the mountain-barriers that enclose them, especially on the side of Italy, in which country the cholera had alarmingly broken out.

The history of this terrific malady, however, seems to prove, that if ever nations and individuals ought not to rest in second causes, but to look beyond them to the great First Cause, it is with respect to the cholera. There is something apparently so uncertain in the march of this angel of death, and in the laws that he observes—his strides are sometimes so appalling,—and the best mode of resisting his attacks is, as yet, so undetermined,—that the mind seems almost naturally led to the solemn and devout feeling,—the most tranquillising that can be cherished in the hour of danger,—that all events are immediately in the hand of God. We had met, however, with instances in the case of travellers who were going to Italy, in which all danger from the cholera was treated with a sort of profane bravado.

The scenery from Sallenche was still grand; and

in the romantic and silent valley of Maglans, the beautiful fall of Arpenas greets the traveller's ear, rushing from a dark recumbent rock, eight hundred feet high, with curving strata. It streams at once half-way down, on a ledge; and is partly scattered into spray; then, expanding gracefully, for some space, in a sort of drapery, it plunges, by two or three descents, into the valley. This is an elegant cascade, but as in the Staub-bach, when we saw it, the quantity of water was not proportionate to the length of the fall.

On approaching the Caverne de Balme, the scene exhibited a romantic mixture of tremendous rocks, rich foliage, and verdant meadows, watered by the Arve; exemplifying a most interesting union of the beautiful and the sublime. The cavern is a natural series of vaults, the entrance to which is several hundred feet above the valley, on the face of the perpendicular rock, under which the road lies.

Could the overpowering impressions produced by Chamonix, and Mont Blanc, have been forgotten, we should have been much more struck with admiration and awe at the objects which presented themselves to our view this day: but the mental vision was already filled with what was most vast and sublime in nature. The scenery, however, if we except the snows and glaciers, had not as yet lost its Alpine character. The village and neigh-

bourhood of Cluse, is shut up in a kind of labyrinth of pine-fringed mountains, whose rocky lines sometimes hung tremendously overhead; while the Arve, the courier as it were of the great monarch Alp, among whose glaciers it rises, murmured over its stony bed, under a picturesque arch, in a broad and shallow stream, to mingle with the Rhone.

The road continued with the stupendous Buet on the right; and, after passing through a rich and picturesque district, beautifully interspersed with villages, and adorned here and there with modern spires, we reached Bonneville. Here, there is a stone bridge over the Arve, on the bank of which is a column, erected to commemorate the great work of the embankment of the river,—accomplished under the auspices of Charles Felix, the late king of Sardinia, sovereign of this country, and uncle to the reigning monarch. We left the neat town of Bonneville, praising the cleanliness, and good provisions, of the Hotel de la Couronne, after having surveyed the exterior of the strong and extensive prison, and glanced at the mean little church, bedecked with all the usual apparatus of Romish dotage.

From the neighbourhood of Bonneville, and from the whole country round, by far the most striking object is the Mole, which rears its detached verdant pyramid towards heaven, to the

height of nearly 6,000 feet; while on the other side, lies the rugged and barren mass of the Brezon. The country now became open, and the scenery less Alpine; the landscape consisting of a rich, highly-cultivated valley, smiling with the fruits of nature, and with numerous habitations of men.

Having passed through Annemass, the last town in Savoy, where passport affairs claimed attention for the first time since leaving Luzern, we were no longer in the dominions of his Sardinian Majesty, the Duke of Savoy.

SAVOY, anciently Sabaudia, lies between France, Switzerland, and Piedmont, — another Sardinian province; from which it is separated by Mont Blanc, and by the Graian Alps, or the chain extending from the Col de Bon Homme to Mont Cenis. The population, which is Roman Catholic, amounts to about 500,000; whose language is a mixture of French, with Italian, and Swiss German; but many of the Savoyards speak good French.

This country was inhabited, before the Christian æra, by the Allobroges, a tribe of Celtic origin, who were finally subdued by the Romans, in the reign of Augustus. It formed part of the province called *Gallia Narbonensis*; and remained, till

about the end of the fourth century, under the Roman dominion; traces of which are still to be found, in the existence of numerous antiquities.

For upwards of a century, subsequently to this period, Savoy formed part of the kingdom which the Burgundians, a German nation, established in Gaul. It afterwards came successively under the dominion of the Franks, the kingdom of Italy, and that of Arles in Gaul.

Rudolph, the last king of Arles, created Berchthold Count of Savoy, in 1016: from this time, his family acquired increasing power and independence, partly by their adherence to the German emperors; and Savoy became the nucleus of the future kingdom of Sardinia.

In 1416, Count Amadeus VIII. was created Duke of Savoy, by the emperor Sigismund. One of his successors, Philibert Emanuel, who had been kept from his paternal possessions, during six years, by the French, was restored in 1559; and signalised his ducal reign by attempting, at the instigation of the Pope, to convert the Protestants in his dominions, including many Waldenses, by force of arms: but their resistance was so formidable that he was compelled to grant them privileges.

The peace of Utrecht, in 1713, added Sicily to Savoy; but, seven years afterwards, that island was exchanged for Sardinia, which gave a name to the

monarchy. The same ancient family continued to reign till the French revolution broke up the Sardinian power, and the king was compelled, in 1798, to cede all his continental dominions to France.

The final downfall of Buonaparte, in 1815, restored to Victor Emanuel I. the possessions of his ancestors; and the Congress of Vienna, anxious to strengthen the king of Sardinia, as the guardian of the passes of the Alps, added Genoa to the monarchy; which now consists of that duchy, Savoy, Piedmont, Montserrat, part of the Milanese territory, and the island of Sardinia.

The restoration did nothing to improve either the liberties, or the religion, of this country. Victor Emanuel re-established the old constitution, and the Jesuits; and instituted a rigid censorship of the press. After the civil troubles of 1821, which issued in the abdication of Emanuel, in favour of his brother Charles Felix, and in the prevalence of Austrian politics, fresh power was given to the Jesuits; and more vigorous attempts than ever were made to put down the principles of freedom. In 1825, the works of Schiller, Wieland, and Göthe, were proscribed from the Sardinian dominions. A royal decree sealed the fountains of knowledge from the people, by prohibiting any one who did not possess property to a certain amount, from studying at the university;—and even from learning to read or write! In 1831, the misnamed

Charles *Felix*, fitter for the dark ages than for the nineteenth century, left the sceptre to his successor.

In January 1834, the tranquillity of Savoy, and of some parts of Switzerland, was disturbed by a daring attempt to create a revolution in the Sardinian dominions,—made by a body of four or five hundred Poles, who had left France, and taken up their abode in the canton of Bern, where they had been hospitably received. They gradually withdrew to the lake of Geneva; and, entering Savoy, publicly announced that the ‘*great day of Savoy*’ was come, and the time for overturning the throne of Charles-Albert, the reigning Duke, and King of Sardinia. They promised ‘liberty, equality, and fraternity’ to all; but the Savoyards remained unmoved.

Some manifestations of sympathy were shown towards the Poles, by the populace of Geneva; and after many angry altercations between some of the Swiss cantons, respecting the manner in which these refugees were to be disposed of, Bern consented to receive them again, on condition that Geneva, and the Pays de Vaud, should join in defraying the expense of their maintenance. Austria, Prussia, and the German Diet, united with the Sardinian government, in remonstrating with the Swiss, in consequence of their allowing the peace of neighbouring states to be disturbed by armed refu-

gees, to whom they had given an asylum; and the Cantons pledged themselves, for the future, to banish from their territories all such violators of the peace of nations, and to prevent their return.

.. In the religious state of Savoy, there is little to cheer the Christian philanthropist. The country is still very much under the influence of the Romish priesthood, who are here found in great numbers; so that popery is on all sides triumphant; and some of the noblest and most stupendous monuments of the Creator's power stand amidst superstition, the deepest and most enslaving. Those efforts to promote the eternal interests of men, which, in France, Belgium, Germany, and many parts of Switzerland, may be carried on in open day, here, find no place; or must carefully seek the shade; as they cannot be made without considerable risk.

LETTER XVI.

Lake of Geneva, and the Jura mountains—The city—Administration of the Eucharist in the Cathedral—Magnificent views—Library of the Academy—Museum—The Cathedral—Calvin—Rousseau—Voltaire—Circle of Light—Centenary of the Reformation, August 1835—Church of Geneva—Seceders; Eglise du Témoignage—Société Evangélique—Religious Institutions—Genevan history.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—After exchanging the dominions of the King of Sardinia, for the territory of the renowned Swiss republic of Geneva, we continued to descend; till, at length, the Lake began to unfold its bosom, on our right; though its vast expanse, and the dun border that surrounded it, conveyed no idea of its real beauties. The dark and gloomy ridge of the Jura, behind which the sun had set, formed a long line, bounding the horizon in

front, like a huge wall, rearing itself beyond the outstretched sheet of water, which it almost seemed to shadow; and casting a deep solemnity over the whole scene. This mountain-barrier appears as though it might be designed by nature to be a monitor, to check the ambition of mighty France; though the known history of her aggrandisements, rather tends to clothe this vast and extended range, with images of the military power, and the wide dominion which she has possessed.

The time appeared long before we entered the gate of GENEVA; but after traversing an extensive suburb, through which omnibuses, like ours in London, were continually rolling, we passed the observatory and arrived at the *fossé*; which, instead of being inundated with the waters of the lake, and indicating war, is now laid out in gardens;—an agreeable emblem of the profound peace that has, happily, so long prevailed. The general aspect of the town, which contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, is not very prepossessing, on entering it from Savoy. It is in general closely built; and is of no great extent. The main street, which is not far from the border of the lake, has an awkward and confined appearance, in consequence of the very high and projecting roofs of the houses; and the ranges of mean little shops and sheds which are built out in the street, have an effect somewhat like rows of shambles. The chimneys, from their extreme

crookedness and irregularity, have a very grotesque appearance.

From the principal street, several other mean ones branch out to the upper parts of the town, up a steep acclivity, leading to the Cathedral, the Academy, and the Town-hall. Towards the west and south, are many superior buildings, comprising terraces and handsome houses; and particularly one wide, and noble, new street, of no great length, but containing some very good shops, quite in modern style; and having, at one extremity, a handsome new market, and at the other, a museum founded by M. Rath, where is a small, but pleasing collection of paintings and statuary.

The town was so full, chiefly in consequence of the cholera having broken out in Italy, that we drove about for a long time from one hotel to another, in vain seeking accommodation; which we, at last, found, to our satisfaction, at the new *Hôtel du Nord*, on the north side of the lake; and near one of those delightful public walks which adorn this city. In crossing the water, over the spacious bridge, at the point where the deep blue waters of the Rhone emerge rapidly and unmingled, from the lake, an extensive range of lofty and magnificent buildings presents itself; the most conspicuous of which is the immense and splendid *Hôtel des Bergues*. At the head of the lake, the operation of washing linen is carried on to a great extent; and the industrious

laundresses attribute no inconsiderable purifying virtue to the waters of the Rhone.

The general aspect of the population of Geneva would convey to the passing stranger, the impression that great public order and decorum reigned, and that the manners of the people were domestic. Though games of hazard are said to be much practised in the coffee-houses, early hours seem to be observed.

The next day was Sunday, and by far the greater part of the shops were shut. At the cathedral, whose walls once resounded with the voice of Calvin, the administration of the Lord's supper took place. The church was crowded: two clergymen stood under the pulpit, and two at a station opposite to them, on the other side the nave. The congregation, in general, appeared to receive the sacred symbols: they came up in two rows, one on each side; and first, the magistrates, before whom, in a very showy dress, walked a beadle. One clergyman presented to each person the bread; another the wine; each communicant bowing to the clergyman as he received it, and then going forward. When the men had all passed by, the women came in a similar manner; each one also bowing, or curtesying. It seemed to be expected that all should partake; and the whole scene had too much of the appearance of a ceremony.

It is one evil connected with religion being part

and parcel of the state, as it is here, that ecclesiastical discipline cannot possibly be kept pure; magistrates, and others, are, *ex officio*, members of the church, whatever be their religious character. Admission to the Lord's table is almost a matter of course, and becomes a civil right, rather than a religious privilege. Cases must be very marked indeed, which exclude the party from communion; and the mass of individuals who fill up the chasm between the serious and spiritual Christian,—and those whose irreligion has taken an obvious and decided form, are all indiscriminately included within the pale of the church.

We heard a sermon at the English chapel, which is within the precincts of the Hospital; and was numerous and respectably attended. In the afternoon Dr. Malan's chapel was open, situated in his garden, in the suburbs: and this venerable man gave a devout and interesting exposition of the fifty-first Psalm. The place will hold about five hundred persons: at the present service, which preceded the Lord's supper, the attendance was considerable.

On exploring the town, on the following day, we found it to be surrounded by very beautiful and extensive promenades, reaching along the ramparts. These walks exhibit great variety, and some of them are joined by suspension bridges over the *fossés*. From some parts of the ramparts, the buildings on the west, loftily rising in

a kind of amphitheatre, and crowned by the venerable towers of the cathedral, have a very striking effect; and from various points in the neighbourhood of the town, the views are singularly sublime and picturesque—comprising the lovely lake, appearing like a vast mirror, exquisitely bordered with pastures, villas, and umbrageous foliage; the Jura mountains, forming a boundary line of imposing grandeur on the west; and towards the south and east, the white rocks of the Salève,—the Mole, the Brezon, the needle of Varens, and other mountains; and, at the distance of fifty miles, the towering masses of Mont Blanc. We observed, during our stay at Geneva, that, sometimes, even when a white line of clouds belted the whole chain of the neighbouring Jura, the mighty barrier of the Savoy Alps distinctly presented the huge outline of its vast fields of snow, far above the horizon.

Having availed ourselves of an introduction to a resident of Geneva, we obtained admission to the Library of the Academy, containing about fifty thousand volumes, which was courteously shown by one of the Pastors. There are, here, some curious old paintings from the Romish times, in one of which it was amusing to see a piece of New Testament History painted with the scenery around Geneva, and adorned with the Mole, and other neighbouring mountains. The library is hung with a fine collection of portraits, including those of several of the Reformers, and a painting of

Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon: there are also some beautifully illuminated manuscripts, some sermons of St. Augustin, written on papyrus, a fragment of the tablet, or memorandum-book of Philip the Fair of France, in wood, and covered with wax, like those of the Romans; and some autograph letters of Viret, and of Calvin, having the seals still affixed to them.

The collections of natural history are numerous, this branch of science being apparently a favourite pursuit at Geneva. In the Museum of the Academy may be noticed a butterfly measuring nine inches and a quarter across the wings. One remarkable curiosity, here, is a circular piece of antique silver plate, found in the bed of the Arve, and supposed by some to be a Roman shield, for which, however, it appears too small.

The cathedral is a Gothic edifice, of no great extent; and is inharmoniously finished at the west end, with a Corinthian portico, in imitation of that of the Rotondo at Rome. In the time of the Romans, who subdued the Allobroges, the ancient inhabitants of the shores of the Lake Lemanus, a temple to the sun is supposed to have occupied the site of this church. We obtained an interesting view of the immediate neighbourhood from one of the towers; but the clouds, which had, for a day or two, been accumulating, had by this time gathered too much to allow of a very extensive prospect.

The interior of the church has a fine appearance, though it is not very large. The lowest windows of stained glass, in the choir, are ancient; but all the rest, which have a very pleasing effect, were added on the occasion of the third centenary of the Reformation, the 23rd of August, 1835. On inquiring whether the pulpit was the very same in which Calvin had preached,—we were informed that the sounding-board remained, but that the pulpit itself had been renewed. The tomb of the Duke of Rouen being shown, we asked where was Calvin's? and were told there was none: nor could the man inform us where he was buried. There is no statue, no pillar, no monument, to this illustrious, and to use the epithet of Bishop Horsley, who differed from him in his theology, this 'venerable' Reformer.

Calvin was the founder of the presbyterian form of church government, here, and the instrument of giving organisation to the doctrines of the Reformation. William Farel, however, and Peter Viret, had the honour of first preaching them in this city, three or four years before the persecution of the Protestants under Francis I. drove Calvin, hither, from Noyon, in France. It is to be regretted, indeed, that Calvin did not, as is but too evident from the melancholy affair of Servetus, understand the true principles of religious liberty. But this was a period when men, emerging from the

gloom and the bigotry of popery, carried with them a large portion of its darkness into the light. Calvin, however, liberally promoted that attention to learning, which has since tended to deliver mankind from all tyranny over conscience; and he persuaded the civil government to establish the public academy.

Geneva, and its neighbourhood, have also been remarkable for men of a very different character. It was in 1750, that Rousseau first appeared on the stage of literature; some years afterwards, he returned to Geneva, his native city, to broach his infidel opinions, in his discourse on the 'Causes of the Inequality among Men,' and on the 'Origin of Society.' In 1755, Voltaire retired to this place, to spread around him a similar deleterious moral atmosphere, for full twenty years. He afterwards converted the castle of Ferney, in this neighbourhood, situated within view of all that is sublime and beautiful in nature, into the court and temple of infidelity; where, as its monarch and high-priest, for eleven years, he burnt incense to his own vanity, and received the adulation of the learned and the great, the embassies of crowned heads, and the homage of the simple.

It is appalling to contemplate the moral poison which these two apostles of infidelity have been the means of diffusing!* The brilliancy of their

* Voltaire, d'Alembert, and Rousseau, as is evident from some of their letters, exulted in the progress of latitudinarianism

genius, to the view of every correct mind, was but the glare of a noxious vapour; like the *ignis fatuus*

among the clergy of Geneva; which the influence of these men unquestionably contributed to promote; and which still, to a great extent, remains.—While at Geneva, I met with a sermon delivered on the 21st of August, 1735, on occasion of the second centenary of the Reformation, before the above two malignant stars had combined with other causes, to shed so baleful an influence over this once faithful city; and while, as yet, Geneva had not given up that attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation, which, for the first two centuries, she cherished. This discourse was preached in the cathedral, by Antoine Maurice, Pastor, and Professor of Theology.

The following sentence is translated from the preface, which is addressed to the ‘Venerable Company of Pastors and Professors of the Church and Academy of Geneva.’ ‘May our endeavours please Jesus Christ our master, contribute to advance his reign, and bring down on us, and on our labours, his blessing!’

In the sermon itself, are the following sentiments:—‘The veil which formerly covered the doctrine of grace, has been taken away by the Spirit, the author of the Gospel.’—‘In working this marvel of the Reformation, God made use of second causes; and we ought not to despise, or forget them. Such were those great men who had the courage to come and preach among us the pure gospel; and in particular, a Farel, whom grace made use of to found this church; and a Calvin, to whom it owes its completion. Lovely names, which will always be dear to Genevan hearts who shall value truth and liberty!’

‘It is from God alone, and from his word that we receive laws in religion. Our Creator, our Redeemer, to whom nature and grace have already subjected us, is now the sole regulator of our faith.’—‘I will never acknowledge any other head, any other monarch of the church, than the Son of God; nor any other centre of unity than his gospel. O how sweet, how glorious, for us not to have to announce anything but the oracles of God;

which allures the traveller to some quagmire of destruction. These men, by their personal influence, and their writings, had so prepared the next generation for admitting the worst principles which were blended in the French Revolution, that in 1791, a society styling themselves the 'Circle of Light,' were quite prepared to sacrifice their country's freedom and religion, to democracy and atheism; till, after successive convulsions, attended with all the horrors of revolution, Geneva in 1798

'to acknowledge no other master than his Son; no other rule of our faith than his word! O happy, glorious liberty!'

'We have to teach a very pure religion; let us preach it in its purity: let us combat with courage, error, and vice. Is it not true that we are called to liberty, when Christianity has thus been restored to its simplicity, and its natural purity;—when it is proved that those who die in the Lord are thoroughly happy; that they rest from their labours; that they are received into the bosom of Abraham; that they are with their Saviour in paradise? Sacred spirits who minister round the throne of God, and who are employed for the happiness of the faithful, know what are now our purposes!—let all creatures learn how much this church owes to her Redeemer!'

'Sovereign master and legislator of the world, who knowest our works, and who wilt one day judge us! great and eternally blessed God,—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—we vow by thy holy name, to submit to thy retribution, if we violate this oath! freed by thy power, we will be faithful to thee unto death. Nothing shall ever cause us to abandon thy truth: thy word shall be our only guide.'—*Sermon sur le Jubilé de la Réformation de la République de Genève, prononcé à St. Pierre, le Dimanche, 21 Août, 1735. Par Antoine Maurice, Pasteur, et Professeur de Théologie.*

lost her independence, and was made part of the French Republic. In 1814 the overthrow of the gigantic power of France, and of its warlike ruler, restored this little state to its ancient laws and freedom.

Some inhabitants of Geneva who take a deep interest in the cause of the Reformed doctrines, stated that the late centenary, held August 23rd, 1835, previously to our arrival, was celebrated by three parties,—the National Church; the members of the *Société Evangélique*, who meet for worship in the Oratory; and those of the *Eglise du Témoignage*, or ‘Church of the Testimony,’ consisting of the friends of Dr. Malan, who was first ejected from the Genevan establishment.

The respective services were so arranged as not to interfere with each other; but the separate bodies did not, during the festival, unite in common under one roof. Indeed those whose hearts were alive to the good which, it was hoped, might result from the celebration, expected more than was realised.

The ‘Venerable Company of Pastors,’ as men of character and learning, wield a great influence over the public mind; and everything relating to this festival was under their control, in connexion with the magistracy, who acted with them: but the general tone of religion, in this celebrated little Republic, may be easily inferred from the manner

in which the Reformation, which took place here, in 1535, was recently commemorated.

On the same occasion, in 1735, it had been expressly forbidden, by the Council of State, to discharge any kind of fire-arms, on the Sabbath-day which occurred during the celebration; and a programme was previously read from the pulpit, exhorting the people to avoid, on that 'holy day,' every indecent and profane demonstration of joy:—but Sabbath evening, the 23rd of August, 1835, was ushered in by a general illumination; with the usual accompaniment of fireworks, transparencies, triumphal arches, the sound of drums, and the roar of artillery; and the whole population was poured into the streets. In this illumination, the Catholics, who have here one church, chose to unite; probably to save their windows; though, from the bitterness of the priests, there had been some previous apprehension that disturbances might occur: but the authorities had prepared for this contingency, and all passed off in quietness.

The Cathedral of St. Peter was also splendidly illuminated, and a vocal and instrumental concert was given within its walls. The manner in which the Sabbath is observed in any place, may be regarded as an exact thermometer of religious feeling; for the example of Christ and the apostles, sanctioning the use of the first day of the week for the purposes of public devotion, is sufficient to in-

duce every Christian who is in a right state of mind, to avoid everything that might unnecessarily interfere with the full benefit of this great privilege. Such a mode of employing the Sabbath as was adopted on the 23rd of August, 1835, and which was connived at, to say the least, by the clergy, could obviously have no other than an evil tendency on the religious feelings of the people. It has been but too justly said that—‘Socinianism *reigns* in the church of Geneva:’ there was, however, at least one sermon preached in it on the occasion, of a very different order,—the discourse of M. Diodati, who faithfully showed that the redemption by Christ is of the essence of the doctrines of the Reformation.

The general conferences that were held on the 22d, 24th, and 25th of August, were but little characterized by the spirit that was to be desired. Scotland had declined the invitation of the ‘Venerable Company;’ and had accompanied her refusal with a dignified testimony to the truth. The Pays de Vaud would not formally identify itself with the union, unless the divinity of the Saviour were publicly recognised; and a deputation was sent from that canton, expressly to testify to the doctrines of the Reformation. America was silent, with the exception of Dr. Channing’s nephew, a Unitarian. Evangelical Germany was not represented; nor was there one pastor from the orthodoxy of Holland. The English evangelical Dissenters had no deputy. Two

only, of the decided school of the Reformation, appeared from Switzerland ; and there were but very few evangelical pastors from the French Protestant Church.

Of the rational school, there were numbers from France ; and several from Germany. The sittings of the Assembly were held in the Church of the Auditory ; and the conference was composed of about two hundred persons. One speaker appeared almost in the character of the champion of natural religion ; but his speech was not very acceptable to a part of the audience ; though the Venerable Company seemed to adopt as their rule,—patiently to hear all, and to reply nothing. Doctors Ammon, and Rohr, from Germany, defended the rationalism which has there prevailed. M. Guillebert, pastor and professor from Neuchâtel, sought to prove that there were three things which modern Protestants can do without ; namely, confessions of faith, continental missionaries, and religious journals ; which sentiment pleased the pastors of Geneva, who, through M.M. Cellerier, and Martin, gave in their entire adhesion to it.

A proposition was made, on the last day of the conferences, to send a deputation to invite the three pastors of the Oratoire, M.M. Gaussen, Galland, and Merle, who had been disowned by the church, to come and take their seats in the Assembly. This proposal gave rise to an animated discussion ;

in which a noble testimony was borne to the doctrines of the Reformation, by M. Grand-Pierre of Paris, where he is at the head of the Evangelical Mission College. Mr. Hartley, minister of the English Episcopal Church at Geneva, followed, in the same strain of uncompromising fidelity; giving an outline of the faith of the reformers,—or rather of the apostles; and, after making some very lively and touching appeals to the audience, bewailing the wide departure of the Genevan church, and Academy, from the simplicity of the Gospel,—during which remarks he was very impatiently heard, and sometimes interrupted,—he concluded by a solemn prayer for the pastors of the city, and for all Protestant churches. The debate ended, after three hours' discussion, by the moving of the previous question.*

The three pastors of the Oratoire have always announced their willingness to return to the bosom of the church, if the principles of the Reformation were recognised in it; as it is only *doctrine*, and not church-government, for which they have contended. Hence the onus of rejecting them rests entirely with the 'Pastors,' who seem to fear little on this point, having formerly expelled César Malan, a professor in the Academy and an occasional preacher, for maintaining the

* See 'Archives du Christianisme.'

doctrine of justification by faith, in the very church where Calvin had so often preached it.*

A regulation, drawn up by the Pastors, still exists, though it has not for some time past been enforced, by which a written declaration is to be signed by every new candidate for the ministry, almost promising that he will refrain from preaching on the 'divinity of Christ, the operation of divine grace on the heart, original sin, and predestination.' So determined have been the attempts to rob the Gospel of almost all its peculiarities, and to reduce it to little more than the mere echo of natural religion.

Yet the vital truths of the Christian faith, have never been wholly extinct in this apostate church, even in the darkest hour of her history. There has always remained a glimmer of promise;—always some few faithful prophets who, at whatever worldly risk, have not bowed the knee to the Baal of rationalism,—either in its colder, or its more enthusiastic forms; nor worshipped the idol with the Christian mask,—but possessing the real

* Not long ago, a young minister of the Church was summoned before the Consistory, for preaching the deity of Jesus Christ: he was asked a reason for his conduct, in thus bringing forward *anti-quoted* and *speculative* doctrines; and having furnished himself with an extract from Calvin's works on the subject, he read it, as part of his defence, without stating who was the author: the Venerable Company, however, 'knew not' Calvin; and the faithful young man was excluded from the church.

aspect, and the heart of infidelity. The defalcation from the doctrines of the Gospel on the part of the clergy is more remarkable, because the evangelical liturgy, as drawn up by the reformers, is still in use.

How true is it of the divine element of pure Christianity, as it was of the heaven-protected nation of the Hebrews, in the land of Egypt,—that opposition does but accelerate its growth! After Dr. Malan's ejection, M. Gaussen, who was then connected with the Genevan church, was pronounced to be 'too zealous,' in his pastoral engagements; for as there were no evening services in the churches, he had begun to hold private evening meetings for prayer, reading, and exhortation. He had done more;—instead of using the 'Catechism,' from which almost everything that distinguishes Christianity had been expunged, he employed the Holy Scriptures, in the religious instruction of youth.

This departure from the general practice was followed, in 1831, by the institution of the '*Société Evangélique*,' for the preaching of the Gospel in Geneva; and for the accomplishment of various collateral religious objects. In consequence of the interest they took in the promotion of this society, and of their general character as evangelical, the Rev. Messieurs Gaussen, Galland, and Merle, were officially deprived of their functions, as ministers of

the church; and they became pastors of the Evangelical Society at the Oratoire.—Thus like other churches that have been corrupted by error, or by their amalgamation with the State, is the church of Geneva destined, against her will, to form from her own bosom, the materials that shall re-act upon her from without, and ultimately regenerate, and restore her, to more than her pristine glory.

Though the religion of Jesus is essentially independent of the smiles and the frowns of men, it is, perhaps, a good omen for the future progress, in Geneva, of the genuine principles of the Reformation, which have so arduous a contest to maintain against the weight of respectability, learning, and authority, in the clergy,—that the evangelical community is composed of the higher class of society in this city; whose influence is likely to have the greatest effect on the mind of others. It was also stated by a gentleman who is well-acquainted with all the circumstances, that some hopes are entertained of a closer union between the *Société Evangelique*, and the *Eglise du Témoignage*, a consummation ‘devoutly to be wished for,’ as union, particularly in the cause of truth, is strength.

The Society’s church will hold about a thousand people. The ministers maintain three services on the Sabbath, two in French, and one in German; besides one service in each language, during the week. There are also social, and missionary prayer-

meetings; and the Society, in addition to the original object,—evangelical preaching in Geneva,—patronises a system of *colportage*, or the sale of the Scriptures on very low terms, by pious young men, who are called *colporteurs* or hawkers; but whose office it is, not only to sell, but also to explain, and to recommend the sacred volume. Much good, there is reason to believe, has been effected by means of this system, through Genevese agency, in France.

There is also a ‘Comité d’Evangélisation,’ for the especial purpose of promoting the preaching of the Gospel in that destitute country. The Society, moreover, takes a deep interest in the cause of missions in general, and in the distribution of evangelical tracts: it, also, supports Sabbath, and infant schools. For the purpose of regenerating divinity, and training up a ministry that shall be free from the Unitarian rationalism, and the semi-infidelity, that have, here, shed so baleful an influence on the fountains of public instruction, a Theological Institution has also been set on foot, by the Society.

That some good has resulted from the testimony which has been borne to the truth by the *Société Evangélique*, is evinced, among other symptoms, by the facts,—that *one* vacancy in the presbytery has been filled up by an evangelical clergyman,—and that the preaching in the established church, however deficient it still is, appears to be less de-

cidedly contrary to the gospel than heretofore. The friends of evangelical truth in Geneva, consider that, in this Canton, religion is in a state of transition, and of certain progress, towards the doctrines of the Reformation.

The history of Geneva testifies that, like other border cities, it has experienced its share of change. Julius Cæsar established, here, a military station; and the town was repeatedly destroyed by fire, in the conflicts between the Romans and the neighbouring nations.

In the beginning of the fifth century, this city was the capital of the Burgundians. It subsequently came under the Frankish dominion; and, in 1032, was united to the German empire. At a later period, it was a perpetual source of contest between the House of Savoy, and its own Counts, the Prince Bishops, till 1526, the date of the rise of its independence. The dukes of Savoy made a last and unsuccessful attempt to enslave Geneva in 1602; but they did not formally acknowledge its independence till 1754. After this period, intestine commotions agitated this little commonwealth, at intervals, till, in 1798, it was occupied by the French, whose power over it fell with Bonaparte.

Since the Reformation, Geneva has become a seat of learning. It is, at present, celebrated for the intellectual tone of its society, and the excellence of its system of education. In the Academy are upwards of twenty professors.

LETTER XVII.

The Lake of Geneva—Jerome Bonaparte—Lausanne—Gibbon—
Head of the Lake—Castle of Chillon—Rousseau—Vevay—
Quadrennial fête—Edmund Ludlow—Bülle—Freyburg—The
Cathedral—Romanism—Liberty taken with Scripture—The
Hermitage—The Suspension Bridge—Extraordinary Situation
of Freyburg—Mixture of Languages—Alemanni, and Franks—
Road to Bern—Costume—Bern—Its beauty—Cathedral—
Bears—Arsenal—Public Buildings—Road to Soleure—Capu-
chin friars—Canton of Bern—Costume—Magnificent views of
the Northern Chain—Last sight of the Alps.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—On leaving Geneva, we de-
termined to pursue our course to Vevay, on the
Lake; which is the most celebrated of all those that
adorn the continent of Europe. It receives within its
ample bed, the waters of forty streams, besides the
Rhône. This, the most rapid of European rivers,
disdaining, as it were, to mingle in the common reser-

voir, urges its onward course through the vast expanse of about forty or fifty miles, marked by the blue colour, and the restlessness of its ever-flowing tide, which issues from the lake with a purer azure, and, at some distance below Geneva, meets the Arve, another turbulent child of glaciers. This stream is said to contain particles of gold. When suddenly increased by the thaw of the icy regions at the bases of Mont Blanc, the Arve sometimes swells the Rhone to such a degree, that it rolls back towards Geneva, resembling another Jordan, and still struggling to preserve the identity of its flood. A few leagues lower, this rapid torrent, like the gloomier waters of the fabled Styx, disappears under ground, beneath the chaotic ruin of neighbouring mountains; from which it again emerges, to water the plains of France, to the extent of five hundred miles.

If it could be imagined that, for one single summer, the eternal snows and ices of Savoy were exposed to such a sun as rises on Egypt, what might not be the consequence!—But the sun has his course, and the waters have their bounds; and so admirable a balance is maintained, between the evaporation and the supply of the lake of Geneva, that it rarely rises, at the utmost, more than six feet above its ordinary level, though it is so immediately connected with the innumerable and enormous storehouses of the Alpine gulfs of ice;

which have only to be unlocked by a permanent change of temperature, in order to drown the whole valley of the Arve, from the Jura wall to the Savoy chain of Alpa.

The form of the lake is a rude segment of a circle, of which the convex side is northward; the greatest breadth being about nine miles. It continually diminishes towards Villeneuve on the east, where it receives the Rhone; also towards Geneva, which is situate at its south-western point. On the Savoy side of this classic lake, are the Salève mountains, which overlook the city, to the height of about three thousand feet; and to the south-east, are seen various pyramids, heads, and needles,—all surmounted by Mont Blanc, which, at the distance of fifty miles, was distinctly visible while we were at Geneva. The surfaces of the calcareous Salève mountains are bestrewed with huge isolated fragments of granite, the hieroglyphic memorials, as it were, of some vast, but unknown convulsion of nature, that would seem to have brought them, at some period, from the primitive Alpa.

The sublime back-ground of the lake is graced and relieved by the smiling verdure, the human habitations, the vineyards, and the orchards, which border the waters; and by the grassy ridges which, in some parts, rise out of its bosom. The side of the Pays de Vaud, by its picturesque beauty, and

high cultivation, claims to be the garden of Switzerland: but on the morning when we were to view this scene from the lake, the rain fell heavily, and continued, more or less, during greater part of the forenoon; so that we lost much of the charms of this interesting region.

Notwithstanding the distance,—in calm weather, and a favourable light, Mont Blanc may be seen reflected from the bosom of the lake; but, now, the Savoy Alps, and even the Jura chain were wholly obliterated; and the white Salève mountains, to the south of Geneva, presented a singularly wild appearance, their surface being dimmed by mist, and by continually driving clouds. The city, with its towers, and lofty buildings, rose between the lake and these mountains, which formed, in the back-ground, a gloomy and magnificent kind of amphitheatre.

The rain did not prevent us from perceiving that we were passing between two coasts, which, in fine weather, must be enchantingly beautiful; each bank being adorned with elegant villas and lovely gardens. The '*Leman*' steam-boat is fitted up with comfort and elegance; but our party found the motion of the vessel exceedingly disagreeable, as the water was extremely rough; so that this sail was much more like a sea-voyage, than that which we had experienced from London to Ostend; arising from our having to oppose the rapid torrent

of the Rhone, which now had a remarkably blue appearance.

In about three hours, the rain ceased, and the shining of the sun invited all to the deck; when it proved that we had no less distinguished a person on board than Jerome Bonaparte, once king of the ephemeral monarchy of Westphalia, which was formed by the great conqueror, out of Hesse-Cassel, Hanover, Brunswick, and the Prussian territories west of the Elbe. Jerome is a thin man, of the middle size; and some of the voyagers were struck with the likeness of his profile to that given of his brother Napoleon, whom he has been thought much to resemble. He commanded a large division of the French army, at Waterloo, where he made the first charge against the allied forces; and he is said to have possessed greater military talents than any of Napoleon's other brothers. He has the appearance of an amiable man, and his reserved manner, and avoidance of the company on board, conveyed the impression of being rather the result of a consciousness that he was marked and observed, than of any aristocratic pride. His secretary accompanied him; and on leaving the vessel at Ouchy, the port of Lausanne, they both got into the same boat with the other passengers.

The wife of Jerome, the Princesse de Montfort, sister of the king of Würtemberg, elicited from

Napoleon, when at St. Helena, the following eulogy, for her fidelity to her husband, when the changing destinies of the continent, dissolved the evanescent monarchy of Westphalia, and Jerome ceased to be a king. 'There exists a noble testimony in favour of Jerome; I mean, the love with which he has inspired his wife. The conduct of this woman, when, after my fall, her father, that terrible king of Würtemberg, that despotic and cruel man, sought to divorce her from him, is admirable. That princess has with her own hands engraven her name on the tablets of history.'

Jerome succeeded, it is said, in securing to himself, as the fruit of his elevation, an ample revenue, amidst the wreck of those many unsubstantial thrones, which, like fairy creations, arose at the nod of the mighty conqueror, only to melt away, and perish, with his own changing fortunes. The ex-king would certainly not strike any one, as at all wearing an air of gloomy disappointment, or mortified pride; and for aught that appeared to the contrary, he may be not less happy,—probably much more so,—with his private station, his faithful wife, his single attendant, and his favourite white dog, than when he was receiving the bought homage of time-serving courtiers, on a throne which he must have sometimes felt was precarious as the gossamer web, which a breath may tear asunder.

There was also, on board, a Princess of the Bourbon race, with her husband and family. Of English there were, besides ourselves, but very few. The number of the company was about thirty.

Notwithstanding the absence of the sun,—the luxuriance of the landscape, and the numerous small towns and villages which presented to view their spires and towers, on the northern borders of the lake, rendered the continually varying scenes sufficiently interesting and picturesque to convey some idea of what must be their beauties under a smiling sky. The vessel remained stationed, for some time, before LAUSANNE; which is the capital of the Pays de Vaud, and is situated at a short distance from the shore, crowning a steep ascent with its cathedral, and its massy castle tower, which give it an antique and romantic effect.

The whole of this region is rich in Roman antiquities: it is also fraught with modern, historical, and biographical associations. Of the patrons and abettors of the hopeless system of infidelity, some who have attained a 'bad eminence,' have resided on these lovely shores, as if to illustrate how great the contrast can be, between the beauty and grandeur of nature, and the ingratitude, and impiety, of the human heart! To the names of Voltaire, and Rousseau, must be added that of Gibbon; who, at Lausanne, first abandoned Ro

manism for the opposite extreme of scepticism; and rushed from the dreams of superstition, to the rejection of all revealed religion.

Here, too, Gibbon retired, in 1783, to finish his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;' in which celebrated work he seeks to undermine the divine authority of Christianity, by attempting to prove that its astonishing triumphs, during the first ages, were not owing to anything miraculous in the facts of the gospel history, but to mere natural and secondary causes. This insidious attack drew forth several answers, including the masterly 'Apology for Christianity,' by Dr. Watson, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff.

It is mournful to reflect that a writer of Gibbon's acuteness, fertility, and pictorial power, should have laboured his splendid periods to gild the poisonous bait of infidelity, and to render it more attractive to the youthful mind. Though it is of the nature of moral delinquency, in general, to be contagious,—its more ordinary exhibitions are commonly limited, as to their influence on others, within a comparatively small sphere:—but the infidel writer may awaken the dormant elements of evil, in ten thousand hearts, and embody what before existed only in the shape of half-formed thoughts, and evanescent feelings, into an organised and systematic hostility to truth and virtue.

By the time we reached Lausanne, the rain

had ceased, and the industrious Genevese employed the afternoon in making ropes, on the deck of the vessel. A more propitious sky, and gleams of sunshine, though dubious and watery, allowed of advantageous views of the head of the lake, where it is surpassingly grand and beautiful. The scenery is here much bolder, and more Alpine, and, at the same time, more picturesque, than nearer to Geneva. The lake becomes gradually narrower, and is surrounded on the north-east, east, and south-east, by mountains, some of which are 5,000 feet in height; promontories abruptly rise from the water, covered with verdure to its edge; and, between Lausanne and Vevay, there is a rich assemblage of country-seats, gardens, and vineyard terraces; forming a landscape that beautifully contrasts with the grander features which characterize the eastern extremity of the lake.

The white walls of the castle of CHILLON, had long been in sight; but on approaching Vevay, a nearer view was obtained of this ancient pile, which, near the ingress of the Rhone, is seated dominant on the waters, as mistress of the expanse; rearing its towers as the representatives of other days. In a dungeon of this castle, was confined François de Bonnivard, the champion of Genevan independence,* against the oppressions of Charles

* Bonnivard laid the foundation of the library at Geneva, by the gift of his own books and manuscripts, in 1551; he is supposed to have died in 1570.

III. Duke of Savoy. This prince endeavoured, in 1536, to extinguish the Reformation, the principles of which had recently been established in Geneva; but the inhabitants of that city found means of resisting the attempt. They fitted out an armament, for service on the lake; while their Bernese allies assisted them with a considerable body of troops: the combined forces took the castle of Chillon from the tyrannical Savoyard; and Bonnivard was released by his victorious fellow-citizens, having been incarcerated during six years.

‘ Lake Leman lies by Chillon’s walls :
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 Thus much the fathom’d line was sent
 From Chillon’s snow-white battlement,
 Which, round about, the wave enthrals ;
 A double dungeon, wall and wave
 Have made—and like a living grave.
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for ’twas trod
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard !’

This part of the lake of Geneva has acquired additional celebrity by its being identified with the perverted genius of the ‘self-torturing’ sophist Rousseau, who has here laid the scenery of his romance. The magnificent and exquisite blending of mountain, rock, vineyard, wood, town, and

castle, all around the head of the expanse, where the Rhone pours in its flood,—renders Meillerie, St. Gingo, Bôveret, Villeneuve, Chillon, Clarens, and Vevay, an assemblage of scenes, which, for variety and picturesque beauty, are regarded as unrivalled, even in Switzerland. But to a well-regulated mind, the wild and solemn rocks of Meillerie derive but a melancholy interest as the modern Leucate of Rousseau; nor do the heights of Clarens appear more picturesque, by being associated with the poison of his unbelief.—It was probably a feeling of a similar kind that prevented Ferney, the residence of Voltaire, near Geneva, from being regarded by us with that sort of interest which might have induced a visit.

Between two and three hours' sail from Lausanne, brought us to VEVAY; the whole voyage from Geneva having occupied nearly seven hours. There was little inducement to remain at Vevay; as the sky now resumed its cloudy aspect, which, for a while, it had thrown off; and there seemed no prospect of fine weather for the present. This place owes its attraction to its situation on the lake; but the absence of the sun, and the premature shadows of the evening, destroyed a great part of that effect, arising from light and shade, on which the charm of mountain-scenery so much depends.

Vevay is remarkable for one of those local ob-

servances, which seem to point back to the transition of a country from heathenism to Christianity. Here, the labourers, of the corn-fields, and of the vineyards, have been accustomed to celebrate a festival, every four years, with a strange medley of ceremonies, — borrowed partly from paganism, partly from the Old Testament history, and partly from popery:—for in a grand procession, are seen mingling with each other, the patriarch Noah, with his ark; a Romish bishop; a Bacchus, surrounded by his Maenades, and Satyrs; Silenus seated on an ass; and Ceres in her car, wearing a coronet of wheatsheaves;—also tripods, altars, victims with gilt horns,—and the like: this scene is accompanied with an immense concourse of people.*

Here lies buried in the cathedral, Edmund Ludlow, one of the judges of the unfortunate Charles I., and a man who, whatever may be thought of his principles as a decided republican, at least merited the praise of consistency,—not always due to politicians; for he equally opposed the tyranny of Charles, and the ambition of Cromwell. At the Restoration, he retired to Vevay, where he received protection; and at the Revolution under William of Orange, to whom his military talents recommended him, he returned to England; but being obnoxious to the House of Commons, in consequence of the part he had

* See Ebel's Guide, 1820, p. 194.

acted in bringing Charles to the block, he was compelled once more to take refuge at Vevay; where he ended his days in 1698.

In those parts of Switzerland where diligences run, it is customary, when they are full, for the remaining passengers to be furnished with other carriages, which accompany the regular public conveyance, and arrive at the appointed destination nearly at the same moment. So many persons were desirous of going to Freyburg, that all the places in the diligence were taken; and it was an hour, or more, before a considerable number of individuals knew whether they could proceed. Some delay was occasioned, by the time occupied in ascertaining whether there was a sufficient supply of horses to be had in the town, to furnish the vehicles that were required; and such was the imperturbable indifference of the book-keeper, that he met, with equal *sang froid*, the coaxing of some of the candidates, and the impatient reproaches of others; all being equally desirous of securing accommodation.

Our party obtained a commodious separate carriage; but there was a complete scramble, among numbers, to get conveyance, and many were left behind. Just as rain came on, the train of vehicles started, and ascended a very steep acclivity, commanding a magnificent view of the lake, and of a part of its mountain-scenery, the outlines of which

had an impressive appearance, being surrounded with threatening clouds. The storm brooded heavily over the expanse, from which a white mist had arisen, and was hovering on the surface,—so as to unite with the black cloud above, to produce the effect of an immense, and awful pall, hanging solemnly over the lake, and covering the distant landscape. The vision was darkly sublime.

The road led up a mountain steep for several hours; and when the ascent commenced, *MM. les Conducteurs*, who are here important personages, opened the doors of the vehicles, and exclaimed *descendez*, ordering the gentlemen to get out and walk, as is usual in these mountain districts, whatever be the weather. So long as it was light, the beauties of this picturesque and romantic road beguiled the journey; but before we reached Châtel St. Denis, the thickening rain, and the advancing shadows of the night, had blended all things in one universal gloom.

At Büle, in the canton of Freyburg, the whole company in the train of vehicles, stopped about two hours; as is common, in Switzerland, in travelling during the night. For, as the same horses frequently go the whole journey, it is necessary to give them rest, even if you have not to await the arrival of some diligence from another part of the country.

A comfortable inn, a plentiful board, and great

civility, relieved the tedium of delay; which was further beguiled by a rather amusing episode, consisting of a noisy *fracas*, between a French lady and the host and hostess, while all the rest of the company sat in mute surprise. *Madame* had, by some means, fancied that sufficient attention and respect had not been paid to her dignity; and the landlord and landlady, who seemed to be very worthy people, possessed, perhaps, somewhat of the independence of the German innkeepers. They would not acknowledge any fault; and the lady began to *faire l'importante* in high style, significantly insisting on her own consequence, on *their* ignorance *who she was*,—and employing similar cogent arguments of gentility,—till words ran high, and there was no lack of eloquence on either side:—the announcement that all was in readiness for resuming the journey, put an end to this somewhat comic scene.

Those who travel in Switzerland, especially during the night, must not expect to meet with all the facilities which, in England, render a journey of twice the distance we had now to go, a mere trifle as to inconvenience, whether by night or by day. The carriage in which our party had been accommodated from Vevay, was exceedingly comfortable, and quite water-proof; but we no sooner took our seats to proceed from Bülle, than it proved that an exchange had been made, by which

we were far from being gainers; for our present vehicle was in a somewhat crazy state, and was furnished only with an insufficient leathern curtain, which it was impossible so to hold together as effectually to keep out the rain. Our travelling companions were possibly no better off, as the exchange of carriages appeared to be general.

The whole company, consisting of about twenty-five persons, arrived, between five and six in the morning, at the very romantic city of FREYBURG, capital of the canton; having been twelve hours in performing a journey of thirty-six miles. The weather was so wet and cold, that a good fire, at the *Hôtel des Marchands*, was highly acceptable. This appears to be an ancient inn; and on ascending the staircase, a very curious, and well-executed carving of cherubim, in wood, arrests the attention.

The situation of Freyburg gives it a character altogether extraordinary; part of the city being built on the steep slopes of an elevated ridge of sand-stone rocks, and part on a plain, on the banks of the river Saane, or Sarine. Many of the buildings project over an abrupt precipice; and in one place, the houses are below the pavement of a street which runs above them. The effect of the fortifications is most picturesque: they consist of high walls, and antique towers; and enclose a circuit of about four miles; in which are rocks, meadows,

gardens, and orchards, besides the town itself. The streets of a place so curiously situated must necessarily be irregular, and many of them are steep; but they are generally of considerable width, and clean; and some of them terminate in agreeable open areas. The houses are rather neatly built of the grey sand-stone of the vicinity, rising above each other, according to the inequality of the ground. In the streets are many public fountains.

The churches, and numerous other buildings, which either have been, or are still used as religious houses, give the town the appearance of being the stronghold of popery; and there are many schools, in which the young are instructed in the principles of Romanism, which reigns powerfully in this canton. A few branches of manufacture are here carried on, and the population is about six thousand; but, for a place of importance, the town has rather a lifeless air.

The cathedral is a very handsome gothic structure; with a tower, the loftiest, and containing the finest ring of bells in Switzerland. Its height is three hundred and fifty-six feet; and its architecture somewhat resembles that of the tower of St. Dunstan's in the west, in London. The exterior has a very fresh appearance, and must have been recently renovated.

On approaching the entrance of this church, the

traveller is at once unequivocally apprised that the edifice which he is about to enter is Romish. Over the great western door, is a strange sculpture, of which the subject is the general judgment. It contains one of those profane exhibitions, which are both disgusting to taste, and revolting to all correct religious feeling,—the representation of God the Father, as an old man. This central figure is surrounded by saints and angels, not omitting mitred ecclesiastics,—the whole group forming the celestial company. Elsewhere, is the infernal band; and among the odd figures composing it, is one resembling the Egyptian god Anubis, having a human body, and a dog's face, and employed in carrying a basket full of children to hell: by such methods does the church of Rome work on the imagination of her votaries!

It cannot fail to be remarked by the observant traveller in Catholic countries, that in such representations as these, *priests* are always brought forward as having a foremost place of influence and power. In a church which we somewhere entered, was a painting of purgatory, in which miserable creatures, tortured in a fiery abyss, were represented as holding up their hands, with imploring looks, to mitred priests, who are seen on the clouds above, in the attitude of prayer to a lamb with a cross on its shoulder: the blood from the side of the lamb streams on the flames, which are thus damped, at

the intercession of the priests; and angels with benevolent smiles are stretching forth their hands, and lifting the tormented wretches out of the scorching gulf! Among these, *infants* are included:—what a picture to a mother's eye! It is difficult, in beholding such scenes, not to feel the force of Milton's remark respecting the popish mitre—that it seems to resemble the stamp and impress of the 'cloven foot.'

What is there that is appalling to the imagination, and to the sense, which the church of Rome, in the plenitude of her power, has not resorted to,—in order to overawe the minds of her votaries, and to deter them from all freedom of inquiry,—and, as far as possible, even from the sacred and hidden liberty of thought! The rack, the boot, the scourge, the flames, have each been employed to make its appeal to what is felt by mankind, in general, to be the greatest of all evils—bodily pain:—and what artifices have not been used to enslave the mind itself? Could all the secrets of the convent, and of the dungeon, be unfolded, during the disastrous millennium, when popery reigned almost triumphant over Europe, what horrors might not be proved to have been added to solitary confinement, by terrifying the imagination of the suspected heretic, with pretended supernatural voices, ghastly apparitions, and infernal visions?

Protestantism herself, unhappily, is not guiltless of the crime of persecution, though the catalogue of her cruelties may neither be so black, nor so ingeniously varied as that of Rome: so far, however, as she endeavours either to force or to bribe the unwilling homage of the infidel, by pains, penalties, or privileges,—or to wring from the Catholic the money which he hates to give,—she herself does but tread in the footsteps of the ‘Man of Sin;’ and becomes but an example of the transmigration of the spirit of Rome, into a new form, with another name.

The cathedral of Freyburg is dedicated to St. Nicholas; and among the instructive exhibitions of popery which are presented to view at the entrance, is an inscription in which the liberty has been taken of substituting the word *Nicolas* for *David*. This occurs in a quotation from 2 Kings, xix. 34, in which passage, Jehovah promises to protect Jerusalem against the army of Sennacherib. The Freyburg version is the following: *For I will defend this city, to save it, for mine own sake, and for my servant Nicolas's sake.**

An elegantly carved stone pulpit adorns this church, the interior of which, however, does not fulfil the promise of the exterior. Here, as elsewhere, everything seemed to indicate the full sway

* ‘Protegam hanc urbem, et salvabo eam, propter Nicolaum servum meum.’ IV. Reg. 19.

of superstition : and some poor people were coming along the aisle with vessels of ' holy water ;'—which is supposed to be of great efficacy in cases of disease.

In hopes of sufficiently fair weather, arrangements were made for our visiting the celebrated *Hermitage*, which is distant from Freyburg about three miles ; but the rain which afterwards fell for some hours, in torrents, prevented this excursion. The Hermitage consists of a church, with a steeple eighty feet high, a convent, a sacristy, and additional apartments,—all elaborately excavated from the sand-stone rock, by the hermit and his domestic, who were employed in this work for twenty-five years.

The annals of Romanism furnish astonishing monuments of the energy of which perverted religious principle is capable—witness the cathedrals of Europe. Happy did he think himself, who, amidst assembled crowds, laid the foundation stone of one of these massy piles ; happy were his posterity in carrying on a work which was thought to merit the divine favour for all that were engaged in it ; and happier still did he deem himself, who saw the mighty fabric lift its gorgeous pinnacles to the skies, and who first trod in solemn procession beneath its vaulted roof, and traversed its pillared aisles—tinged with the glorious hues of its storied windows, which transmitted all the dyes of hea-

ven, to delight the eye, and to charm the imagination,—while the whole surrounding country would be present to celebrate the memorable day, and to load with praise the men who, whether living or dead, had purchased an eternity of bliss by their benefactions to the church.

Whatever gratification of taste may be derived from contemplating the beauties of architecture, it is painful to reflect—to how great an extent these splendid monuments of human labour and genius, originated in the attempt to find an opiate to conscience, and an atonement for crime; while the grand catholicon for human guilt, and the grand instrument of human purification, the cross of Christ, was sunk into a mystic ceremony. Among other examples of the attempt to purchase impunity, by means of human merit, are the monasteries, and cathedrals, that have been founded by several of our Saxon kings.

To beguile a thoroughly pouring morning, from twenty to thirty of the guests at the *Hôtel des Marchands* hurried across the street to the cathedral, to hear the organ, which is a fine one, and was pealing through the aisles for the amusement of the weather-bound travellers, and to render the morning rather less irksome. This pastime, and the presence of a number of Protestant foreigners, whose general air and manner discovered that they felt no sympathy with the Romish ideas respecting

consecrated places, did not seem in the least to interrupt the private worship of several individuals, who remained kneeling before the altars.

It admits of little doubt that the practice of going through the detail of individual and personal devotion, *in public*, is inconsistent with the spirit of our Saviour's directions with regard to private prayer;*—yet it may be affirmed that, at all events, the Roman Catholic appears to give no evidence of being *ashamed* of his religion: the outward act, at least, is observed, whoever may be present; and it would seem that he knows little of that kind of compromise of his convictions to circumstances, which is but too common among those who bear the name of Protestants, and which frequently induces the neglect of religious duties, in the family, the social circle, or otherwise,—as a sacrifice to fashion, or a compliment to friends. The Catholic never seems afraid lest he should be thought too attentive to the external claims of his religion; while it is no unusual thing to find strenuous Protestants, who are especially careful not to betray any symptoms of being in true earnest respecting the solemn realities of Christianity, apart from politics and worldly interest, and who appear to have a greater dread of Puritanism, than of irreligion. It may be replied, indeed, that Romanism inspires false motives, and tends to produce pride,

* Matt. vi.

and an ostentatious devotion :—but, if so, surely the purer faith of Protestantism should be professed with more consistency, and with greater fidelity to its claims.

Among the Romish institutions of Freyburg, are a seminary for the education of priests, and a gymnasium ; also various schools for young persons of both sexes, who are strictly trained under the discipline of the Catholic religion. One of these institutions is the *ci-devant* college of the Jesuits. This building, which is furnished with towers like a castle, is situated in a commanding manner, in the highest part of the city ;—well harmonising, in its general appearance, with the despotic influence which the disciples of Ignatius Loyola have been enabled to exercise, through the medium of superstition, over the minds of men.

It is not till Freyburg is seen from the Bernese side, near the defile of Gettern, that the traveller receives the full impression of the very unusual, and picturesque situation, of this interesting and remarkable place. The splendid *Pont de Fil de Fer*, or iron suspension-bridge, which is now the boast of the Freyburgers, and has been erected within these two years, springs from one abrupt rock to another, over a chasm nine hundred feet in width, and at the elevation of a hundred and sixty feet above the river Saane, which flows in the bed of this rocky ravine. Thus the steep and dangerous

acclivity, by which carriages were before obliged to enter and leave Freyburg, is avoided.

The view of the town from this side, partly built on a solid wall of rock, and rising in some places like an amphitheatre of houses, convents, and churches; the fortifications, following all the inequalities of rock and glen, and running up and down the precipitous sides of the chasm which is immediately below the town; the watch-towers, grotesquely perched, here and there, upon the crags;—and the whole crowned with the elegant cathedral-tower, loftily dominant above all,—may be pronounced to constitute a scene so romantic, so wild, and so extraordinary, as to render Freyburg one of the wonders of Switzerland.

In Geneva, and throughout the Pays de Vaud, French is the vernacular tongue: but in the Canton of Freyburg there is a mixture of languages; and part of the population of the capital speak a German-French patois. At Bern the language is again German. The Burgundians established their dominion, in the fifth century, on both sides of the Jura, and in the territories bordering the lakes of Geneva and Neuchâtel. In these parts, the Gallo-Roman dialect became vernacular, and from it arose successively, several varieties of the Romance, the Provençal, and ultimately the French. The Alemanni colonised themselves eastward of the Aar, and either expelled, or reduced to servitude,

the ancient inhabitants,—till they themselves were subdued by the German Franks: hence the language of the German part of Switzerland.

The difference of feature which obtains between the eastern and the western Swiss, has often been observed by travellers. It is supposed that in the marked and decided traits of the east, we see the lineaments of the ancient Alemanni; while the softer and more curved outlines of the countenances of the western people, bespeak a Frankish origin.

The distance from Freyburg to Bern is about eighteen miles. Half the way still lay through the Canton of Freyburg. The peasant-women of this province have their hair plaited round the head, and wear large straw hats, ornamented with black lace. The district in which the capital is situated appeared rich and fertile, with pastures and woods. The country of *Gruyères*, which produces the well-known cheese, is further southward.

Our travelling, during this day, was at the rate of not more than four miles an hour. The horses required rest; and at a village near the border line of the two cantons, we obtained a plain wholesome meal, with much less of factitious cookery than usual, and therefore the more acceptable; for we had often desired such fare in vain. A poor old woman who served at this humble inn waited

on us with the greatest attention, and a few unexpected additional *batzen*, given in consideration of her age, seemed to excite the liveliest gratitude, and to make her think she could not do enough to repay us.

The country continued hilly,—for Bern is situated remarkably high, being no less than 522 feet above the level of the lake of Geneva, or 1,700 above the sea. During the afternoon, the weather became lowering; black, portentous clouds crossed our road, and on the approach to BERN heavy storms of thunder and lightning played among the hills, and were alternately on our right and left, while we escaped between them. At length, Bern presented to view its antique towers, and its entrance ornamented with the figures of two large bears, the ancient emblem of the city. Over one of the inner gates is a huge figure of wood, somewhat in the style of Gog and Magog at Guildhall; but the tradition of it we did not learn.

This agreeable town is delightfully embosomed in verdure, and is terraced round with the foliage of the banks of the Aar, which encircles a great part of the steep promontory on which Bern is built. The views from the ramparts, and the immediate neighbourhood, especially that from the terrace on which the cathedral stands above the bed of the Aar,—are exquisitely beautiful, commanding the luxuriant environs, the extensive

adjacent country, and the course of the river. This rapid stream issues from the base of that stupendous granite pyramid the Finsteraarhorn, or *dark peak of the Aar*, in the Bernese Oberland, between the valley of Grindelwald, and the Valais. The Aar, at some distance from Bern, takes a north-easterly direction; and after watering the cantons of Solothurn, and Argau, is lost, with the Reuss, and the Limmat, in the all-absorbing Rhine.

The general appearance of this elegant place, is incomparably superior to that of any other Swiss city we had seen. Its principal streets are adorned with fountains; and are spacious, level, well-paved, and uniformly built of stone,—having piazzas or arcades, under which the shops are ranged. If Geneva, or Zürich, be the Athens of Switzerland, Bern, for beauty, may claim to be the queen of all her cities. This is generally admitted. Bern however is considerably inferior in population to Geneva: it contains 18,000.

As the *Hôtel de la Couronne* was full, the host procured us excellent accommodations at a private house in the main street, opposite to the inn; from which our provisions were punctually brought. This noble street must be the greater part of a mile in length. Perhaps the arcades are too massy and low, to allow sufficient light and ventilation to the shops; but the effect of such extensive lines of

arches is undoubtedly fine; and they give to the city a certain air of grandeur. Umbrellas and parasols must, here, be comparatively but little in request, as the shelter, both from sun and storm, is so complete.

Though there is not much appearance of commerce in Bern, the new buildings and improvements which are going on in the suburbs, appear to indicate considerable public spirit in the inhabitants, and a laudable taste for the embellishment of their metropolis,—the means of which are abundant, in the beautiful stone that is dug in the neighbourhood. On the hills and slopes around the town, are also found granite, and calcareous masses, which some ancient convulsions have probably torn away, and conveyed to a distance, from their parent mountains.

The cathedral of Bern is a handsome Gothic edifice, of the early part of the fifteenth century; and is said to have been designed by the same architect who superintended the finishing of the Münster at Strasburg. Its steeple, which is rather lofty, is much admired. The interior is very neat, and four beautiful stained windows adorn the choir, the fifth having been destroyed, as the man who showed the church informed us, by one of those storms which sometimes sweep over this elevated country, from the Oberland Alps. Another church, of modern date, is in a style that recalls

to mind some of Queen Anne's churches in London.

The *Lohnbedienter*,* whom the traveller engages in this city, will not fail to conduct him to the spot, where, according to the ancient usage, two living bears are kept, whose place is continually supplied, as they die, by others. Our guide was not a sufficient adept in his profession, and had not so far consulted his own interest as to be able to inform us what was said to be the origin of this custom, or what conjectures were held respecting it: he knew that bears had been there as long as he could remember, and that bears were there still; and that was all he could tell of the matter.

The Arsenal contained arms for sixty or eighty thousand men, before the French invasion, of 1798. Here are still to be seen several trophies of Helvetic valour, gained in defence of the country. There are, also, armed figures of the Three Swiss; and of William Tell, whose son is represented with the apple on his head. Here too are kept a large quantity of small arms, and many pieces of artillery, some of brass, and very handsome; all being ready for the service of the Confederation.

* Commissioner, or guide; literally *hired servant*; who charges five, six, or eight French francs for the morning, according to circumstances. The guides we met with in the cities were, in general, much less to be depended on, as to information, than the *mountaineers*.

The prison contains manufactories for the employment of the delinquents; who are, at the present time, also at work on the fortifications. The prisoners are classified, according to the nature of their offences. It is common in Switzerland for them to be thus engaged in labour on public works,—such as roads, preparing stone for building, and other similar objects. It has also been the custom in this country for criminals to go to their labour, in chains, and with bells on the tops of their hats, or bonnets: we saw prisoners at work, two or three times; but did not observe that they had bells or chains.

Among the public buildings in Bern, are the granary, the Hospital, the Town-house, and the Academy. The Library contains about 20,000 volumes. There are also several scientific and literary societies.

On applying for places in the diligence to Soleure, distant about eighteen miles from Bern, we were accommodated, as on former occasions, with an excellent extra carriage. By this means, we lost the opportunity of travelling with two Capuchin friars,—young men, whose round and rubicund visages seemed to proclaim no lack whatever of good cheer, or of repose of mind; and whose only *mortification* seemed to be in their dress. During the journey, they chatted with their fellow-travellers, without any appearance of re-

serve, and with great apparent good-humour; and seemed in quite as high glee as any of the company.

Not long after leaving Bern, to ascend the hill on the north side, a beautiful view presented itself of the city, picturesquely crowning the banks of the Aar, and graced with the cathedral tower majestically rising in the centre of the mass of buildings scattered over with other pinnacles and spires. The country was rich; and the road excellent, and ornamented with numerous trees. A few miles on, we passed Hofwyl, celebrated as the educational, and agricultural establishment, instituted by M. Fellenberg.

The canton of Bern is the most populous and important of the Confederacy, and its landscapes are regarded as exhibiting equal cultivation and industry with any part of Switzerland. The road to Soleure lay through the Aargau, or district of the Aar; which river takes a circular sweep between the two capitals in its course from Bern. This part of the canton presents a very smiling and fertile appearance, and the farm-houses have an air of wealth and comfort. In many places the system of irrigation is carried to great perfection; and it is said that the best meadows are valued at a high rate.

This country is Protestant, and nothing is more frequently remarked by travellers, than the

visible and striking difference which commonly exists between the Protestant and the Catholic cantons, as to the appearance of the people, the neatness and comfort of the cottages, and the management of the fields. There are of course great exceptions to this rule; but the Protestant cantons seem almost as free from beggars, as from crosses; while in those which are Catholic there is generally an abundance of both.

The costume of the women in this canton is, as usual, a striking feature of the country. They wear a black velvet bodice, with white full sleeves, confined above the elbow, below which, the arm is covered with a kind of glove or tight sleeve. The hair is worn without curls, and is smooth in front; and on the crown of the head is a close black cap, trimmed with coarse black lace, or horse-hair,—projecting far from the head, so as sometimes to remind you of Mercury, with the winged cap which Jupiter is fabled to have presented to him. A long plait of hair, and two streamers of ribbon, hang down the back, and almost touch the ground. The servants of the *Pension* at Interlachen, however, did not wear these long plaits behind, their hair being simply parted in front, and bound round the head with a band of black velvet; but they had the Swiss bodice, ornamented with steel or silver chains.

The grand charm of the journey from Bern to

Soleure, consisted in the view which the road commands, of the Helvetian range of Alps. In a south-easterly direction, the magnificent spectacle presented itself, of the whole chaos, from the Wetterhorn, on the east, to the Blümlis-alp, and a continuous line of lower mountains, on the west. It was interesting, from a distance, to behold stretched out in a vast chain, those mighty heads and masses, which inspire so much awe and delight, when contemplated from their bases in the Oberland; and which, here, have the appearance of a huge snowy barrier, of from eight to fourteen thousand feet in height,—forming a line of fifty or sixty miles in length, and varying in distance from Bern from forty to sixty miles.

On the left in the chain, was the Wetterhorn, which seemed, agreeably to its name,* sternly to raise its pointed summits in defiance of the wintry storm:—next appeared the more ambitious Schreckhorn, higher by nearly a quarter of a mile,—proudly rearing itself as an isolated pyramid, of proportions which seemed scarcely less exact than though it had been the mighty model of the puny piles of Egypt:—further to the right, the slender pike of the Finsteraarhorn, the loftiest of the range, was seen emerging from the snowy gulf, which, from this distance, appears to lie between it and the Schreckhorn,—piercing the heavens with its

* Weather-peak, or Storm-peak.

granite shaft, to the height of two miles and a half above the level of the sea: next were the Viescherhorn, and the two Eigers, Alps which rise, with the Wetterhorn, from the vale of Grindelwald:—still more eastward the broad and awful mass of the Jungfrau, like a huge mis-shapen tower, resplendent with its vast snows, stood in majesty among its peers, for magnitude more commanding than any, and though in elevation second of the gigantic chain, apparently dominant above all.

Eastward of this mighty range of colossal towers and pyramids, and apparently forming part of it, inferior summits were crowded together, like a band of vassal powers, tributary to the supreme potentates, but all hoary with the snows of an eternal winter:—till yet farther to the right, the line of Alps subsided, and was lost in the dark shades of nearer and snowless mountains.

It is a maxim which is true to nature, that whatever is interesting, becomes more so in prospect of leaving it. We felt that this might probably be our last sight of the Alps:—for though it was our intention to cross the Weissenstein, a lofty part of the Jura range, and which commands a still more extensive view,—the weather had so alternated from fine to wet, since we had left Geneva, that,—gratifying as it was, in the present journey, to be so fortunate as not to lose the sight of the Northern Chain,—another view of the Alps was evidently very precarious.

So in reality it proved ;—for we were now gazing, for the last time, on these monuments of omnipotence ; which seem to disdain communion with the earth, and rather to belong to the empyrean that rests its blue concave on their ice-bound summits, which have reared themselves, in shadowy grandeur, to the inhabitants of distant plains, through all the ages of time,—the most impressive images of their Maker's eternity ; presenting the same aspect to the successive, ephemeral generations of men, who have gazed on their unchanged and unchanging forms, for thousands of years !

Ye solemn piles ! ye everlasting hills !
Ye emblems of eternity !—adieu !
'Twas thus ye seemed, when o'er your snowy wastes
Gazed the fierce Alemann, the Ostrogoth,
And conquering Frank,—as through each Alpine vale,
The din of battle rung, and barbarous arms.
And thus ye rose, what time the Helvetian host,
Impatient of their bounds, and icy clime,
Seeking new homes attacked the warlike Gaul,
And pacified Orgetorix's shade.

Thus to the Roman, when his eagle flew
Invincible athwart each pass, ye stood,
As wonder-struck he saw the frozen throne
Of every monarch Alp, a cataract
Of ice, eternal crystal, rich with dyes
From heaven's all-glorious bow. Or earlier still,
Ere Goth, or Roman, scaled your mighty walls,
And spilt his soul for fame, thus ye appeared

Dominant o'er earth, majestic in the skies,
While yet the hardy Celt his scanty fare
Wrung from the unwilling soil, through the long tract
Of unknown time, and served his cruel gods.
So then, as now, first of all things below,
Ye caught the kindling morn, and last at eve
The fading blush detained, when all was gloom.

'Twas thus, ye mighty ones ! ye hoary shades !
Ye ghosts of ages ! stood your spectral forms,
Like fleecy clouds in the unsubstantial air
All changed to solid marble,—domes and towers
And pyramids,—the realm where reigns
One unrelenting winter,—the high place
Of heaven's dread thunders :—thus the human soul,
Ye filled and awed, when first from Shinar's plain,
Confused in tongue, the children of the flood
Wandered the desolate earth, and to the west
The sons of Japheth roamed :—Or in that hour,
When, from the universal sea emerged,
The everlasting granite, and the ice
Of twice a thousand years, put on anew
Their virgin mantle from the kindred sky.
And thus, ye may, since Time began his course,
Have look'd to mortal man :—and even so
To the angelic host that saw ye from the void
Come forth, when darkness reigned,—till that command
Pronounced, ' Let there be light,' and all was good.

Remnants of chaos ! eldest-born of Time !
Shades of Eternity ! images of power,
And might, and majesty !—tell on the praise
And glory of your Maker, to the heavens,
And to the earth, in silent eloquence,
Awfully sweet and solemn, to inspire
The heart with secret rapture,—such, as though

Some holy chant broke forth in harmony
From the celestial choir,—Thus to the end,
For ever shall ye be, as ye have been,
Till that last trump shall thrill through all the air,
And rend your giant masses, from the height
Where heaven is slumbering, to the central deep,
With crash of thousand thunders, and ye bow
Your shrouded heads in fearful ruin down,
The Avalanche of Time, crumbling in dust :
So shall ye be as ye had never been,—
Lost in the wreck of worlds !

LETTER XVII.

Canton of Soleure—The City—Cathedral of St. Ursus—Romanism—
 —The Weissenstein—Pass of the Jura—The Jura mountains—
 Isolated masses—Hollstein—Swiss cookery, and dinners—
 Liechstall—Basle—Swiss Travelling—Punishment for distri-
 buting religious Tracts, in Schwytz—French Church—Mis-
 sionary College—Religion in Switzerland—Present State and
 Prospects—Education.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—The soil of the canton of So-
 leure is considered as productive as any in Swit-
 zerland, and very fine cattle are seen in the pas-
 tures; which are much improved by the same
 system of irrigation that is practised in Bern. There
 is a considerable portion of arable land; and the
 agricultural labourers are very numerous in pro-
 portion to the population; which does not amount
 to more than sixty thousand. In the approach to

the city of SOLOTHURN, or Soleure, the back-ground of the landscape is formed by the romantic, though comparatively humble Jura; part of the chain of which runs within two miles of this capital,—the whole range stretching from ninety to a hundred leagues in length, in a north-easterly direction, from the west of Savoy to the canton of Schaffhausen, and varying in breadth from fifteen to eighteen leagues.

The picturesque little city of Soleure stands in a delightful plain on the banks of the Aar, which divides it into two parts. It is fortified by a ditch, walls, and bastions, surmounted with antique-looking towers. In the centre of the town, is a large tower said to be the work of the Romans. Though Soleure is small and mean, as compared with Bern, the public buildings still give it the air of a capital. Among these are the Town-house; the Arsenal; the Public Library, containing about 11,000 volumes; the handsome church of the Jesuits, erected by Louis XIV.;—and, above all, the cathedral, which is devoted to the Romish worship,—this canton being chiefly Catholic.

This church, which is dedicated to St. Ursus, stands at the end of the principal street, and is a noble structure, built of a whitish grey stone which approaches to marble, and is brought from the neighbouring quarries. It was erected about sixty

years ago, and its design is exceedingly chaste and beautiful. The tower at the eastern end is elegant, and the western front consists of a lofty and superb façade, in the Grecian style. Indeed this is universally admitted to be the finest church in Switzerland. The ascent to it is by a magnificent flight of steps, and is adorned with two fountains, the sound of which, as heard at the adjacent inn, had the effect of a continual pouring rain.

The interior of this splendid temple displays much taste, and is furnished with a very handsome organ, pictures, numerous altars, and a pulpit of fine marble; but none of the decorations exhibited the least of that tawdry and paltry ornament which we had so particularly observed in the Valais, and in Savoy.

In the evening, the toll of the deep-toned bell fell booming dolefully on the ear, and seemed to proclaim to the dark masses of the Jura, the reign of Romanism. The door of the church was still open, late in the dusk; and though no public service was going on, one solitary lamp shed a glimmer over the now gloomy vaults of this spacious edifice, through which the bell, still tolling monotonously without, sent its heavy sepulchral swell, tending to fill the mind with a deep emotion of solemnity,—while here and there a lingering devotee was rising

from before an altar consecrated to the Madonna, or to a Saint.

In the strong appeal which the Romish religion makes to the senses, and through them to the imagination, the Protestant sometimes feels how great a sublimity there may be in evil,—even in the ‘mystery of iniquity;’ and how easily imagination and sentiment may throw a veil over error, beguile the reason, and enslave the conscience. Hence the conversions from Protestantism to Popery which we occasionally hear of, as taking place among persons of education, and where no motive of sordid self-interest can be traced. Romanism is undoubtedly a religion of poetry; and it is thus that those who have not learned well to distinguish between the splendour of a ceremonial, and the sober realities of truth, may be dazzled with the best dress of Popery. The domination of the Romish faith in this city may be conjectured from the fact that, in a population of four thousand five hundred souls, there are sixty ecclesiastics, or one to every seventy-five individuals.

The weather was such the next morning, as to preclude all hope of obtaining the magnificent view of the Alps from the chalets of the Weissenstein; and on our leaving Soleure, heavy black clouds hung over this part of the mountain range, and the distant line of the Jura was wrapped in its ‘misty shroud.’ We crossed the chain, therefore,

at a less elevated point, through a defile, on the road to Basle.

In a journey like the present, it may be well to have a soul not incapable of feeling somewhat of the beauties and sublimities of nature;—but this is not enough,—a little practical thoughtfulness respecting homelier matters is also desirable; nor will it always do to trust to guides, coachmen, or attendants. A trifling circumstance had nearly proved an exemplification of this;—for had we not taken care to have our luggage removed from the hollow roof of the vehicle we had hired, where it had been placed, we should certainly have suffered the discomfort of having our things drenched, by being continually jumbled in a pool of water, notwithstanding the repeated assurance to the contrary—*gar nicht, Herr*—from the driver, in reply to the inquiry whether any mischief would arise.

The former part of the road across the mountains to Basle, was sometimes exceedingly picturesque,—between bare rocks,—or beetling cliffs, dark and frowning with foliage,—and occasionally crowned with the ruins of an ancient castle;—showing that we were no longer in those regions where man has obtained no dominion over the high places of nature. At the entrance of the defile of Ballstall, near Soleure, a number of prisoners were at work on the road, dressed in clothes of glaring colours, and guarded by an armed soldier. The

prison discipline of Soleure is said to be very good.

The vast range of the Jura divides Switzerland from Germany and France, and runs nearly parallel to the Northern chain of Alps, at the distance of from twenty to thirty leagues. On the side of Switzerland it rises, often very abruptly, to the height of from two to four thousand feet above the plains; the ridge forming an undulating line. In some places, the chain, when seen from a distance, has precisely the appearance of a huge massy wall, stretching as far as the eye can reach. This effect is particularly impressive in the evening twilight, when the Jura is darkened with its own shadows. Sometimes, at sunset, the whole ridge within the field of vision, surmounted with a red sky, seems to glow like a furnace, or as one vast fiery beacon.

Along this chain, summits occasionally rise from six hundred to two thousand feet above the neighbouring ridge. One of the highest is the *Dole*, which is elevated nearly 4,000 feet above the lake of Geneva, from which it is distant about three leagues. *Mont Tendre*, which is more to the north-east, and *Mont Thoiry* in the Pays de Gex, are computed to be nearly of the same elevation with the Dole. As no part of the Jura is within the line of perpetual snow, there are no glaciers, as among the higher Alps; though their germ, as it were, is

seen, in the large masses of ice which are sometimes found in the hollows, unmelted during the summer.

The whole chain of the Jura is shaded with forests; and the valleys are often exceedingly rich in meadow land, and exhibit the most romantic landscapes. The wolf ranges among these mountains; and the traveller along the road, may occasionally see him descending from their sides into the plain, to pay a visit to the sheep-fold. In the wildest parts, even the brown bear has been found to prowl, and is said to have done extensive mischief, a few years ago, among the cattle.

The stratification of these mountains is considered as, in some respects, very remarkable; and the position, inclination, and junction of the strata, are highly interesting to the geologist. The ridge is formed of compact limestone, containing numerous, and occasionally, somewhat rare petrifications. The strata alternate with beds of marle and clay. Gypsum, asphaltum, and fine marble, also occur; and sulphuretted, and saline springs are found. In some parts iron is abundant.

The remarkable phenomenon of the isolated masses of gneiss and granite, that lie scattered over the acclivities of this chain, which are opposite to the Alps, has much exercised the attention of scientific men, as there is no gneiss or granite composing the ridge. Similar masses occur in the

Salève mountains near Geneva. One of these fragments, which lies on the Jura near Neuchâtel, was measured by Professor Playfair of Edinburgh, in 1817; and was found to be sixty-two feet long, thirty-two feet wide, and seventeen in height. These detached masses would seem to betray an origin in the primitive Alps.

The part of the Jura over which the road lies from Soleure to Basle, is called the *Hauenstein*, a portion of the same ridge which we had before crossed in travelling from Basle to Lucerne. These mountains separate the cantons of Soleure and Basle.

Having fairly cleared this delightful pass of the Jura, we reached Hollstein, a considerable village in Basle, and remained there two hours to rest the horses. Wishing to have a plain repast soon ready, rather than to dine *à la Suisse*, and to wait for the long-preparing medley to which the traveller on the road is generally obliged to submit, we signified that a chop, or some cold meat, would best please us. After waiting a full hour, cold meat was brought up, accompanied with hot meat, fish, and fowl, and a variety of culinary preparations, none of which were very agreeable, and the cold meat was the only thing we could at all fancy. One dish puzzled us a good deal; it was a bird, of a large size, dissected into fragments, and so unconscionably tough that it was like a piece of boiled leather; but none

of us could decide what it was. The servant, on being asked, replied *ein Hahn Herr*; in fact it turned out to be none other than an old chanticleer who had, many a morning, called up the labourers to their work with his matin song.—So much for country Swiss cookery.—For this dinner, the charge was two French* francs and a half each, which was much higher, in proportion, than what is paid at the best hotels in Switzerland.

At the most frequented hotels, the fare may often perhaps suit the gourmand; but the English traveller who may be tempted by curiosity to try a dish, will sometimes be glad to make a hasty exchange of it for another. Besides, he will always be apt to suspect the *crambe repetita*,† which may so readily be brought to table, where there is so artificial a mode of cooking, and so great a variety of dishes, as are usual on the continent. You are apt to fancy that almost anything might be served up, in the shape of a *fricassée*, a *ragout*, or a *fri-*

* In Switzerland accounts are kept in Swiss francs, batzen, and rappen; ten batzen, or a hundred rappen, being equal to a Swiss franc, which is equal to a French franc and a half, less by seven centimes. French silver money is given in exchange for notes at the banks; and though heavy rolls of French five-franc pieces are inconvenient to carry, in some places, gold was not to be had at all.

† Juv. vii. 154. The same thing brought forward many times; literally, the *repeated cabbage*.

candéau, or some compound, smothered with sauces, jellies, sweets, and sours.

The practice is for travellers to have their meals, especially dinner, at the *table d'hôte*; and in many places, two dinners are served, to meet the convenience of the guests; the first at one o'clock, the other at four: the charge varies from three to four French francs. The Alp-horn often winds to announce dinner; at which the host generally presides, in full dress, to direct the movements of the waiters, who are frequently assisted by the servants of the company. At the larger towns, and the frequented places, the hotels, during the travelling season, are often crowded with guests, a large proportion of whom are generally English. As many as sixty persons have sat down to dinner, at one time, at the inn on the Rigi-Kulm; and travellers often find superior accommodations, in places remote from all high roads.

After the soup has been served, fish, various courses of meat, and fowls ready carved, are brought round the table by the waiters. Then, when the meat-plates have been removed, vegetables of different kinds are introduced; and if you ask for any of these, the waiters invariably take away the plate that is before you, and bring the vegetables alone. A variety of pastries and jellies next cover the board; and the scene is closed by an ample dessert, with cheese so savoury that deli-

cate olfactory nerves are, not unnecessarily, protected from it by a glass cover.

The guest must beware of so far fancying himself at home, as to venture an attack on any dish which may be before him, until the waiters have regularly brought it round; for we repeatedly saw the *Oberkeller*, or head waiter, without ceremony, take dishes away from gentlemen who were about to help themselves. There is always plenty of the ordinary wine of the country on the table: any other sort is charged separately, and varies in price from one and a half, to eight French francs, a bottle. Of beer there either is none, or when obtained, it is seldom very inviting to an English palate. It is not customary to sit long after dinner, nor is wine usually drunk afterwards; and both ladies and gentlemen rise together from the table.

The situation of those who happen to become invalids at these frequented inns, is, as may be supposed, far from enviable, as it is exceedingly difficult for them to get served with a plain dinner, in a private apartment; for the important business of the *table d'hôte* absorbs everything,—this affair being naturally regarded, by the host and all his servants, as the grand event of the day, to which everything else must be made to bend.

On arriving at LIECHSTALL, we were again in the road which had previously led us from Basle,

over the Unter-Hauenstein, and through part of the cantons of Soleure and Argau, to Lucern: Liebstall is situated in a fertile valley, and, though a small town, has several different kinds of manufacture: since the late revolution in the canton of Basle, it has become the capital of the country district. The Rhine now presented itself, in its flow from the lake of Constance and the fall of Schaffhausen, towards Basle; and the elegant twin spires of the cathedral rose, in their chaste beauty, above the foliage of the luxurious vale which here borders the river.

It was seven in the evening when we passed the city gates, and arrived at the Stork Hotel, the name of which, perhaps, may have been originally suggested by the presence of the numerous storks that visit this climate in the spring, and which are supposed to migrate from Egypt. Their large nests crown some of the towers of Basle; and these birds are seen at other places along the Rhine, sitting in solemn peculiarity on the highest buildings they can find.

The distance from Soleure to Basle is about thirty-five miles; and we were nearly twelve hours on the road, including the stay of two hours at Hollstein. When you ask, at the Swiss or German inns, the distance of a place to which you wish to go, you are told that it is so many *Stunden*, or hours, *zu Fuss zu gehen* (to walk), and so many *zu fahren*,

(to ride in a carriage); but, in Switzerland, the difference is practically but small, for an active pedestrian would, in general, arrive at the place of destination as soon as the *Miethwagen*, or hired carriage. The *Postwagen*, (diligences,) get over the ground more quickly, as they change horses on the road.

At most of the inns, in the more frequented places, men, having carriages and horses, are to be found waiting to be hired, and importunately offering their services. Those who engage a carriage from the place to which it belongs, are obliged, whether they return or not, to pay the back fare, which is the same as the other. In some parts, the law does not allow any other passengers to be taken back in a hired carriage, from the place of its destination, to that from which it came, excepting the same party who have originally engaged it. At Kandersteg, the man who had driven us from Interlachen was applied to, by some individuals who wished to go to that place; but he intimated, when asked in the presence of other people, that he could not take the party: the difficulty, however, as we understood, was got over by their going a little way out of the village of Kandersteg, and allowing the return carriage to overtake them.

The vehicles we met with were, generally, very commodious, capable of being open or shut, and

some of them would have held six persons. Both the horses and the carriage frequently belong to the driver himself; which may account for the extreme care which is often taken of the horses, and the slow pace at which they go, even where the road is good and level. Our coachman from Soleure to Basle, stated that he was making his way homewards, towards Zürich; and that his horses had been constantly employed, for eighteen successive days.

The usual charge, including the back-fare, for a day's journey, varying from eighteen to thirty-six miles, is thirty-six French francs, besides a few francs for *Trinkgeld*,* which is always asked for. † Thus a successful summer's circuit may produce to a poor Swiss, a comfortable income for the winter. Our driver acknowledged that he followed his occupation alike on the sabbath as during the week, and his observations proved that he was as much absorbed in his little gains, as the more ambitious devotee of the world on the grand scale, though he acknowledged that he had discovered that the more he obtained the less he was satisfied. We gave

* Drink-money.

† Over the mountains, the charge for guides in attendance on a *chaînes-d-porteurs*, was six French francs, each man, per day: for a horse or mule, with a man to lead it, twelve francs.—For a *char-à-banc* from Chamonix to Salenche, fifteen miles, sixteen francs were paid.—The *Postwagen* from Bern to Soleure, eighteen miles, was five francs.

him some of our remaining tracts, and he promised to read them to his wife and family at Zürich, during the winter evenings.

On going, the day after our return to Basle, to witness the sharp-shooting evolutions of some of the troops, we were thrown into the society of a Swiss gentleman, who had recently been fined, to the amount of about twenty pounds English, for having distributed religious tracts, in the deeply-bigotted popish canton of Schwytz. The government of this canton is said to be so poor, that they are not sorry to have a tolerable pretext for adding a little to their coffers, and the present opportunity was too good to be neglected. We had heard, during our tour in Switzerland, of two other instances of persecution, either in Schwytz, or in some other Romish canton, for the same offence: one case was that of two young men from Lausanne, and the other we understood to be that of a gentleman from England.

Fine and imprisonment are the reward which the Christian may expect to obtain, in the Catholic districts of Switzerland, for all endeavours to attract the attention of men to the interests of eternity. Thus the light is shut out from these regions of superstition, and spiritual tyranny; for the Protestant cantons can do nothing to remedy the mischief, as each canton is governed entirely by its own laws, and the Confederacy does but give power

and efficiency, by the weight of its general influence, to the enactments of the separate local and independent legislatures.

Some of the citizens of Basle are in the habit of meeting, on the Saturday afternoon, for a little country air, and coffee, at the distance of about two miles from the city. Through the kindness of an English gentleman, Mr. Marriott, whose friendly attentions rendered both our visits to Basle very agreeable, I was introduced to this party; as, also, at the rooms of the *Lese-gesellschaft*, or Reading Society, which commodious apartments, for reading and conversation, are situated in the best part of the city, in the large area near the cathedral. By this means, I had the honour of making the acquaintance of Herr Bockhart, President of the *Civil-gericht*, one of the law-courts in Basle; Rathsherr* Hensler, formerly one of the law professors in the university; Herr Merian, the late professor of chemistry; and Professor Schönbein, who now fills the chemical chair, and who speaks English with fluency. I had also the pleasure of being introduced to Dr. Fischer, the professor of philosophy, who kindly gave me a copy of his recent work, entitled *Die Naturlehre der Seele für Gebildete*.

* It is customary to speak of, as well as to address, persons who hold any public station, by the title which belongs to it: *Rathsherr* means Councillor, or member of the governing body.

On the Sunday morning, we went to the French church, a venerable structure, in which a considerable audience was assembled. The sermon was on 1 Cor. xi. 26, and was preparatory to the Lord's Supper. The discourse was excellent, and pleasingly delivered. It showed that the eucharist was unworthily celebrated, when mere national Christianity was the only basis of communion; and when the symbols of the body and blood of Christ were received without a practical faith, which did not consist in a mere speculative assent of the understanding to the facts relating to the history of Jesus. The preacher insisted that the faith of the Gospel was a belief in which the will was concerned, and which interested the affections of the soul: that it was directed to the atonement of Christ; that various acts of piety were a necessary consequence of it; and without it there could be no acceptable worship of God, who looks at the heart:—sentiments these, which, happily, bear no resemblance to *rationalism*.

I had the pleasure of spending part of the Sabbath evening, at the Mission College, having, in our former visit to this city, been introduced to the excellent Dr. Blumhart, who discovered great interest in the state of religion in England. This Theological College is chiefly supported from Germany; and has at present forty missionary students. While supper was waiting on the table, the venerable Pre-

sident, or '*Inspector*,' as he is here called, took off his black velvet cap, and gave out, *memoriter*, some lines of a hymn, relating to the atonement ; all immediately stood up, and sang in a lively manner, the good old man pitching the tune. He afterwards prayed with great fervour ; and when supper was ended, another hymn was sung. The scene could not be witnessed, without producing a delightful feeling that under changing skies, and the reign of different languages, Christianity is still the same.

In Switzerland, as in most other countries of Europe where the Reformation from popery obtained a footing, it was but partial in its extent. The opposition of Luther, however, to the power of the Roman pontiff, in Germany, communicated an early impulse to the Swiss cities. The Reformation was begun at Zürich, by Zuinglius, in 1519 : that of Bern was effected, in 1528, through the labours of Haller ; and that of Basle followed in the next year, under the guidance of Oecolampadius. Farel was the agent in the same great work, at Neuchâtel, in 1530 ; and it was commenced by him, in 1532, at Geneva, and completed, by Calvin, in 1535. These cities became so many fountains, from which the streams of evangelical truth flowed to bless remoter districts. Yet in many parts of

this interesting country, the reformed doctrines either failed of taking root, or never reached a vigorous and fruitful growth.

Of the twenty-two cantons which have composed the Confederacy, since the pacification of Europe in 1815, Lucerne, Ticino, the Valais, Schwytz, Unterwalden, Zug, and Uri, are Catholic; as are full eleven twelfths of the inhabitants of Friburg, and Soleure. In Bern, Zürich, the Pays de Vaud, Schaffhausen, Neuchâtel, Basle, and Geneva, Protestantism has greatly the ascendancy. So so far as numbers are concerned, the same may be said, of the two denominations, with regard to Thurgau, Appengell, and Glaris. Argau, the Grisons, and St. Gall, are more mixed.

In 1827, the whole population of Switzerland was 2,037,000. Of this amount, excluding nearly 2,000 Jews, three-fifths were Protestants; the remaining two-fifths being Catholics. There were 120 convents, nearly divided between monks and nuns. The bulk of the population speak German: of the remainder, about 438,000 use the French language, 120,000 the Italian, and 48,000 the Romanish.

During the latter part of the 18th century, the light that was kindled by the Reformation underwent an extensive and deplorable eclipse, on the continent of Europe, by the rise and prevalence of a latitudinarian philosophy: and, in Switzerland, the

fundamental truths of Christianity were in danger of being overwhelmed, by the tide of error and infidelity which set in from Germany and France,—the languages and literature of both these countries being found in the Swiss cantons.

Previously to the year 1816, it is said that, out of the canton of Basle, it was difficult to enumerate so many as six clergymen who decidedly preached the doctrines of the Reformation. About this period, several individuals connected with the Academy of Geneva, among whom were MM. Malan, Guers, Neff, Gaussen, Empétez, and others, imbibed the principles of evangelical truth; and the happy result has been the resuscitation of the ancient faith, in Geneva, and in other places, where spiritual apathy and death had long reigned under the plausible name of rational religion.

Geneva, the grand seat of antiscriptural error, has thus had the honour to be a prime agent in a second Reformation; and there are now, in that city, a number of active evangelical ministers, who are occupied in various labours. The gospel is at all times faithfully preached in three chapels; and several religious societies are doing much good in the canton, as well as in the adjacent parts of France. There is a College of evangelical Theology, with several able professors, who instruct from twenty to thirty young men in preparation for the Christian ministry. Similar institutions

exist in other places, as at Lausanne, and Basle; at which latter city the College is devoted to the training of missionaries.

The entire number of evangelical Protestant ministers in Switzerland, is supposed to be at least two hundred; of whom nearly half are in the canton de Vaud: and Bible, tract, and missionary societies, are now formed, at Genève, Lausanne, Neuchâtel, Bern, Basle, Schaffhausen, Zürich, and other towns. Sunday-schools also exist in some places; and temperance societies have begun to be established. The minds of some good men appear to have been particularly directed to the importance of promoting, by *moral* means, the better observance of the Sabbath, the desecration of which has been so marked a feature of the irreligion of the continent.

The persecution which evangelical Christians had to endure, a few years ago, from their fellow Protestants of the 'liberal' or 'rational' party, in the cantons of Geneva, Vaud, Neuchâtel, and others, has either disappeared, or is greatly modified: but in the Catholic cantons strenuous efforts are made to exclude the light; and in many places no attempts to propagate the Protestant faith are allowed.

The progress of genuine Christianity in Switzerland, is marked by a continual increase of religious publications. Nor do those friends of evan-

gelical truth who have separated themselves from the National Church, fail to publish, in a suitable manner, the reasons which have governed their conduct. In travelling we had once for our companion a young man who was reading a tract on this subject, which he kindly gave to us. It was printed at Bern, and is entitled '*The Separated, or the United Ones, described by one of their Preachers.*' This little treatise is written in an excellent spirit, in the form of a dialogue; and lays great stress, as a reason for separation, on the extreme neglect of discipline that has prevailed in the national church, contrary to the express command of Scripture, and even to the acknowledged formula of the Heidelberg catechism.* It appears that there are both Pædo, and Antipædo-Baptists among those who have seceded; but this difference of sentiment does not divide them into sectional communities.†

* Wenn wir übrigens den Befehl des Herrn, den Bosen hinaus zu thun, beobachten,—so sind wir desswegen nicht abtrünnige Protestanten; denn es lehrt euch ja selber euer Katechismus auf die Frage: 'Sollen aber zu diesem Abendmahle auch zugelassen werden, die sich mit ihrem Bekenntnis und Leben als Ungläubige und Gottlose erzeigen?—Nein: denn es wird also der Bund Gottes geschmäh't, und sein Zorn über die ganze Gemeinde gereizet: desswegen die christliche Kirche schuldig ist, nach der Ordnung Christi und seiner Apostel, solche, bis zur Besserung ihres Lebens, durch das Amt der Schlüssel auszuschliessen.'

† Aber dieser Punkt wird, so wie alle untergeordneten Punkte nicht zum Bedinge unserer Gemeinschaft gemacht. Nicht die

The attention which is paid in many parts of Switzerland to popular education, may be regarded as a favourable omen for the future religious prospects of the country, if commensurate efforts shall be made to inculcate the principles of Christianity on the youthful mind. In no part of Europe, probably, are the means of early education more amply furnished than in some of the Swiss cantons. The most improved plans, as those of Lancaster, and Bell, have been adopted, and comparisons have been instituted between these and the older methods, with a view to render education as efficient as possible.

In the Pays de Vaud, a few years ago, the amount of the population attending school was one-eighth part; which was considerably above the proportion of England, and even greater than that of Scotland, not to compare it with the neighbouring country of France, where the ratio was only about one in twenty-eight.

The school of Pestalozzi, at Yverdon, was the first in Switzerland, into which the philosophical system was introduced which is now making progress in various parts of Europe, founded on the application of the fundamental laws of the human mind to the practice of education, and on the principle of cultivating the faculties of observation,

Wassertaufe macht uns zu Brüdern, sondern die Geistestaufe; und wir glauben dass wir uns gegenseitig vertragen sollen in diesen Abweichungen.' — *Die Separirten oder Die Vereinigten, dargestellt von einem ihrer Prediger.* Bern, 1835, p. 9.

association, and judgment, rather than loading the memory with indigested materials, according to the ancient method. It was found, on comparing the old and the new system together in this canton, that, as nearly as could be ascertained, out of an equal number of children, those who acquitted themselves well in several branches in which they were examined, were in the proportion of about twenty-seven to fifteen, in favour of the new method.

The School of Industry at Hofwyl, near Bern, was founded by Fellenberg, with the design of combining intellectual education with the pursuits of agriculture, as part of a system which might also be extended to manufacturing employments. Pupils have attended this institution from Germany, France, and England, who have afterwards been eminent for literature and science.

The exclusively academic or university institutions, are at Basle, Geneva, Zürich, Bern, and Lausanne:—and in this country in general, the sciences belonging to natural philosophy, and natural history, are much pursued.

LETTER XVIII.

Departure from Basle—Huningen—St. Louis — Alsace—History
—Douane — Müllhausen — Belfort—Vesoul—Langres—Chau-
mont—Nogent—Provins—Nangis—Road to Paris—Military
Operations and Events of 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—We left Basle at an early hour in the morning, to proceed to Paris, having taken places as far as Chaumont, the chief town in the department of the Upper Marne, distant from Basle about sixty leagues.

On the left bank of the Rhine, and not far from the city of Basle, is the fortress of Huningen, celebrated during the invasion of France by the allied armies in 1815, in consequence of the resistance here made by a hundred and forty men, who were shut up within its walls, to a force of twenty-

five thousand Austrians. When half the number of the defenders had been slain, the rest capitulated; and the fortifications were demolished by the victors. The town of Huningen itself, which had previously contained nearly eight thousand inhabitants, now possesses scarcely a thousand; such are the ruinous effects of war, and so disastrous is the glory acquired by its most applauded deeds!

At one period of the same memorable war, waged by the European powers for the dethronement of Bonaparte, the inhabitants of Basle itself were in much consternation, as shots were repeatedly exchanged between the fortress and the allied camp across some parts of the city. The allies afterwards marched through Basle to the number of eighty thousand, and entered France. We understood that some religious commemoration of this event was instituted, as an expression of the gratitude of the inhabitants to Providence for their preservation.

The first town in France is St. Louis, distant from Basle about a league, consisting chiefly of one long, wide street, and having a considerable air of poverty and misery, compared with places of equal size in the Protestant part of Switzerland. Here the diligence was detained about half an hour, and fresh passports were necessary, for Paris. The luggage was also searched, for the first time since

we had left Strasburg, but in a very lenient manner.

We were now in the department of the Upper Rhine, the Roman *Alsatia*, anciently inhabited by the *Triboci*. After the overthrow of the Roman dominion, this province became a part of Germany. Like other border countries, *Alsatia* has experienced many changes;—at one time belonging to the Franks, who under Clovis took it from the Germans, in 496; then in 752, being united with the kingdom of Austrasia; and subsequently forming a part of that large portion of France which fell to Lothaire, son of Louis le Débonnaire, and which was called the kingdom of Lotharingia, or Lorraine. In 869, this fertile country was united to the German empire, and was governed by dukes. When the line of these feudal lords became extinct, *Alsatia* was divided among several sovereigns of the empire; and by the peace of Münster, in 1648, a large portion of it was ceded to France. In 1697, by the peace of Ryswick, Strasburg, and the whole neighbouring country on the left bank of the Rhine, were added to the French dominions.

At the time of the revolution of 1789, several sovereigns of the empire had still considerable possessions in *Alsatia*, which the first National Assembly declared to belong naturally to France, as lying west of the Rhine. The difficulty of adjusting the opposing claims, was one principal

cause of the war which took place soon after between France and Germany. By the peace of Paris, in 1815, Landau, which is north of the department of the Lower Rhine, was again separated from France, and united to Germany. During the reign of Napoleon, few parts of France were more attached to his government than the provinces of the Upper and Lower Rhine.

Alsatia is considered as one of the most fertile countries in Europe, abounding in the fruits of the earth; and containing many mines of different metals. The district through which we passed was rich, but not picturesque: the cattle were numerous; but the wealth of this part of Alsace is chiefly to be attributed to the manufactures to which the mines of copper, lead, and iron, have given rise,—to the woollen and cotton stuffs,—and to the coal-mines, and the forests.

Two thirds of the population of the Upper and Lower Rhine departments, are Roman Catholics, and have the character of being greatly attached to their ancient customs. The neighbouring Swiss have been much employed to do the work of the hay and corn-fields, and to manage the vintage, in some parts of Alsace: this may have occasioned the notion which has been entertained that the Alsatians have so rich and fertile a country, that they are disposed to indolence and inaction.

On the Swiss side of Müllhausen, the govern-

ment officers again presented themselves at the door of the diligence; and on inquiring the cause, we were told it was *pour faire une autre visite*. The luggage was again, it seemed, liable to be searched; but as before very little trouble was given to us. The usual question that is asked in the French dominions, at the *douane* station is, *avez vous quelque chose à déclarer ?* and when the reply in the negative is accompanied with freedom in giving up your keys, and facilitating the opening of the trunks and boxes, there is generally much civility, and little of rigorous inspection: at least this was our experience.

At Müllhausen, all appeared life and bustle, the streets and markets being quite thronged with buyers and sellers of various kinds of commodities, including great quantities of fine grapes and other fruit. It was easy from the general appearance of this place, to perceive that it was by far the most manufacturing town, for its size, that we had seen since leaving England. It contains about twenty-one thousand inhabitants. Six or seven thousand are employed in the manufactories; which about ten years ago, amounted to nearly seventy; eleven being of cloth, seventeen of muslin; seventeen of printed calico,—besides several leather works, and some founderies. Here is manufactured, the scarlet muslin, the dye of which is so superior; and which is so much used

in the neighbouring countries for window-curtains, and bed furniture. The time of our stay at Müllhausen allowed but of a very cursory view: the appearance of the town, however, was evidently that of a place into which the life of commerce had infused itself. The streets are tolerably regular, ornamented with several public buildings, among the finest of which is the Reformed Church.

Amidst the involution of interests, and of governments, that have been known in Alsatia, Müllhausen has had its share. It once constituted a little republic, struggling to maintain certain privileges which it had received, in the feudal times, from the German emperors, by uniting itself at different periods with other towns that were in a similar situation with itself, in Alsace, Suabia, and Switzerland. In 1515 it formed a league with the Helvetic Confederacy, and by this means, with a territory of not more than eight or ten miles in circumference, it long maintained its independence, against the encroachments both of the Empire, and of France; and like the Swiss republics it was governed by a Great and a Little Council,—till the fortunes of war attached it to the French dominions.

Between Müllhausen and BÉfort, on the western border of Alsace, and seventeen leagues from Basle, we had once more to cross a branch of the Jura mountains, which here take the name of the *Vosges*.

Near their base is B  fort, or *Bel-fort*, so called from an old castle, crowning an elevated position, the origin probably of the vast fortifications that surmount the town, which is regarded as the strong hold of France on this side.

After a dinner at the hotel at B  fort, consisting of the usual varieties of French cookery, we proceeded on the way to Chaumont, having as companions, a Bernese young lady who was going to pay a visit near Vesoul, and a young German, on his way to London. These, and a merchant of M  llhausen, who had gone no further than that place from Basle, and an old Frenchwoman who joined us at B  fort without a bonnet, and travelled all the way to Paris, were the only passengers in the interior, excepting ourselves, during the whole distance. In another part of the roomy diligence, were two or three military Frenchmen, fiercely whiskered, and almost ferocious in their appearance.

In the afternoon of the second day, we arrived at Langres, situated on a very lofty hill, which we were long in ascending. It is considered to be the highest town in France: the prospect from the tower of the principal church is said to be of immense extent, and in a clear sky Mont Blanc may be seen in the south-western horizon. In the evening we reached Chaumont, capital of the Upper Marne,—a town of somewhat imposing aspect, appearing, long before we arrived at it,

standing out, on an elevated site, in that peculiar relief which a very clear atmosphere gives to objects.

We had purposed to break the journey to Paris by staying here for the night; but a report had been spread along the road that the cholera had made its appearance in the town. On inquiry at Chaumont, it proved that five or six persons had fallen victims to a violent bowel complaint, though it was not pronounced to be cholera; and that a young man had died at the very hotel at which it was our intention to stay. This was sufficient to determine our party to continue the journey during the second night, and we proceeded to Troyes, and afterwards through Nogent sur Seine, Provins, and Nangis, to Paris.

The country, after crossing the Vosges, consisted chiefly of a series of vast plains, gently undulated, and having almost everywhere a boundless horizon. To judge by what appeared in the daytime, there was seldom a great deal of wood, very few châteaux, and by no means that cheerful intermixture of villages in the landscape, which always gives to it so great a charm; and almost all the towns had an appearance of discomfort and misery.

During this long and unbroken journey of about a hundred and ten leagues, occupying three days and three nights, the greatest annoyance arose from the miserable places at which we frequently stopped during the night; generally, however, there was

various quarters over his troops. Indeed it did not, even now, appear too late for him to make terms with the Allies, especially in consequence of his connexion with the house of Austria, on which he was thought to calculate much.

The Congress, however, were soon convinced, from his vacillating behaviour, that no peace which was to be depended on, could be made with him; and on the 18th of March, the negotiations at Chatillon were finally broken off. In the meantime, the storm was gathering all around, that was shortly to burst in fury on the head of this great military chief, who had so long agitated Europe. Lord Wellington was advancing from the Pyrenees; Bourdeaux, the fourth city in France, declared for the Bourbons, and deputies were sent from it to Louis XVIII.; while the allied armies of the east were bearing, from various points, on Paris, to the number of 200,000 men. At length, they entered the French capital, with the acclamations of the people; and on the 2nd of April, the senate solemnly deposed Napoleon, and absolved all his subjects from their allegiance to him. A liberal constitution was now drawn up by the provisional government, for the acceptance of the French nation, and of Louis XVIII.

Bonaparte now offered to abdicate in favour of his son; but as this proposal was not made till after he had been deposed by the sen-

tence of the provisional government, it was not entertained. He now chose formally to renounce the thrones of France and Italy, stating that as the allied powers had proclaimed him to be the only obstacle to the peace of Europe, he wished to show that there was 'no sacrifice, not even that of life,' to which he would not readily submit for the welfare of France! But this display of generosity did but make a merit of necessity, and came too late to touch the hearts of the French people, many of whom violently insulted the former idol of their vanity, as he was passing through the south of France to proceed to Elba. The sovereignty of this small island, with a revenue of two millions of francs,* was now assigned to him who had aspired to a wider empire than that of Charlemagne.

It appears to have been more astonishing to many, at the time, than it will appear to posterity, that Bonaparte should find the means of returning from Elba, once more to give law to France from the palace of the Capetians; — but the star of his destinies had waned, and this momentary gleam only betokened the immediate extinction of its glory,—for he was now but the monarch of a 'hundred days;' and the names of Waterloo and St. Helena, will be vocal to every future age, in bearing witness, in the most impressive tones, to the madness of ambition, and the vanity of human greatness.

* £80,000 sterling.

LETTER XIX.

Sketch of French History—Feudal Divisions—Franks—The Merovingian Dynasty—Clovis—Maires du Palais, and Rois Fainéants—Carlovingian Dynasty—Pépin—Charlemagne—Charles the Bald—Charles le Gros—Capetian Dynasty—Hugh Capet—Feudal System—Philip II.—Louis IX. or St. Louis—Philip III.—Philip IV.—Valois Branch of the House of Capet—Charles IV.—Philip VI.—Wars with England—Charles VL—Charles VII.—Joan d'Aro—Louis XI.—Charles VIII.—Orleans Branch of Capet—Louis XII.—Second House of Valois Capet—Francis I.—Francis II.—Religious Wars—Persecution of Protestants—Charles IX.—Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day—Bourbon Line—Henry IV.—Louis XIII.—Richelieu—Louis XIV—Mazarin—Louis XV.—Louis XVI.

FRANCE, like other kingdoms that have been formed from the union of a number of separate sovereignties, has little real unity in its history for many centuries. The feudal divisions which broke into fragments the territory that lies between the Pyrenees and the Rhine, the Alps, and the Ocean, frequently render it difficult to find a common centre in which the events that were spread over this wide extent of country may be regarded as converging; and the different *Duchés* and *Comtés*, though more or less attached by feudal ties to a

nominally superior power, were in strictness so many distinct states, each capable of a history of its own, till the re-construction of the political edifice was gradually accomplished by means of the successful despotism, and the military splendour of several of the Capetian Kings.

The French historians inform us that, in the year 420, the FRANKS, a people who styled themselves by this name to show their love of liberty and their boast of independence, having shaken off the ROMAN yoke, made an irruption from the banks of the Main, the Rhine, and the Weser, into Gaul, under Pharamond, who had been proclaimed their monarch by being carried aloft on a buckler around the camp. This invasion did not succeed; as the Gauls, assisted by the Romans to whom they were tributaries, were too strong for the Franks. The latter, however, finally subdued the Gauls, in 451, after having defeated Attila, king of the Huns, at the battle of Chalons. Mérovée is said to have subsequently established the seat of his new kingdom on the site now occupied by Paris.

Whatever doubts may attach to the history of Pharamond, and to the identity of that Meroveus who is supposed to have given his name to the first race of the Frankish kings,—from the time of Clovis the Great, the annals of few countries are better authenticated than those of France. Clovis appears, in 481, as the monarch of the Salian Franks, a

people inhabiting a district of Belgic Gaul, between the Scheldt and the Rhine. Clovis gradually made himself master of the greater part of the whole country, and by defeating the Roman general Syagrius, at Soissons, in 486, he put an end to the imperial dominion, which had endeavoured to sustain itself in those bloody wars that took place between the Franks and the Romans, under the government of five or six of the emperors.

Clovis also subdued the inhabitants of Armorica, or Bretagne; the Alemanni of the Rhine; and the Visigoths, who had settled in Aquitania, the country between the Pyrenees and the Garonne. His life was stained by cruelty and treachery; and he contrived to get rid of the greater part of the princes of his family, by causing some to be massacred, and by immolating others with his own hands. This monarch, who was born a Pagan, adopted Christianity, in fulfilment of a vow which he had made to worship the God of Clotilda, his Christian wife, if victory were granted him, over the Alemanni: and at his baptism by St. Remi at Rheims, with three thousand of his soldiers, in 496, he was anointed with the miraculous oil, said to have been sent down from heaven by means of a dove.*

* The *ampulla*, or vessel for holding the oil for anointing the French kings at their coronation, was kept at Rheims. It was stolen during the revolution of 1789; and a soldier, in contempt

The four sons of Clovis divided Gaul into the kingdom of Austrasia, in the east ; and in the west, into the kingdoms of Paris, Orleans, and Soissons,—divisions of Neustria. Childebert, who obtained that of Paris, is considered as the successor of his father. New conquests were now added to the Frankish dominion ; but civil war, family feuds, and assassinations, the invasions of the Saracens from Spain, and the feebleness of the sovereigns, desolated the empire ; and the semblance of unity was only kept up by the governors of the royal palace, officers who were subsequently termed *Maires du Palais*, and who, after reigning over kings, and holding their pretensions to the crown in abeyance at their pleasure, at length finally dispossessed the Merovingian dynasty of the government.

These *majores domus*, or officers of the household, first became the prime ministers of the sovereign ; and Clotaire II. is believed to have rendered their office permanent for life, and to have thus laid the foundation for the ruin of his House. The Mayors became at length independent of the crown in the kingdoms of Austrasia, Neustria, and Burgundy ; and thus the division of the Frankish monarchy was prolonged, till Pépin d'Héristel ren-
of the 'miraculous and inexhaustible oil,' is said to have used it for his boots, or shoes. By those who were supposed to know best, the oil was pronounced to be not wholly lost ; and some drops of it were professedly used in anointing Charles X. at his coronation, in 1825!

dered the mayoral power hereditary in his family, and, during four reigns, governed the kings and their subjects, as a monarch, though without a crown. His son Charles Martel, and his grandson Pépin, continued to rule in the same manner, during the lives of the next four princes, under the cautious title of 'Duke of France.' The last eight kings of the MEROVINGIAN line are termed by the French historians *Les Rois Fainéans*, or the sluggard Kings, in consequence of their thus leaving everything, for twenty years, to the government of the mayors or dukes.

On the death of Childéric III., Pépin, surnamed *Le Bref*, from the shortness of his stature, son of Charles Martel, at length added the title of king to the regal authority which the mayors already possessed, and, in 751, founded the CARLOVINGIAN dynasty, which derived its name from Pépin's son and successor, Charles I., generally called *Charlemagne*, or Charles the Great. Under this prince, the Frankish empire attained its meridian glory; appearing like a blaze of light in the midst of the two long periods of darkness and barbarism that preceded and followed it. It cast the first and the last shadow of organised power on the disjointed wrecks of the western Roman empire; and stood forth in the interval between the breaking up of the turbulent democracies of the northern nations, and the dominion of the feudal system.

The empire of Charlemagne extended from the Ebro to the Elbe and the Danube; and from the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, to the Northern Sea; comprising France; Germany; part of Spain, of Hungary, and of Bohemia; some provinces of Dalmatia; and Italy as far as the river Garigliano in Naples. This great monarch's fame was known in Africa, and Asia; and the caliphs of Bagdad, and the sovereigns of the Eastern Empire, treated him with respect, and sought his friendship. But his vast monarchy fell to pieces in the hands of his son, Louis le Débonnaire, among whose sons it was subsequently divided; and by the treaty of Verdun, in 843, the crowns of France, Germany, and Italy, were formally separated from each other: Charles the Bald, the youngest son of Louis, became the first monarch of the new kingdom of France.

Under Charles the Bald, the monarchical authority began to decline. The Dukes and Counts now became more powerful. The ravages of the Normans furnished the feudal barons with a pretext for erecting strong castles, which became the strongholds of oppression; the fiefs were rendered hereditary; and the royal power was reduced to a mere feudal supremacy. In Charles le Gros, the separated crowns of France, Germany, and Italy, were reunited; and for four years the new Western Empire reappeared. Charles died in 888.

held the mayoral power hereditary in his family, and, during four reigns, governed the kings and their subjects, as a monarch, though without a crown. His son Charles Martel, and his grandson Pépin, continued to rule in the same manner, during the lives of the next four princes, under the cautious title of 'Duke of France.' The last eight kings of the Merovingian line are termed by the French historians *Les Rois Fainéants*, or the sluggard Kings, in consequence of their thus leaving everything for twenty years, to the government of the mayors or dukes.

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and the phantom of the huge monarchy of Charlemagne vanished with him.

The annals of the remaining century, during which the second dynasty continued on the throne, are among the least interesting in the French history; and the records of this period are scanty, and occasionally obscure. It appears, however, that the royal dignity was but little respected by the feudal nobility; who at length so divided the domains of the crown among themselves, that but a small portion of territory was left to the Carlovings.

In 987, Hugh Capet became the founder of the third, or CAPETIAN line of princes, by being elected king, in an assembly of the feudal lords, of whose increased power this change of dynasty was the natural result, as they bestowed the crown on one of the most powerful of their own body. The feudal system attained its growth in France at an early period,—chiefly in consequence of the imbecility of the latter Carlovings; and because the dangers to which the country was exposed from without, gave importance to the barons. Hence, for three centuries, these great feudatories rendered themselves so independent of the monarchy, that the history of France, during that period, is wanting in a real and common centre of unity.

Besides a numerous minor nobility, there were about forty powerful vassals, who had received their

part of conquered lands ; which had become hereditary in such a way that the king himself possessed only the name and semblance of superiority. Hence, in establishing its dignity, the crown had to regain the royal prerogatives, and to limit the power of the vassals ; which the *first* line of the Capetians finally effected by uniting with some of these feudatories against the rest. The crusades were incidentally favourable to the scheme of humbling the nobles, by preparing the way for the greater commercial intercourse of nations, by creating a new power in the cities, and by giving a civil existence to the people.

The situation of the crown may be conjectured, when we remember that in the middle of the twelfth century, one count possessed sixteen of the present departments of France ; another seven ; and a third six ; while Henry II. of England held twenty-eight departments ; and all the South of France belonged to a number of feudal nobles. Philip II. was the first who obtained a decided ascendancy over these powerful barons, and brought them to a state of allegiance which none of his predecessors in the dynasty had been able to command. Hence when the nobles, roused to a determination to resist the increasing growth of the royal authority, had combined for this purpose during the minority of Louis IX., they found that the queen dowager, Blanche, who was regent for her

son, was powerful enough to set them at defiance, and to overpower them.

The reduction of laws to writing, and the general regeneration of justice, by Louis ; the introduction of letters of nobility by Philip III. ; and especially the restoration of the delegates of the people, by his son Philip IV., tended additionally to diminish the power of the feudal lords. The Franks were originally accustomed to hold their public assemblies, annually, in the open air ; and all questions relating to public affairs in general, were decided by the majority. The king and court, the nobles, the bishops, and the people, were all entitled to be present. The people had, in the course of years, lost the privilege of attending ; but, under Charlemagne, they were again imperfectly represented. The first princes of the Capetian line discontinued this usage ; but Philip IV. revived the ancient practice, by summoning to the assemblies, delegates from the communes, who have since been called the *tiers-état*. The same monarch, by the assistance of the nobles, set at defiance Pope Boniface VIII., who maintained a contest with him for power, and claimed universal dominion for the triple-crown. Philip also placed the crown lands under the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Paris ; but notwithstanding the progress that was going on towards modern civilisation, the barbarism that still remained, manifested itself in

the inhuman treatment of the Templars; whose wealth, and supposed ambitious projects, rendered them equally the victims of the church, and of the king; and numbers of them were cruelly tortured and burned alive.

Philip VI. cousin to his predecessor Charles IV. became the first monarch of the *Valois* branch of the House of Capet, in 1328:—and now began those wars with England which lasted for upwards of a century. During this period, the social system in France came into a state of disorganisation; the soldiers were transformed into a predatory banditti; the peasantry were driven to desperation by their miseries; and the nobles were inflamed with the spirit of faction and revolt. This turbulent era was stained with the darkest treacheries, with private assassinations, and with wholesale massacres; and pestilence and famine swelled the frightful train of woes, which followed in the track of civil discord and foreign invasion.

The long-continued scourge of war which desolated France from 1336, was occasioned by the claim of Edward III. to the French crown, as nephew, on his mother's side, to Charles IV. This claim was resisted on the plea of the usage, afterwards called the Salic law; which was interpreted as not only excluding from the throne the female branches of the royal family, but also all the males having no claim on the father's side. In 1420,

Henry V. of England invaded France, which was still groaning under the effects of a bloody civil war between the Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy. Henry succeeded in causing Charles VI., who had sunk into a state of imbecility, to consent to transfer the succession from the dauphin to himself; and he married the king's daughter Catharine. Charles survived Henry, whose infant son Henry VI., was, on the death of Charles, solemnly proclaimed King of France. The dauphin likewise procured himself to be crowned, by the name of Charles VII., at Poitiers, as Rheims, the ancient coronation-place of the French monarchs, with half the kingdom, was in possession of the English. It was at this period that Joan d'Arc, a peasant girl who professed to have a divine commission to save France from the enemy, was the means of inspiring the French with new ardour in the cause of the dauphin;* and, placing herself at the head of the army, she compelled the English to raise the siege of Orleans, and struck a blow against their power which led to its final destruction in France: for by 1450, England had been deprived of all her conquests in the French territory, with the exception of Calais and Guienne.

Charles VII. was the first French monarch who

* This history is exquisitely wrought up in Schiller's tragedy 'Die Jungfrau von Orleans.'

regularly maintained a standing army; and from this period it was the policy of the kings to direct the warlike spirit of the people to foreign conquest. The increasing extent of the crown lands enabled their possessor to impose taxes without the consent of the States. Everything in France now tended to the concentration of the monarchy, and the policy of the government of Louis XI., became an example of tyranny and deceit,* and the element of a Machiavelian school, in which other monarchs learned their lessons. It was in this reign that the implacable hatred arose between the House of Capet and that of Hapsburg, which lasted for centuries, and which so long desolated the Low Countries. It originated from Louis's seizing on Burgundy as a fief, while his son Charles stood betrothed to Mary, heiress of the deceased Duke Charles the Bold: this rapacity broke off the negotiation, and Mary was espoused to Maximilian Archduke of Austria.—Charles VIII., in whom ended the direct line of the Valois branch of the Capetians, had a passion for conquest; in which however he was not very successful: and from about this period may be dated the growth of that military policy and ambition, which kept France at war with the neighbouring nations, and rendered the passion for the glory of arms a national sentiment.

Louis XII. constituted in himself the third, or

* His favourite maxim was *dissimuler c'est régner*.

Orleans branch of the House of Capet; and his reign, which began in 1498, is described by the French historians as one of the happiest that France ever knew. His domestic policy was mild, and he loved his subjects; but the mania of conquest had taken possession of the people, and Louis engaged in disadvantageous wars.

Francis I., son of Louis, commenced the *second* House of the *Valois* Capetians, in 1515, and finished what was necessary to render the regal power absolute: war still raged, and religious persecution opposed the progress of the Reformation. The court became more refined; and this was the epoch of the French *politesse*:—but the spirit of intrigue and corruption gained ground with the change of manners. The people were arbitrarily laden with taxes, and the way was preparing for that accumulation of national debt, which was destined ultimately to prove so destructive to the throne. In the reign of Francis II., the religious wars broke out, which subsequently inundated France with blood; and the barbarous persecution of the Protestants began, which stamped with infamy this and several of the following reigns.—On St. Bartholomew's-day, in 1572, took place that atrocious massacre of the Protestants, under the direction of Charles IX., and his more fiendish mother Catharine de Medicis, which blots the page of history with one of the most appalling examples

that have ever existed of the dreadful consequences which ensue from the perversion and corruption of religion.

Henry IV., the first of the *Bourbons*, ascended the throne of the Capets in 1589. He put an end to the religious wars which had so long desolated France, and placed the Protestants under the protection of the edict of Nantes; though he himself renounced Protestantism for Romanism. He ruled as an absolute monarch, seeking to repress every impulse that might arise towards freedom; and the arbitrary system of subsequent reigns found support in his example: yet he was a very popular king, and his memory is accounted glorious by the French, as he improved the discipline of the army, relieved the finances, and rendered France great and formidable in the eyes of Europe. In the reign of his son Louis XIII., Cardinal Richelieu, the prime minister, consolidated that domestic despotism, which while it grasped at absolute power, was destined to pull down the monarchy itself.

Cardinal Mazarin followed in Richelieu's steps, under Louis XIV., who began his reign in 1643, and became the most powerful and splendid prince in Europe, and the arbiter of its politics; but whose luxury and ambition plunged France into a yet deeper gulf of demoralisation, ultimately enfeebled her energies, inflicted on her an enormous debt, and paved the way for her ruin. Under Louis

XV., the interests of the kingdom, and the welfare of the people, became the sport of the vilest intrigues; despotism, no longer able to make itself respectable, still clung fondly to its lordly dreams; and the national debt and the taxation were increased. As in the case of the Roman empire, in its wane, the rapid filling up of the measure of iniquity was too conspicuous not to be discerned by all reflecting minds, as an alarming omen for the future; and the deep and awful shadows of stupendous events were already cast before them. The unfortunate Louis XVI. came to the crown in 1774, and he was not fitted to avert the calamities that had long been preparing for unhappy France, if indeed they were capable of being averted in the ordinary course of human things.

LETTER XX.

Causes of the Revolution of 1789—Inadaptation of the political System—The Press—The Reformation—Revival of Classical Literature—Louis XIII.—Louis XIV.—Louis XV.—Finances—Romish Religion—Examples of Revolutions—Philosophers—Taxation—Corruption of Manners—Character of Louis XVI.—The Queen's Court—Situation of the Parliaments and the Sovereign—Assembly of the Notables—Riot in St. Antoine—The States General—Storming of the Bastille—Riot at Versailles—The Fédération—Riot in the Champ de Mars—Constituent Assembly—20th June—10th of August, 1792—Committee of Safety—Massacre of Prisoners—National Convention—Mountain Party—Reign of Terror—The Directory—The Consulate—The Empire—Fall of Bonaparte.

IF one cause of the FRENCH REVOLUTION is to be considered as more elementary than others, it was undoubtedly the imperfection of the political system, and its inadaptation to the age. The ancient spirit of government, the offspring of a barbarous period, might harmonise sufficiently with the condition of the people during the Merovingian and Carolingian dynasties, and be able

to sustain itself through the first branches of the House of Capet, while brutish ignorance prevailed:—but by the time when the Bourbons ascended the throne of France, in 1589, a new era had already commenced in Europe. A full century had elapsed, since the associates or workmen of Faust and Schöffer, had set up the first printing-press at Paris, and being taken for conjurers, were fined by the Parliament. The press had given wings to knowledge; the Reformation had communicated an impulse to thought, before unfelt, or crushed in its birth; and the human soul had awoke from the slumber of the dark ages, and entered on a new career, for good, or for evil.

The revival of classical literature, and the translation of the writings of antiquity into modern tongues, brought into light the spirit of freedom, often mingled with a turbulent audacity, which breathed in the ancient republican forms of government: and the atmosphere of learning, however limited it might be at first, became almost necessarily charged, more or less, with the contagion of liberty.

The Reformation produced no effect in dissolving the tie which, for more than a thousand years, had bound up religion with secular power; for where it failed, it left the state, as before, under the dominion of the church; and where it supplanted Romanism, it rendered the church the vassal of the

state:—hence as the Reformation brought into exercise a spirit of inquiry respecting religion, and religion remained at least as much as ever consolidated with human authority,—the topic of government came the more readily within the sphere of examination; and the conflicts of the church taught men to study politics. Public opinion was created, a power before unknown, and which was destined, in its growth, to dominate supreme over the pride of aristocracy and the thrones of princes; being heard louder than any other voice, like heaven's thunder, mighty either to purify or to destroy.

The popular mind tended to expansion; but governments either diametrically resisted the new impulse, or did not keep pace with it in such a manner as to lead, rather than to be compelled to follow it. Like a stranded vessel, which the tide has left behind, and which instead of floating, may be dashed to pieces with the returning wave,—so the unwieldy monarchies that were fraught with the ancient spirit of despotism, only required a coincidence of favourable circumstances to occasion their dissolution.

Such a concurrence took place in France, in the crisis of 1789. A hundred and fifty years before, Richelieu's talents had for a moment given a triumph to kingly power, in the person of Louis XIII. His successor Louis XIV. had a reign of the almost unparalleled duration of seventy-two years; during

the greater part of which time, the genius of liberty was extinguished beneath the overpowering pressure of a splendid despotism. Under this monarch, whom France boasts of as her Augustus, the arts flourished, polite letters were cultivated, and *chefs-d'œuvre* of skill and taste were produced, which remain as superb memorials of the reign to succeeding ages:—but encouragement to talent was purchased by the most abject flattery; and the triumphal arches, the palaces and gardens, the hospitals and the churches, of the capital, and the vast and sumptuous pile of Versailles, were trophies equally to the extravagant luxury of the monarch, and to the unlimited command which he exercised over the pecuniary resources of the nation. Even the improvements that were made in the administration of the government, were only rendered subservient to the aggrandizement of the regal power.

The halo of glory which the *Grand Monarque* had thrown around him, was so dazzling to his subjects, that he was able undisguisedly to avow his absolutism, and habitually to declare, '*L'état c'est moi.*'—But the tyranny, rapacity, and licentiousness of Louis XV., had little or nothing to act as a foil to it: the pressure which had kept down the popular mind was now, in a great measure, taken off; and new ideas were gaining a rapid march over the unchanged spirit, and the

waning power of royalty. The attempt to introduce new abuses, the embarrassment of the finances, the extreme dissoluteness of the court, and the scandalous corruption of the functionaries of the government, all united to hasten the awful crisis.

It will be found in the history of human nature, that pecuniary considerations often produce the most astounding and unlooked-for effects in the character of individuals. The same causes, when sufficiently extensive, cannot fail to work on the destiny of nations. In France, the exhaustion of the treasury was the turning point of the Revolution. The state of the public finances brought into action the other elements of change; causing the whole to ferment, and ultimately to explode. The materials of mischief were not only to be found in the palace, in the administration, and in the treasury;—they existed in every class of society. The abandoned and open profligacy of the court flowed downward through all ranks, and, like a loud and filthy torrent, inundated and polluted the whole nation.

Nor had the Catholic religion that moral energy which was necessary to overawe the minds of men, and to restrain them from an atheistic career of crime: never perhaps, since the epoch of the Reformation, had the pardons and indulgences of the church being in greater demand: for many of her

most superstitious devotees were not distinguished, in their practice, from the most avowed and reckless voluptuaries. Even the higher orders of the clergy, who were the most conspicuous, on account of their station, were daily becoming more and more assimilated to the laity, in the flagrancy of their immorality.

The English Revolutions, and especially that of 1648, furnished topics of meditation to some who desired change; and the Revolution in America had but recently attracted the attention of mankind. These signal instances of innovation were not merely regarded as accidental derangements in the machinery of the political world:—they were in the minds of many connected with theory. Philosophy was not a poetic dream; nor were its ideas confined to mere speculation. Such writers as Helvetius, Montesquieu, Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, and Rousseau, were read and studied; but these men were not more the creators of a certain altered state of the public mind, than its creatures: they were as much its organs as its authors. Men of every rank and profession wished for change, and all France sighed for a new order of things.

Under such circumstances, did Louis XVI. ascend the throne of his ancestors, fifteen years before the great crisis, which ultimately led to his untimely end. During this period, all the discordant materials which produced the final event were con-

tinually coming into closer and closer contact. The seeds of infidelity and atheism had been deeply sown, especially among the higher classes; a feverish and restless impatience for new and untried schemes took possession of men's minds; the great were jealous of each other's influence; the inferior nobles envied those above them, and were indignant at the unbounded revelry and profligacy in which the latter were able to indulge; and many of the higher nobility felt themselves keenly wounded in reflecting on the monopoly of their privileges by the crown, which had long professed to be only another name for 'the State.' The different orders of men in the church, and in the law, contributed their part, also, to augment the mass of conflicting elements; manifesting a spirit of mutual hostility, and eagerly desiring any change whatever that might conduce to their interests.

Among the people in general, the exciting causes were such as made a more immediate appeal to their wants and distresses. They longed to be delivered from taxes and oppressions; and, no more beguiled by the splendour of spectacles, and the magnificence of the great, they were incensed at beholding the luxury and extravagance that reigned in the palace and the château, while, in their own wretched hovels there was nothing but famine and misery. The strange admixture of Romish superstition with gross corruption of manners, both in church and state, brought religion

into contempt, and taught many to regard it as a mere ceremony, and useful only as a political engine. Nor were there wanting numbers of desperadoes, who amidst the general degeneracy, having nothing to lose, were anxiously looking for some grand political convulsion, in order that they might have the opportunity of profiting by the universal confusion, and of throwing the reins on the neck of every evil passion.

Louis himself was naturally humane ; and his intentions were generous. His honesty, and benevolence, and mildness, merited a better fate than he was destined to suffer : but he had neither the intellectual, nor the moral energies, which the crisis demanded. Though his mind was filled with lofty ideas of kingly power,—in the administration he was never more than an instrument : he was not adapted to be its presiding genius. In quiet times, and among a people in different circumstances, he might have acted his part on the stage of royalty without blame, and even with a share of popularity : but he was not the spirit that could guide the storm, nor ward off from the throne of his ancestors the revolution which they had left him, as a fatal inheritance ; and with the ruin of that throne he fell.

In the commencement of his reign, the call for the reform of abuses sounded like thunder around the palace, and some beneficial changes were

granted ; but Louis was the tool of the court, and the court gave but little of that reform, of which much was demanded. The Queen and her *coterie* were extravagant and unpopular ; her influence over the King was made subservient to the ambition of the great ; and she and her party, in the midst of the luxury and dissipation of fêtes, made and unmade the ministers of the crown. The most antagonist principles were at work : the court was slumbering on the brink of a volcano, dreaming of the grandeur and the absolutism of former reigns : the thoughts of the people were all tending to innovation ; and they were not without an abettor. In the history of France it will be found that some prince of the reigning dynasty has frequently placed himself in the foreground of the popular interests. At the beginning of the Revolution, the Duke of Orleans became patron of the low party.

A considerable portion of the clergy, and of the nobility, had enrolled themselves under the banner of philosophy ; and the new ideas which during the reign of Louis XIV. had found a safety-valve in epigrams, and *jeux d'esprit*, and had successfully struggled for a more developed existence from the press,* under Louis XV., now became fixed principles of thought, and topics of animated and earnest conversation.

The elements of a more organised opposition to

* Particularly in the case of the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique*.

the existing state of things, and a rallying point for reformers which gave dignity to their cause, were to be found in the parliaments. These courts of judicature, which had preserved the ancient function of registering the royal edicts before they became law, were consequently the natural moderators of the regal power; and sensible of the want of a firm basis for a privilege in itself so important, and yet of so little avail against an arbitrary sovereign, they courted the popular favour for their support.

Such was the condition of France during the years that preceded the Revolution. At length, in the ruined state of the finances, a royal edict was issued for a new loan of between three and four millions sterling. The Parliament of Paris remonstrated, and the King discovered his resentment at their boldness. It became necessary to have some public body to appeal to, more compliant than the parliament, and, on the 13th of January 1787, Calonne, the minister, convoked the ASSEMBLY OF NOTABLES, or principal persons, from all parts of the country, selected by the King himself. This body had last met in 1626, under Louis XIII., when it was called together to serve the purposes of Richelieu.

The Notables met on the 22nd of February, and Calonne proposed to them a plan of taxation which was to include the nobles, the clergy, and the ma-

gistrates, who had hitherto been exempt. The privileged orders determined to let France sink with the millstone of the debt about her neck, rather than make any attempt to restore public confidence, by bearing their proportionate share in the burdens of the state: Calonne resigned, and Loménie de Brienne entered on office, with the alarming fact before him, reported by the Notables, that there was an annual deficiency in the revenue of nearly six millions sterling, and a debt of fifty millions, up to 1786. The Notables were dissolved, and the convocation of the States-General was now talked of. The report of the plan for assembling this body, which had previously been insisted on by the parliament, ran like an electric shock through all orders of the community, and excited a still higher flush of expectation among the people, than that which had followed the convoking of the Notables.

The English republican Henry Neville, in his *Plato Redivivus*, published in 1681, during the reign of Louis XIV., had predicted the decline of the French monarchy whenever the King himself should cease to dazzle the nation with the meteor light of military glory, and it should become necessary to assemble the States-General, which consisted of deputies elected by the three estates, the nobility, the clergy, and the people at large. They had not met since 1614,—so truly did Louis XIV.

express the spirit of the Bourbon kings, when he said 'I am the State.' The court was compelled, against its will, after a year's struggle, to convoke the States for May 1789; and the nobles and higher clergy, fearful of the popular pretensions to liberty and equality, viewed the measure with jealousy and alarm.

Necker, who was now minister, hoped to bring about a peaceable transition from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy; and he called together a *second* assembly of the Notables, in order, if possible, to double the number of deputies that should be elected from the *tiers-état*, or commons, to compose the States-General. The Notables would not sanction the extension of the popular principle; and Necker persuaded Louis to issue an *arrêt*, granting that the representation of the commons should be made equal to that of the nobility and the clergy together.

In the principal cities of France, and especially in Paris, clubs were now formed, in which politics became the theme of declamation and dispute; and the merits of the King, the ministers, the nobles, and the clergy, were freely and violently discussed. Blood was shed on the 28th of April 1789, in a fierce conflict between the mob and the military, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, in consequence of a tumult which arose from a report that a wealthy manufacturer in that quarter was an

enemy to the *tiers-état*;—also that he had reduced his workmen's wages.

One of the first acts of Necker, on his being recalled to the premiership and the finance, was the restoration of the Parliament of Paris, which, for its refusal to register the taxes that had been proposed by Calonne, had been exiled to Troyes. The parliament sought to obtain from the King an equal distribution of taxation among all orders of the state, the liberty of the press, and the discontinuance of the obnoxious *lettres de cachet*, or secret warrants, by means of which almost any act of despotism might be accomplished without assigning a reason. The STATES-GENERAL, who were to remedy all evils, opened their session, the first time for a hundred and seventy-five years, on the 5th of May, after the elections had produced the greatest excitement throughout the kingdom; and the government allowed this crisis to arrive without having attempted to frame any grand remedial measures; while the Queen's court had occupied itself in deciding what costume each estate was to wear during the sittings: and to mark its contempt for the *tiers-état*, the master of the ceremonies was made to give orders that they should wear the *chapeau clabaud*,* or slouched flapping hat, without band or loop.

The States met at the palace of Versailles, in

* *Clabaud* signifies a clown.

the vast hall called *la Salle des Menus*, which was decorated with all the splendour of the old regime; and the nobility and clergy figured in all the pride of plumes, and gold, and ecclesiastical pomp; while the unhappy Louis, from a magnificent throne, opened the sitting by a speech in which he censured the popular enthusiasm for innovation, pointed out the situation of France, and recommended unity to the three orders: he then sat down amidst applauses. It was a moment of joy and hope:—but the Revolution had begun.

Disputes arose respecting the manner of voting, the nobles and the clergy contending for the vote by *orders*, and not by individual numbers, each order previously arranging its vote according to its own majority. The commons refused to be thus extinguished, and they declined taking any part in public business on this principle. A month spent in delay had given time for the *tiers-état* to be borne up by the increasing tide of popular opinion; and, led on by Malouet, Mirabeau, Sièyes, and Le Grand,—and countenanced by several deputies who had left the order of the clergy, the *tiers-état*, on the 17th of June, assumed the name of the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, whose grand object was the formation of a constitution.

From this moment, the King and the commons were at open hostilities, and that struggle, destined to be so tremendous, had at length begun which

had long been impending between the human mind in its increased developement, and the inveterate abuses of the government,—despotism and prodigality, a throne based on the wrecks of the feudal system, a haughty aristocracy, a court which had long been a gilded sink of iniquity, a clergy under whose sway the moral principle of the nation had become almost extinct, while war was regarded as the chief glory,—a religion which had laid open Christianity itself, the only safeguard of human passions, to the attacks of a licentious infidelity.

It was in vain that Louis commanded the commons to dissolve, and afterwards ordered the nobility and clergy to unite with them, in order to neutralise their acts,—the arm of kingly power was already paralysed. The King refused to withdraw the assembling troops; Necker, the popular and well-intentioned minister, was dismissed; and the next day, July 12th, tumult and confusion reigned through Paris, and continued for three days. On the 14th, the mob obtained arms from the *Hôtel des Invalides*, and after a sanguinary conflict of four hours, the obnoxious fortress-prison, the Bastille, was stormed. Lafayette was now universally chosen to command the national guard. The unfortunate King went to Paris, and amidst loud applauses received the tri-colored cockade from Bailly, the president of the Assembly. Necker was recalled; and the first scene of popular insurrection ended.

The feudal rights of the privileged orders were formally abolished by the Assembly; and Louis was declared to be the 'Restorer of the Liberties of France;' nevertheless, during the months of August and September, the popular excitement was not calmed:—the disease of the body-politic had too far advanced, and the inefficient and extorted remedies came beyond the eleventh hour. The infatuated conduct of the court, moreover, did but exasperate the mischief; for at their banquet at Versailles, the national cockade was contemptuously trampled under foot. On the 5th of October the national guard could no longer control the people, and many thousands, chiefly women, instigated immediately by want, raised the cry, 'Bread! bread!—to Versailles!' After horrid scenes of blood, the bemaddened furies consented to return to Paris, only on condition of being accompanied by the King and Queen, who were compelled, on the 6th, to set off to the Tuileries, amidst shouts of '*Vive le Roi!*' The National Assembly followed the King to Paris on the 19th; and by this time the storm had become so alarming, that many of the privileged orders fled from it to other countries.

The Assembly, among other decrees, pronounced the estates of the church to be national property; religious orders were suppressed; the arbitration of war and peace was declared to belong to the

Assembly; and all distinctions of rank were abolished. The *Fédération* of July 14th, 1790, seemed for a moment to give the promise of peace; for on this day, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, a vast assembly met in the Champ de Mars, and the King, followed by the other authorities, took an oath of fidelity to the new Constitution which had been decreed by the National Assembly. At this festival, all appeared unanimity, and good faith; and universal joy seemed to prevail. Affairs, however, soon resumed their former attitude: the court still sought to counteract the revolution; while its friends were not less active in maintaining it.

On the 20th of June, 1791, the King and the royal family, endeavoured to make their escape from the Tuileries, but they were overtaken in Lorraine, and brought back to Paris. The republican members of the Assembly now began openly to broach their doctrines; but the majority, with Lafayette and Bailly at their head, after spending three years in endeavouring to establish a constitutional monarchy, were not prepared for so entire a change. A second revolution was ripening, in opposition to the first, by the agency of the Club that had been accustomed to meet in the convent of the Jacobins; and agitation hourly increased in Paris. An immense multitude met in the Champ de Mars, to petition the Assembly to

dethrone the King, when the national guards were ordered to fire, and terror and death were dealt among the crowd. The mixed republican party, or Girondists, originally deputies from La Gironde, gained ground ; and Danton, Brissot, Desmoulins, and others, were at their head. The term for the sitting of the National, or Constituent Assembly ended on the 30th of September, and unhappily for France they had previously agreed that no member of their body should form part of a second assembly.

The next body called the LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, elected according to the new laws, succeeded to the National Assembly, on the 1st of October. A Girondist ministry was now inevitable ; and amidst the gathering storm of foreign war, they began to exchange the monarchy for a republic. The mob became the instrument of the most violent of the republicans ; and the attacks of the 20th of June, and the 10th of August, 1792, on the Tuileries, gave the reins to democracy, and to forty days of anarchy. On the former of these two days, Louis was compelled to put on the cap of liberty, and to drink wine to the health of the nation. On the 10th of August, the miserable king was obliged to fly from his palace to the Assembly for protection, and after his departure scenes ensued at the contemplation of which humanity turns pale. A dreadful conflict took place between 1,200 of the

Swiss guards, and a mob of 10,000 of the people and national guards; the knell of death rung in the sound of the tocsin, amidst the cry 'to arms! to arms!' and the roar of cannon and musketry proclaimed destruction. A general massacre of the royal servants continued for two hours; nearly 800 of the Swiss guards were killed, after showering down a desperate fire on the mob; the palace and garden were one appalling scene of massacre and blood; heaps of mangled bodies were piled one on another in the Place du Carrousel; to the height of twenty feet. The flames from the burning barracks, the stench from the consuming dead, the scattered bodies stripped of their clothing, some still gasping as they lay amidst living men sunk in intoxication, and limbs separated from their bleeding trunks, filled up the dreadful scene.

The King was now suspended from his functions, and was imprisoned in the Temple, with the Queen, their son, and the Princess Elizabeth. It was from this time that the conflicting elements of human passion were aroused to their most furious and destructive energy. On the 2d of September, under the auspices of the infamous Danton, and the terrible committee of Public Safety, commenced the horrors attending the massacre of all the prisoners who had been accused of hostility to the existing state of things. These bloody orgies lasted for four days, during which, thousands of

defenceless beings were murdered, under all the circumstances of the most savage and atrocious barbarism. Danton had become a member of the 'Commune of Paris,' a self-elected body which had risen amidst the confusion that followed on the fall of the throne, and had attempted to seize the government. This party now succeeded in supplanting the Assembly, and assumed the reins of power, on the 21st of September, under the name of the NATIONAL CONVENTION. On their first day of meeting, royalty was declared to be eternally abolished in France; and the next day it was determined that all acts of state should be dated from this the *epoch of the Republic*. The chief parties in the Convention were the Girondists or Brissotines, and the Mountain party. Among the most celebrated of the Girondists, or the more moderate republicans, were Brissot and Condorcet: of the Mountainists, so called from the upper seats which they occupied in the hall, the chief leaders were the notorious Danton, Robespierre, Marat, and Collot d'Herbois.

The Girondists were anxious to punish the instigators of the massacre of the prisoners; but the Mountain party, supported by the clubs and by the mob, found means of defeating this object, and were always able to resist the strenuous attempts of the Girondists on behalf of the King, whose life the latter wished to spare, though they had

united in dethroning him. The Mountainists prevailed, and the unfortunate Louis was decapitated on the 21st of January, 1793.

The republicans had now to contend against a coalition of several of the European powers, including England; and a civil war broke out in La Vendée. Amidst the confusion of parties, and the contest for power, the country was divided, some holding with the Mountain party, others declaring for moderation; but the Girondists were no longer able to maintain their ground, and the Convention came under the dictation of the populace. The heads of the democracy seemed actuated by a frenzied desperation: arming themselves with fury, they sought to establish their authority by inspiring terror; and Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, ruled by the revolutionary tribunal and the guillotine.

During the progress and continuance of anarchy and bloodshed, endless dissensions and confusion arose, as was to be anticipated, among the fiendish leaders of the republic themselves — each being anxious to supplant the other, and determined to crush by a bloody despotism all who opposed. The Mountain party of the Convention had endeavoured to cloak their designs against the Girondists, and their aim at dictatorial power, by forming from their own partisans the *Comité de Salut Public*, on pretence of better providing for

the welfare of the republic. The Girondists were soon completely overpowered; and the Committee, with Robespierre at its head, obtained the ascendancy over the Convention, and ruled the destiny of France for nine or ten months, with a series of executions and slaughters. Marat was assassinated by a woman, and Robespierre became master of the republic.

In 1793, the Queen, Marie-Antoinette, was beheaded; and soon afterwards the Duke of Orleans, and Louis's sister Elizabeth, were also brought to the block. This was the terrific reign of that atheism and sanguinary tyranny, which cast off all restraints human and divine, and perpetrated a series of atrocities scarcely to be paralleled in the history of nations. As though to remove every lingering sense of moral obligation, religion was wholly sacrificed to give place to atheism, Gobet, Archbishop of Paris, publicly renounced Christianity, a melancholy close to the career of Romanism, which had done so little to imbue the nation with moral principle. The churches were shut up; public worship was abolished; death was pronounced to be an endless sleep; and among other orgies that were substituted for religion, the festival of the goddess of reason was celebrated at Nôtre Dame. The revolutionary tribunal hurried its victims to the guillotine, untried and unheard. It was enough that their names

were on the daily list of the proscribed; and the summary nature of the process of extermination often produced mistakes in names, which caused the death of those who had not even been accused!

At Paris, Bourdeaux, Lyons, Nantes, Toulon, Arras, Strasburg, and many other places, the same appalling tragedies were acted; and the soil of France was steeped in the blood of her children, as it flowed from the scaffold,—or by the yet more wholesale slaughter of the sword,—the fusillade,—the grape-shot,—or by drowning, and various modes of death. The fury of the republicans was exasperated by the intrigues of the royalists, who hoped to profit by the spectacle that France presented to astonished Europe; and Robespierre declared that the system of terror was necessary to give strength to the government, and to consolidate the friends of the republic against domestic and foreign enemies. This cruel despot was himself but the instrument of the vilest scum of society, who, actuated by the love of plunder, and the most brutal passions, and having gained the mastery, were resolved to destroy all who did not go forward with the full tide of democracy. Prudhomme, himself a republican, estimates the number who perished in the butchery of the Revolution at considerably more than a million,—without including the massacres at Versailles, the Abbaye, the

Carnes, and other prisons,—the victims of Avignon, and of Bédoin,—nor those who were shot at Toulon and Marseilles, after the sieges of those cities.*

Amidst the collision of infuriated parties, the ringleaders of the republicans became successively the judges and the condemned; and Hébert, Danton, and many others, were guillotined. At length, after the commotions of the 9th Thermidor,† Robespierre, the dictator, himself, and one hundred and four others, shared the fate which they had inflicted on multitudes; and the most bloody scene of the Revolution ended. The Convention now received an infusion from the friends of order and constitutional government; and a number of the most violent democrats were executed. After a severe struggle of parties, during the progress of

* Prudhomme, *Victimes de la Revolution*.

Of the torrents of blood that were shed in Paris, during the 'Reign of Terror,' some idea may be formed from the statement of Riouffe, an eye witness, in his *Mémoires d'un Détenu*. Among other horrid details, he says: 'Déjà un aqueduc immense qui devoit voiturier du sang avoit été creusé à la place St. Antoine. Disons-le, quelque horrible qu'il soit de le dire, tous les jours le sang humain se puisoit par seaux, et quatre hommes étoient occupés, au moment de l'exécution à les vider dans cet aqueduc.'

† July 27, 1794. On the fall of the regal power, the republican date had been established: the names of the months were changed; they were all made equal in length, and five days were added: the Sabbath was abolished, and the week was made to consist of ten days.

which even the advocates for royalty began to take courage, a new constitution was prepared; and on the 13th Vindémiaire,* after more blood had been shed in a civil commotion in Paris, the government was appointed to consist of two representative bodies called Councils, and an Executive of five persons, to be called THE DIRECTORY, which held its first sitting on the 28th of October 1795. From this time the tide of revolution began to turn, and continued to ebb, with fluctuations, until it subsided into a monarchy without the name.

The Directory found, at home, a bankrupt exchequer, and civil discord; and, abroad, powerful enemies,—yet the French republic, liberated from the dictation of secret committees and communal factions, was able to maintain itself amidst the remaining elements of disorganisation; and the astonishing successes that had all along attended the French arms abroad, while revolutions had rapidly succeeded each other at home, threw a warlike glory around the republic, which, in process of time, prepared the way for its transformation into nothing less than a military despotism. But at present, the contests for power still continued, though in a different manner from before. There were now more conspiracies, and fewer

* 4th October 1795.

tumults and riots :—but these plots, whether royal, or hyper-democratical, were in general detected and defeated.

In 1797, however, the revolution of the 18th Fructidor,* as it is called, took place, in consequence of a collision between the legislative and the executive powers. The Council of Five Hundred gave indications of being in the way to a counter-revolution, and in the South of France the renewed hopes of the royalists occasioned fresh disturbances and massacres. Another crisis seemed impending, and the Directory, by calling in the aid of the army, re-established their power. That the times were altered for the better, was shown by the punishment that was inflicted on the deputies who were obnoxious to the men in power:—they were banished from France.

By the spring of 1799, Jacobinism had again recruited its strength; the clubs revived; and the elections were influenced by the reaction. Defeat had in some instances overtaken the French arms :—this was an unpopular contemplation. The Directory also became divided, Moulin and Gohier being strenuous republicans, while Siéyes, Barras, and Roger-Ducos, were inclined to the concentration of power. The speedy dissolution of the Directorial Government became evident; and every

* 4th September.

remnant of what could be regarded as constitutional authority was expiring. Appearances held out the apprehension that the spirit of the revolution might again be evoked to fury, and might riot afresh over a new scene of disorganisation and anarchy:—but the destinies of France were now to be wielded by another hand, the heterogeneous elements of discord and confusion to be repressed by a new power, and the reins of government were about to be held in a mightier grasp.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, of a family of rank in Corsica, had in early life entered the French army, and in the insurrection of the Sections of Paris, on the celebrated 13th Vindémiaire, the victory obtained by the Convention was attributed to the military skill of this young officer, then twenty-six years of age. A few months afterwards, he was appointed General in Chief of the army that was destined to fight the battles of the republic in Italy, and to oppose the existing coalition of half Europe against France.

His campaign in Italy was one continued series of splendid victories, obtained with a rapidity that produced the most enthusiastic admiration in France, and spread his name through Europe. After compelling the Continental Powers to make

peace with the Republic, he returned to Paris, having been absent a year and a half, and was loaded with honours:—but he aspired after something more. The Directory dreaded his popularity, trembled for their own power, and resolved to amuse the ambitious General by proposing to him the invasion of England. The ‘Army of England,’ however, was destined for Egypt; and Bonaparte, who saw that France was scarcely ripe for his wishes, accepted the command; and the thunder of his arms, which had recently been heard beyond the Alps, now re-echoed from the Pyramids of the Nile.

After gaining new victories, and organising a republican government for Egypt, he left the expedition, previously to the final successes of the English in that country, and hastened back to France, where his journey from Fréjus to Paris was one continual triumph. The time was come for a decisive movement towards that object which had long filled his imagination, and the effort was successful.

France was torn by factions; civil war raged once more in the west; the finances were in a state of ruin; the Directory was feeble; many of the Council of Five Hundred desired the public good, but they were divided, and could not govern the turbulent elements that again portended storm. The Directory received Bonaparte with shyness, and wished

once more to honour him with *fêtes*, and then to send him again into the field with a new command; but they had to do with a man who was something more than a mere soldier,—one who understood his position, and had resolved to take advantage of it. The demand for a change in the government was universal; and the favourite General was visited by some of all parties.

Those republicans who possessed the most of patriotism hoped to find in him a Washington, while the royalists dreamed of another Monk; but Bonaparte had harangued his soldiers in Egypt on the glory of the Roman arms, and he breathed more of Caesar; he had acquired immense popularity by his military talents, and his thoughts were rather those of Cromwell. The virtues of a Washington would have found no settled basis on which to act, amid the ever-shifting sands of revolution, and it required a more iron-handed grasp to restrain the yet stormy elements:—nor would it have been possible for kingly state to have found security where the throne had been so completely razed to the ground, and all things were so changed. The only curb strong enough to rein in the still restless spirit of the revolution, was a military despotism under the name of a republic.

Sièyes was the grand mover on behalf of Bonaparte, in overturning the constitution of the year III., or the government of the Directory. Talley-

rand, Fouché, Lucien Bonaparte, and most of the generals then at Paris, were united in the plot. Fears were entertained respecting the Council of Five Hundred, and the democracy of the Faux-bourgs of Paris; but the Council of the Ancients decreed the removal of the representatives to St. Cloud, and gave to Bonaparte the command of the armed force. The two Councils opened their respective sittings on the 18th Brumaire, the 9th of November, 1799; and while confusion reigned in the Assembly, and a strong outcry arose against a ‘*dictatorship*,’ Bonaparte suddenly appeared at the door of the hall, with the bristling bayonets of his victorious troops in his train. This roused the Assembly to indignation; and amidst reproaches and shouts of *à bas, à bas le dictateur!—mourons à notre poste!—vive la république!—vive la constitution!—à bas!—à bas!* Bonaparte, who had been accustomed to head armies amidst showers of balls, is said to have turned pale, and to have fallen, as in a swoon, into the arms of his soldiers. Encouraged, however, by his brother Lucien, by Sièyes, and by his generals, he adhered to the design of supplanting the existing government; and the Council of Five Hundred were dispersed by the troops, in the name of ‘General Bonaparte.’

The deputies who were favourable to his views were immediately re-assembled; and by them the Directorial Government was abolished, and a Con-

SULATE appointed consisting of Napoleon Bonaparte, Sièyes, and Roger-Ducos. The two Councils of the Directory gave place to legislative commissions, whose office it was to frame the Consular Constitution, which was no other than an absolute government. A Senate was formed consisting of a Tribune of one hundred, and a Legislative Body of three hundred; whose nomination, and whose functions, were under the immediate influence of the Consuls. In a few weeks, Sièyes and Roger-Ducos, became members of the Senate; and Cambacères and Lebrun were now the colleagues of Bonaparte, the FIRST CONSUL. But in this triumvirate, the head completely governed the inferior members; for the two Consuls had power only to give their *advice* to the first, as little more than his ministers.

The new Constitution was enthusiastically received by the French, when formally submitted to them; and Bonaparte was in full march towards absolute power. Political societies were forbidden; the number of journals was limited; a censorship of the press was instituted; and an active and watchful police was organised. Whatever discontents all this occasioned, it was readily submitted to by the nation at large: for the French had no idea of genuine political freedom; or if they had once caught a glimpse of it, all was lost in the fierce tyranny which after a time had be-

come the evil genius of the Revolution. Military glory, moreover, was the national passion ; and this destructive kind of vanity Bonaparte was but too well able to gratify. The Consulate was established, in November 1799 ; and in less than three years, Bonaparte was made Consul for life, having previously been appointed for ten years. His power increased, and on the 2d of December, 1804, he became Emperor of the French.

Such was the rise of a man, who, for fifteen years, kept the world in agitation and astonishment ; for his name, and his extraordinary achievements on the disastrous arena of arms, were known, and inspired terror, wherever modern civilisation had facilitated the intercourse of mankind ; and were a sort of watchword of alarm, on the lips both of childhood and of age. Emerging like a comet from the chaos of the French revolution, he soon attracted the eyes of all to the portentous prodigy which he presented to view, as he overshadowed yet more and more of the political horizon, and advanced to the perihelion of his power, with a movement that confounded all ordinary calculation by its rapidity, disturbed all the stars of the political hemisphere in their orbits, hurled many down from their places, swept away ancient dynasties, and changed the geography of Europe.

The series of victories by which, during this period, he dazzled France and convulsed the world,

were connected with events—such as had not been witnessed in the modern history of nations. The thrones which had stood for ages, like the granite masses of the primitive mountains, were shaken to their foundations, as with the shocks of so many successive earthquakes; and many of them fell in ruins, as the mighty conqueror strode from capital to capital, and brought the astonished monarchs to his footstool. His genius was so prompt and decisive in executing the designs of his gigantic ambition, that to him plan and action were the same; or were separated by so short an interval, that they resembled the lightning and thunder of the storm, whose bolt is dealt in rapid and destructive succession, over extensive and distant tracts.

During the height of his ascendancy, Europe was no longer the same Europe which it had been till the last years of the eighteenth century; crowns and sceptres were but a part of the machinery of his government, by the bestowment of which he sought to consolidate his power. The history of one quarter of the globe became a warlike romance; and in the astounding drama of the political world, the great enchanter presented one scene after another, in which not only ancient thrones were crumbled to dust, but new ones arose like fairy creations at his bidding,—while the throne from which he himself gave law, cast its shadow more or less broad and deep, from the Ural mountains to the pillars of Hercules, and

from the Illyrian provinces, and the Mediterranean, to the Arctic circle, and the shores of the Baltic.

It was his military fame, already acquired in the republican armies, that had enabled him to seize the helm of government, while the surges left behind by the terrific storm that had desolated France, still violently agitated the vessel of the state. France had armed against her the ancient dynasties of Europe, and a field was thrown open for the war-like talents of Bonaparte. His surprising successes in Italy, against the Austrians, had given an impulse to his own ambition, and held him up to France as a hero. The next year, Germany was the seat of war, and Bonaparte and his co-generals had taken possession of the greater part of the territory between the Adriatic and the frontiers of Bohemia.

The opening of another year had seen him again reaping the disastrous laurels of victory, amid the monuments of the dominion of ancient Rome, and against the forces of the Pope; and the conqueror had dictated a humiliating peace to *him*, whose predecessors in the chair of St. Peter could boast that monarchs had acted as their grooms, when they rode in state through the adoring crowds. The Alps had next witnessed the march of the modern Hannibal, to compel Austria to accept of a treaty which gave her Netherland provinces to

France, and erected the Northern States of Italy into the Cisalpine Republic. Thus did Bonaparte silence for a time the thunders of war that had opened from various quarters on France; which was now at peace with all Europe, excepting Great Britain, after having vanquished Holland, overthrown the Venetian States, crushed the independence of Italy, and weakened the power of Austria.

The Egyptian expedition, which next followed, though ostensibly designed to chastise the turbulent Beys, and to re-establish the power of the Grand Signior, was a war of conquest; and Alexandria and Cairo speedily fell before the French general, who now had the address to retreat from impending disasters, and to seize the helm of government in France.

Bonaparte was scarcely invested with the Consular power, when, aware of the effect produced on the French by the renown of victory, he was once more in arms. He crossed the Alps; and success again attended his career, and that of his generals, against the Austrians; who were so crushed at Marengo and Hohenlinden, that the German emperor, to save himself from ruin, consented to the Treaty of Luneville, after a campaign of forty days.

The increase of military glory did but inspire the modern Cæsar with a more intense passion for

arbitrary power; and he who had saved the Revolution *without*, was regarded by the republicans as its destroyer within; while the royalists saw everything but as dross that was not stamped with legitimacy. The attempts that were made against the life of the First Consul, only produced a reaction still more unfavourable to freedom; and, in 1801, about a hundred and thirty individuals were at once expatriated: nor did innocence, though proved by the discovery of the real conspirators, avail to save the accused from banishment to the burning plains of Guiana, the 'Equinoctial France.' In the mean time, the priests, and other emigrants, were recalled; and, by a *concordat* with the Pope, the Catholic religion was re-established in all its pomp; and in almost all its pretensions,—excepting its relations with the government, and its exclusion of toleration: for every form of worship was protected, and special care was taken to subordinate the triple crown to the Consular fasces; and to keep the Pope from exercising any independent, or really co-ordinate power.

The peace of Amiens between Great Britain and France, in 1802, hushed for a short period the storm of war; and the repose of Europe gave to the great military Chief, the opportunity of still further assimilating the curule chair to the imperial throne. Bonaparte was now Consul for life, with the right of nominating his successor. He could,

by the Constitution, create senators at his pleasure, and this subservient body had power to reform the laws, manage the elections, annul the acts of the authorities, and even the judgments of the tribunals, as well as to suspend the jury:—such was the absolute domination of the hero of the Revolution!—such the civil prostration of France! There was industry, and commerce, and public credit:—magnificent monuments of art and civilisation reared themselves to the honour of the Consulate:—a comprehensive code of civil legislation, immortalised the age, and carried equity into all the relations of society:—everything was secure but that which gave umbrage to despotism—there was everything but liberty.

The power of France at this period was immense. In addition to her former territory, she reckoned as her own the Netherlands, Germany west of the Rhine, Geneva, Savoy, and Piedmont. The Consul was President of the Cisalpine Republic, which included the Milanese, and a large portion of the Venetian territories; the duchies of Mantua, Parma, and Modena; and some of the former possessions of the Papal See. The Ligurian republic had no greater independence: and Tuscany was a vassal monarchy. Spain was the same, under the flattering title of an ally. Holland, also, was in chains to France; and the Swiss Republics possessed little more than the name of a national

existence, and could not call the Alps their own. Austria had seen her armies routed, and she was alarmed and humbled: Prussia had shown subserviency: all Germany, and the princes of the Holy Roman Empire, were overawed: Russia was passive: and there was not a Continental Power, whose politics were not influenced more or less by those of France, or which did not look with apprehension to that quarter of the horizon, in which the dreaded vision of her rapid eagles,—her veteran armies,—and her triumphant Dictator, might be expected to appear. Britain alone, enthroned on her own seas, amid the wreck of nations, and secure under the protection of the Almighty, was able to lift a front of defiance to this gigantic and still waxing dominion.

The dispute respecting Malta again roused the tocsin of war between France and England, in 1803; and Hanover and Osnaburgh were soon taken possession of by Bonaparte. Another plot against the Consul caused imprisonment, banishment, and death; and the Prince de Condé, Duc d'Enghien, suffered under the charge of being at the head of a band of conspirators. At length Bonaparte received the title of Emperor from the Tribune, in which body, the only perishing shadow that remained of constitutional liberty, the last faint echo of the voice of the Republic was heard, in the objections of Carnot, Lambrecht, and Gré-

goire :—and now, amidst the acclamations of France, a hereditary throne, prouder and more despotical than that of the Bourbons, is seen planted on the disjoined fragments of several successive revolutions; and those who, five years before, declared they would ‘die for the Republic,’ now rend the air with shouts of *Vive Napoléon, Empereur des Français!* But, in some respects, the change was not so great as at first view it might appear; for it was but a speedy transition from one form of despotism to another: and however the door to rational freedom might still be closed, there would seem to be little room for deliberation in choosing between the reign of a military sovereign like Bonaparte, and that of Robespierre, or of the Sans-Culottes of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

The public feeling had so altered, that the ancient pile of Nôtre Dame, which had, a few years ago, resounded to the infatuated orgies of democracy and atheism, now beheld the pomp of a more than regal coronation, when Rome sent Pius VII. to anoint Napoleon with the consecrated oil. France, ever vain, and regarding the splendour of her monarchs as that of every one of her children, was reconciled to an approach towards the old régime. There were now marshals, and princes of the Empire; a grand almoner, imperial chaplains, and a confessor. The clergy, in general, worshipped the ascending sun of power, with a servile reverence,

which significantly told that the time was gone by when potentates might be excommunicated,—and that now the church had become the creature of the throne. The relics of the ancient court gave to the new scene an air of legitimacy; but, at the same time, contrasted strangely with the *nori homines* of the military and senatorial *noblesse*. The Tribunate was abolished, the press, and personal liberty, were subjected to more stringent laws, state-prisons were re-established, imperial decrees were issued,—and the ghost of liberty had vanished.

After a vain threat to England, Napoleon placed himself at the head of 200,000 men, to put down the third coalition of the European powers; and this campaign was another series of triumphs. In two months, Suabia, Franconia, and Bavaria, were overrun, and the French Emperor entered Vienna; and a fortnight afterwards again totally routed the combined hosts of Austria and Russia. He was acknowledged King of Italy, and the Electoral Princes to whom he had given thrones, were recognised by the German emperor. Napoleon's brother Joseph was created King of Naples; Louis, King of Holland; and the Empress Josephine's son became Viceroy of Italy: Murat was made Grand Duke of Berg; and Berthier Prince of Neuchâtel. Napoleon assumed the title of Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine: Austria was prostrate at his feet;

and, in 1806, Francis II. was obliged to renounce the title of Emperor of Germany. In another campaign, not less successful than the former, the Prussian armies were almost annihilated, the power of the monarchy crushed, and Berlin occupied by French troops. Soon afterwards, Poland was the seat of war, and the Russians were defeated at Pultusk. Europe once more breathed at the peace of Tilsit, except Sweden, which was soon reduced to terms. Jerome Bonaparte, and the Elector of Saxony, were made kings; and Russia and Prussia joined France in the commercial blockade against England.

Napoleon had now reached the zenith of his power; and France, astounded and enraptured at the greatness to which he had raised her, forgot all thoughts of freedom; while she conferred on her master the epithet of *le Grand*. The last secret sparks of liberty seemed extinguished by the surges of the national pride, and by the full tide of military fame; and all the factions had vanished. But the brilliancy of this meridian glory was not destined to be of long duration. Insatiable ambition, and the intoxication of power, no longer preserved even the semblance of truth or justice; and war became only the expression of the arbitrary will of the mighty despot of Europe.

Yet the world was still, for a time, to be struck with wonder at new achievements. The Prince

Regent of Portugal fled to the Brazils from before the French arms. Madrid was occupied by the imperial legions, and Charles IV. ceded the crown of Spain and the Indies to Bonaparte, who treacherously placed his own brother Joseph on the throne. This led to a sanguinary war, the beginning of disasters to the great tyrant, and which after six years terminated with his fall. Renewed hostilities with Austria ended once more in her complete humiliation; and Spain alone remained the eyesore of ambition. The Pope was suspected of intrigue against the imperial power, and being menaced in his capital, began to hurl at Bonaparte the spent and idle thunders of the Vatican; but they recoiled upon St. Peter's chair. The Pope was dethroned, and held prisoner in France; and the Roman states were annexed to her territory.

The star of Napoleon's destiny, however, was about to set, and to be finally combust in its own fires. His ambition became an instinct, which led him to trample on all opposing interests, whether sacred or profane. Josephine, the guardian angel of his throne, the moderator of his schemes, and the object of his real love, was sacrificed to the policy of founding the fourth dynasty of France, the house of Napoleon, that was to reign over a second Carlovingian empire. Josephine was repudiated, and, amidst the crowd of royal and imperial princesses, Marie-Louise, the daughter of hum-

bled Austria, was chosen, in 1810, to fill the throne of her unfortunate aunt, Marie-Antoinette. The French empire, about this period, comprehended Holland, Belgium, part of Germany, and of Switzerland, and all Italy; and Napoleon reigned absolutely over forty-three millions:—but henceforth, his history became a series of reverses.

He formed the design of reducing Russia, and giving law from the ancient palace of the Czars. Untaught by the example of Charles XII. of Sweden, he ventured on a winter campaign, amidst the snows and ices of the north, with an army of half a million, composed of sixteen nations. Moscow was fired by its inhabitants, and Bonaparte, with a portion of his troops, rode through its deserted streets, amidst the flames that on every side glared upon him, as a fiend in human shape, the curse of humanity, and the demon of all the horrors that reigned around. The fighting retreat, through whirlwinds of snow, and all the rigors of a Russian winter, completed the work of carnage and misery; and at least half a million of human beings perished in a hundred and seventy days, to gratify the infernal lust of power, which remorselessly converted the whole region of its march into a theatre of blood, and crime, and misery,—presenting one of the darkest and most appalling tragedies that war ever exhibited on the earth!

The failure of this expedition was connected with disaffection and plot at home; and France herself began to perceive, that in consequence of the gigantic ambition of her military despot, she was under the ban of Europe, being regarded as the centre from which emanated all its miseries.

The time was come for the downfall of Bonaparte. Deserted by several of his allies, he entered on another campaign, with a new army, and the Russians and Prussians were compelled to retreat towards Silesia. The Emperor of Austria, seeing that his son-in-law was not sincerely disposed to peace, from a mediator became an enemy; and the war was attended with various fortunes, till at the battle of Leipsic, in October 1813, the French were completely routed by the Allies; who, amidst surrounding revolutions, all tending to the dismemberment of the French empire, began to enter France. Bonaparte, with a legislative body contrary to his views, and a staff of officers on whom he could not depend, endeavoured in vain to rouse the French nation to arms; and after contending for three months against a million of enemies, he was deposed, on the 2nd of April, 1814; and the military despotism of nearly fifteen years, received its death-blow, preparatory to its last convulsive struggle, the following year, at Waterloo.

Such was the fall of a man, who, far from being by nature a Nero, or a Caligula, was still his own

god; and was prepared, without pity, to sacrifice millions, as a holocaust to his ambition; and to resort to hypocrisy, impiety, and acts of barbarism, if these were deemed necessary to accomplish his ends. He was the means of unsettling those ancient fabrics of civil and ecclesiastical legitimacy, that have checked the march of human improvement; and his extraordinary career, though in itself so despotic, has been productive, on the whole, of the advancement of freedom, the grand basis of every other social benefit.—History is fraught with melancholy examples of the moral disorder in the constitution of man which has produced all his woes:—the only consolation is, that if evil is permitted, out of it good may be educed.

LETTER XXI.

Paris — Messageries — Situation, and general appearance — The Seine — Bridges — Quays — Extant — Mode of numbering houses — Camera Obscura — Views from the Bridges — Purity of the atmosphere — Want of planted squares — Barrières — Boulevards — Passion for amusement — French character — Execution — Effect of events — Palais des Thermes — Palais Royal — Tuileries — Place de Carrousel — The Louvre — Place Vendôme — Place Louis Quinze — Magnificence — Arc de l'Etoile — Hôtel des Invalides — Churches — Nôtre Dame, etc. — The Luxembourg — Bourse — Jardin du Roi — The Pantheon — Gobelins — Glaces — Revolution of 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—On reaching PARIS at three o'clock in the morning, we soon found ourselves at the *Messagerie Générale*, one of those spacious areas, surrounded by numerous *bureaux*, from which diligences set off to all the surrounding countries of Europe: and the traveller who wishes to go to Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, or

Belgium, or to embark for England, is directed by the names of these countries, which he sees over the office-doors, where to apply.

It is usual in France for the conductor's fee to be included in what is paid for the fare; which is stated in the receipt that is given securing the places: and as our luggage was but slightly inspected, and every facility for obtaining porters and coaches was at hand, there was little cause of delay, and a short time sufficed to establish us at the *Hôtel de Lille*, near the Palais Royal.

The situation of Paris may in some respects be compared with that of London, the most important part being north of the Seine, though there is an immense population on the south side. The calcareous hill of *Montmartre*, is the Highgate, or Hampstead, of Paris, being on the north, and the most elevated ground in the environs; it is however a more immediate suburb, and is too near to command a very advantageous view. The neighbourhood of the Tuileries, and the *Faubourg St. Germain*, may be regarded as the Westminster of the French metropolis,—as including the seat of royalty, and partly that of government, with the mansions of the nobility and gentry, and lying on the western side.

The general appearance of Paris, as compared with that of London, in regard to the width, cleanliness, elegance, and beauty of the streets, and the accommodation for foot-passengers, cannot fail to

strike the Englishman, as incomparably to the disadvantage of the French capital. The narrowness of the streets, and of the *trottoir*, or pavement, in most places, and the multitudes of fiacres, omnibuses, and carts, which are all in motion together in such confined spaces, render it almost impracticable for ladies to walk about Paris, especially if the weather has been at all wet. The houses are built of stone, and are very lofty, not unlike those of the Old Town in Edinburgh; and, as in that city, they are frequently inhabited by a number of different families. You often find, when a great gateway is accidentally opened, as you are passing by, that a very splendid mansion is entirely concealed from view by a dead wall, giving the idea of its having been erected in a prospective regard to the dangers of war, or of revolution.

The *Seine* appears utterly insignificant to a Londoner who has been accustomed to the ample tide of the noble Thames, with its forests of shipping, and the many superb bridges which are thrown across it, exhibiting triumphs of human ingenuity and skill which are scarcely to be exceeded in any of the works of art. The *Seine* is scarcely half the breadth of the Thames, has no shipping, and presents banks of mud which, in dry weather, have an effect far from agreeable. Nor is this river improved by the wash-houses of the *blanchisseuses* that border the water, though the floating baths are neat and elegant.

Of the eighteen or nineteen bridges, the *Pont Neuf* is the largest and most ancient; and the most imposing as you cross it is the *Pont Louis-Seize*, so called from its having been commenced while that unhappy monarch still sat on the throne. This bridge is adorned with colossal statues of several of the great men of France, and leads from the magnificent Place Louis Quinze to the beautiful front of the Palais Bourbon. The reason why there are so many bridges is, that in the very heart of Paris there are three islands in the river, one of which, now called *La Cité*, is the site of *Lutetia*, the ancient capital of the *Parisii*, mentioned by Cæsar and Strabo. This name, as some suppose, was derived from the *lutum*, or mud, that abounded all over the neighbourhood, which Cæsar* describes as a perpetual marsh. Several of these bridges unite the islands with each other, and with the shores. On the principal one, the Pont Neuf, is a fine equestrian statue in bronze of Henry IV., with *bas-reliefs* on the pedestal, representing his humanity in supplying the Parisians with provisions, at the time when they were holding out against him, during the disastrous civil wars of the Catholic League.

The *Quais* of the Seine constitute one of the most striking features of Paris: they are raised on a deep embankment of stone, on both sides of the

* Bell. Gall. vii. 57.

river, but there is comparatively little traffic on them, and no ranges of warehouses lining the banks, as in London, where the vast piles of building along the shore, convey so powerful an impression of commercial greatness. In London, the banks of the river are too valuable to be employed for any thing but wharfs and warehouses, and the Thames, excepting when it is crossed, is scarcely seen by him who traverses the vast English metropolis : but in Paris, there is a considerable space between the terraces of building and the river, and the long quays form an agreeable public pathway, defended by a parapet wall.

The extent of the city along the Seine is computed to be more than four miles, and its greatest breadth from north to south, nearly the same. The mode of numbering the houses savours of the ingenuity of the French in matters of detail, and must sometimes be a convenience to those residents who are *au fait* at the system. If the numbers are black, and decreasing, you know that you are approaching the river,—if red and increasing, you are going parallel with the river, from east to west; and *vice versâ*. You are sometimes reminded of the quickness and cleverness of the French, by the most trifling things. If a man exhibits to you, on the *Pont des Arts*, the exquisitely finished picture formed by the *camera obscura*, of the gay and striking panorama around

you, he contrives to announce that the show is ended, by suddenly stepping out, and presenting on the parchment, as the last scene, a solitary figure of himself, with a style of bow, which an Englishman in the same station would scarcely be capable of imitating.

It is from one or two of the more western bridges, that some of the finest views in Paris are obtained, consisting of the lofty and immense piles of buildings which rear themselves on both sides of the Seine: on the left, the end of the royal palace of the Tuileries, the vast gallery of the Louvre, and a long line of other buildings beyond it; on the right the Palais Bourbon, the Institute, and the Mint,—forming with other magnificent edifices an extent of a mile in length, and terminated by the solid towers of Nôtre Dame. Though the views from the bridges are more confined than in our own metropolis, and have not the advantage of so great a number of spires and towers, yet the effect is grand and massy.

The quays form a scene of considerable animation and activity, which exhibits with its moving and motley groups, a specimen of all the varieties of Parisian life and rank. Palaces and shops, fruitsellers and bookstalls, soldiers and boatmen; the costume of the lower class, with caps white as snow, and the elegance of the Parisian *haut ton*; the young officer of Louis Philippe, and the vete-

ran, adorned with his orders, and carrying in his port somewhat of the aristocracy of war, having served under the First Consul: and while the industrious washerwomen are plying their task on the river, the quays above are lined with carts and carriages, among which may pass along, one, which, by its antique form and decorations, points back to the old régime, and recalls the palmy days of Louis XIV.

The pure atmosphere of Paris allows everything to be seen in a clear and brilliant light, with that peculiar, angular, and well-defined appearance, which gives to objects so prominent a relief, and adds so much distinctness to the perspective. In consequence of the city being so free from smoke, the sky appeared to be as blue and clear as in the country; and from the top of the towers of Notre Dame, the perfect transparency of the air was remarkably striking. Whether this may be one cause of the elasticity and hilarity of feeling which the air here seems to inspire, may not be easy to determine; but certain it is, that, in Paris, you escape the Stygian smoke which pours forth from our coal fires in London.

With a smaller census than London, the central part of Paris conveys much more of the idea of confinement and immurement, as the population is more densely crowded together; and several of the Fauxbourgs have an air of discomfort

and meanness which is anything but inviting; but the Faubourg *St. Germain* contains handsome streets, and many of the *hôtels*, or mansions, of the nobility and gentry, and the whole neighbourhood of the Tuileries is exceedingly fine. You look in vain, however, to find the densely-crowded masses of houses relieved by those agreeable shrubberies, or little parks,—that delightful *rus in urbe*, with which the English capital so much abounds, in its numerous squares. Nor does the neighbourhood of Paris exhibit those elegant suburban villas, which adorn the spacious outlets of London. In the French capital the strange mixture of magnificence and meanness, strikes you at almost every turn, and you have sometimes to get to a splendid palace, or a noble church, through very narrow and disagreeable streets.

To prevent the evasion of the excise duty, Paris was surrounded, about fifty years ago, with a wall, which is just within the external *Boulevards*. The circumference of the city is about fifteen miles. A great number of *Barrières*, or gates, form the entrances, through this wall; many of which are very tasteful and ornamental structures.

But it is the interior *Boulevards* that constitute the feature which most redeems the general appearance of the streets of the French metropolis. These delightful public walks, now in the midst of the city,

occupy the site of the ancient ramparts, and are a memorial of the reign of Louis the XIVth. They surround the centre of the town, with a circumference of eight or nine miles, describing a rude circle, part of which becomes, on the south, for a considerable space, identical with that of the outer Boulevards. This line of wide road is truly magnificent, and is probably not to be paralleled in Europe. It is planted with ranks of trees, which divide the central part from the broad and commodious paths for foot-passengers. On each side, are rows of buildings, many of which, on the northern Boulevards, are elegant,—consisting of handsome shops and magazines, fitted up with every kind of merchandise: and with the activity of commerce are blended noble private mansions, places of amusement, and gorgeous coffee-houses, and taverns,—with here and there a triumphal arch, or a beautiful fountain.

The church of *La Madeleine*, in the Boulevard of the same name, is an exquisite Grecian temple, but is not yet completely finished, and on inquiry we found that admittance could not be obtained to see the interior, without application to the government. On the Boulevard *du Temple*, is a *château d'eau*, the effect of which is very beautiful and imposing: it was erected by order of Napoleon in the noontide of his glory. Some of the Boulevards are quiet and solitary; but from the Boulevard *de la Madeleine*, to the Boulevard *du Temple*, they are

one grand centre of attraction to the gay and thoughtless Parisians. Here, in a fine summer's evening, you may see thousands, of both sexes, sitting in groups under the trees, and in front of the brilliant *cafés*; some reading newspapers, sipping coffee, or taking ices,—others engaged in lively conversation, and employing all the animated gesticulation which marks the continent, and particularly the French.

On the Boulevards, the past and the future seem alike forgotten, in the idle amusements of the present hour. On one side may sometimes be seen harlequins, buffoons, ballad-singers, and monkeys dressed up, and taught to bow precisely *à la Française*; on the other, musicians, and punchinellos:—here, a man eating fire,—and there, another, whose stomach seems to be an inexhaustible magazine of ribbons;—while the continually passing and renewed crowd, occupied in gazing at each other, at the equipages, and at the varieties that surround them,—the perpetual hum of voices that is heard over the gay and busy scene,—and the *tout ensemble* which it exhibits, convince the reflective stranger that to *kill time* is here held to be one grand concern of human life,—and that *pour s'amuser* expresses the motive for half the actions of the trifling and thoughtless multitudes, who throng the public walks, and the frequented places of the French metropolis.

The passion for amusement seems much more

prevalent here, than with the English, and descends much lower in the scale of society,—perhaps from its cheapness, and from the greater similarity of habits, and the sense of equality; which exist in France. There are in Paris, nearly two hundred places of public amusement, and it is calculated that no less than twenty thousand persons nightly frequent the *salles de spectacle*. Having occasion to get a book bound, I called for it at an early hour in the evening, but found the book-binder's shop fast, and was informed, by his neighbours, that Monsieur was *allé au spectacle*, in a tone which seemed to imply that this was as much a part of his day's business as book-binding.

The French character is said to have altered considerably since the great Revolution, and to have become less gay and frivolous than before. This may be,—but there is still a marked distinction in this respect between our neighbours and ourselves. The volatility of the French people, the quicksilver which they seem to possess, is continually obtruding itself on your notice, in the most trifling occurrences. Voltaire has, not very flatteringly, described his countrymen as a compound of the 'monkey and the tiger.' To judge whether there be any truth in this very severe caricature, those only can pretend who have had much intercourse with the French, and have become intimately acquainted with the national character:—

but it does not require a long residence in France, in order to perceive a gaiety and volatility of manner, which age does not seem to subdue; and French writers themselves acknowledge that the native fire of the people easily degenerates into ferocity. Their vivacity, mobility of gesture, complaisance, apparent readiness to oblige, and warmth of profession, at once strike every stranger:—but compliments appear to be the current coin of society, and are often mere words. Even the refined, chivalrous, and proverbial politeness of the old régime, is said no longer to exist.

If the English population, in general, are less polished, and more phlegmatic in their address, than their neighbours, they are, probably, as has been remarked by observers, less inclined to inconstancy, and to those rash and hasty resentments which constitutional ardour may readily admit. At Troyes, where the diligence stopped on the way from Switzerland, at a very early hour in the morning, it was amusing to witness the instantaneous manner in which a scuffle arose between a French gentleman and the book-keeper, a lad of eighteen, who was rubbing his eyes, and seemed scarcely enough awake to give Monsieur his change, so quickly as was desired. The gentleman was impatient, and the book-keeper intimated to him that there was no great hurry, as the diligence stayed some time. Monsieur instantly flew at the

book-keeper, as he was sitting at his desk, and began slapping his face, and cuffing him about the head and ears in a very active manner, calling him '*un petit poisson*,' and declaring, with no very benign expression of countenance, that 'a little chastisement would do him good.'

Such scenes as were witnessed during the ten years of revolution, in the interval between the fall of the royal authority and the consulate, could not fail to have their effect on the nation, and to familiarise even posterity with the remembrance of blood. When last in Paris, I was borne along by a tide of people who were going down the Quai Pelletier to the Place de Grève, to the execution of a criminal, and finding myself at the very edge of the platform on which stood the guillotine, and feeling horror at the idea of witnessing the minutiae of the decapitation, I made my way, by a great effort, through the dense masses of people that wedged up all the avenues leading to the fatal spot, and succeeded in crossing the Pont Notre Dame, so as to behold the awful sight from across the river. In a few moments, the procession came along the quay, consisting of a cart, with the criminal, attended by two priests. The cart halted at the foot of the scaffold; immediately there was a movement on the platform, and the next moment—for there was no interval—the axe could be discerned falling down the guillotine: almost instantly the cart was again

in motion with the headless body: the fall of the instrument of death, however, was all that could be discerned of the execution, from the opposite side of the river.

But the guilt of the wretched malefactor, who had committed murder, was not the only painful reflection immediately connected with this scene of retribution. The sudden change that was expressed in the feelings of the crowd, from the silence of tragic expectation to a heartless kind of merriment expressed in jokes and shrugs, and the repeated exclamation, *c'en est fini*, was revolting. Whether an English mob of equal number would have discovered the same frivolity under similar circumstances, and have given indications of regarding so solemn a transaction equally in the light of a *spectacle*, or not, certain it is, that the concourse of both sexes who flocked in thousands from the spot, seemed more like persons returning from a holiday than from an execution.

It is scarcely possible that a people who have been accustomed to the sight, or the eager contemplation, of bloodshed, for so many years, should not, in some degree, have felt the effect on their national character.* During the revolutionary times,

* The late Abbé Farquharson frequently mentioned the fact, as having transpired under his own eye, during the Revolution, that Punch was exhibited immediately beneath the guillotine; and the *plausus theatri* were continually awarded to his feats, though even the puppets were sometimes sprinkled with the blood of the perishing victims.

blood was flowing as water from the guillotine, and scenes of violence and carnage were common occurrences:—and, by Bonaparte, the people were taught to look on men as little more than the *matériel* of an army, and as born for the slaughter-house of war, in order to support the glory of France; so that the shedding of human blood was a thing consecrated by the national vanity.

The same people have been deeply enslaved by superstition, on the one hand; and on the other, have been exposed, more perhaps than any other nation, to that infidelity which pronounces men to be mere animals, of a higher order, and that death is an everlasting sleep. Yet, notwithstanding all the disadvantages to which the French have been subjected, there are in the national character moral energies of the highest promise, which only require to be guided by the transforming influences of true religion, in order to be of the greatest benefit to the church, and to the world; and it is not to be doubted that these volatile people are destined, one day, to make lively, active, and interesting Christians.

Paris is such a world, that it would be hopeless to attempt, in brief, more than a slight survey. Its public buildings, by their number and their magnificence, distinguish it above most of the capitals of Europe, and render it a queen among cities. There is here, too, a fine, and solitary specimen of Roman antiquity, called the *Palais des Thermes*,

situated south of the Seine, in the Rue de la Harpe; and we did not fail to visit this relict of the grandeur of the former masters of Gaul, and of the world. It consists of the remains of one large vaulted apartment, sixty feet high, chiefly of Roman brick, and was the hall belonging to the baths of an extensive palace. It is supposed to have been erected by Constantius Chlorus, the colleague of Galerius in the empire, in 306, and to have been occupied by himself, and by Julian, Valentinian, and Valens. Paris appears to have been a favourite place of the emperor Julian, who in his 'Misopogon' speaks of it as his 'dear Lutetia.' This may account for the remains being called *Les Bains de Julien*. After the Romans had held possession of Lutetia for five hundred years, the Franks became its masters, and the Merovingian kings are said to have established themselves in the palace of the Cæsars.

One of the most striking features of this great city, is the *Palais Royal*, a surprising monument of ecclesiastical luxury and ambition; for it was built by Cardinal Richelieu, who left it by will to Louis XIII. Louis the XIVth gave it to the Duke of Orleans; and at the time of the Revolution it was the residence of Philippe *Egalité*, the profligate and abandoned prince who was one of the first promoters of that anarchy and confusion which ultimately brought himself to the scaffold. The southern end of this superb mass of building, which is of the Doric and Ionic orders, is still a royal

palace ; but the greater part of the whole is let out in shops, coffee-houses, taverns, and suites of apartments ; and it brings in an immense revenue to its present royal owner, who is said to be the richest man in Europe. It is the grand bazaar of Paris, where merchandize, and luxury, may be found in abundance.

Independently of the court, and the buildings connected with the royal residence,—the vast, lofty, and magnificent parallelogram, lined with a hundred and eighty arcades, encloses a space of about six acres, in the centre of which is a garden, and a fountain fifty feet high, rising from an immense basin, and showering down, in numerous divergent streams, the colours of the rainbow, amid the surrounding scene of life and gaiety. A gallery, or terrace, which goes round the building, is supported by the arcades ; and on the south side, is an elegant double range of splendid shops, beneath an immense skylight. But it is under the side arcades, that the brilliancy and beauty of the jewellery, and costly articles of workmanship, in gold, silver, and precious stones, exhibited with the utmost French taste, and splendidly illuminated at night, dazzle the eyes of the innumerable loungers that press forward in the busy, and ever-flowing throng.

There are said to be between seven and eight hundred suites of apartments in this immense aggregate of uniform buildings, occupied by persons of various grades of society, and following a

great variety of pursuits. The ground-floor contains a multitude of small but elegant shops, devoted to ornaments, and luxuries of every description; and there are here also some large and splendid *cafés*. The upper stories are inhabited by private families, and many of the apartments are used as reading-rooms, places for public exhibitions, literary societies, coffee-houses, taverns, and the like.

The whole place, above and below, teems with population; and seems to form an epitome of all Paris. Here, too, are the haunts of gaming, and the dens of vice, infamy, and ruin, which have long rendered the French metropolis a sink of iniquity, and a fountain of pollution to France. Here lurk the harpies of fortune and of life, of the body and of the soul, either under the mask of elegance and fashion, and amidst the glitter of profusion and splendour, or in the more undisguised forms of degrading vice. To the eye, however, all is decent and decorous, and the flood of light which, in the evening, throws a mimic day over the splendid arcades, would not lead the uninformed stranger to think of the orgies of darkness and guilt that may be going on around him; for nothing is now tolerated by the police which can be regarded as revolting to the propriety of public manners. Yet the gaiety and cheerfulness that here seem to reign, are but the flimsy veil of moral deformity and corruption,—

Like the deceitful calm of the sun-illuminated ocean, whose insatiable and unseen depths are covered by a tranquil surface; but which has entombed its innumerable victims, and is still prepared to engulf and to destroy.

The vast massy pile of the *Tuileries*, a thousand feet in length, was begun, in 1654, by the profligate Catherine de Médicis, in the reign of her son Charles IX. This sumptuous palace, the scene of so many changes, since its final completion in the luxurious reign of Louis XIV., derives its name from standing on the site of a tile-yard. Its magnitude gives it a grand effect, and it looks worthy to be the royal residence of the monarchs of France; though there is a strange admixture of the Greek style with that of the château, as is seen in the heavy central roof, and the truncated pyramids at the sides, which do not harmonise with the circular arches and the pilasters of the façade. The magnificent garden is in the old style, adorned with fountains, orange-trees, antique statues, and shady groves, and is one of the most frequented public walks: here the French are quite at home, close under the windows of royalty, at all hours of the day, and have a thoroughfare through the palace itself.

The *Place du Carrousel*, on the east side of the royal château, commemorates by its name a *divertissement*, given in 1662 by Louis XIV.;—so much

of moment has there been attached to fêtes, and amusements in France! This vast area, which lies between the Tuileries and the Louvre, has been, from time to time, cleared of obstructing buildings, and now fifteen or twenty thousand men can be reviewed within its space. Here, beyond the gilt lances which form the high *grille* of the palace-court, is the triumphal monument, erected in 1806 by Bonaparte, to the ‘glory of the French arms:’ it is an imitation of the arch of Septimius Severus at Rome. This memento of the disastrous lustre of the sword, is rich in sculptured figures, though connoisseurs find fault with its general effect. When Bonaparte had trodden on the neck of Italy, and the spoils of Europe were crowded in the Louvre, the celebrated bronze horses of St. Mark’s church at Venice surmounted this arch.

The *Gallery of the Louvre*, which is one of the most remarkable things in Paris, unites that palace with the Tuileries, stretching along the banks of the Seine, by a magnificent façade, to the extent of full a quarter of a mile. Henry IV., and Louis XIV., both contributed to its completion; and Bonaparte conceived the design of uniting the two palaces on the north side, by a range of building opposite the gallery, and in the same style, so as to form one immense parallelogram. This project has at present been but partially accomplished, and several streets still project into the ample Place du

Carrousel; but when the whole plan is realised, so vast a mass of palaces and galleries will be one of the wonders of the world.

During the military dominion of Bonaparte, the Louvre was the depository of almost everything that was most exquisite in statuary and painting. Many of these *chefs-d'œuvre* returned, after his fall, to their rightful owners; but a fine collection of statues is still to be seen, though the Apollo, for three hundred years the pride of the Vatican, the Venus,—its rival in another style of ideal excellence,—and other immortal sculptures, no longer adorn the magnificent halls of the ground-floor. The works of art are beautifully arranged; and many hours may be spent among antique creations of the chisel; tablets which carry you back to Athens, and the times of the Peloponnesian war; bas-reliefs of the Pagan rites and festivals; fragments of temples—to shew what Greece once was:—the urns, the cippi, and the sarcophagi of the Greek and Roman dead,—engraven by those who knew not of immortality! with emblems of no greater sacredness than Sileni, Fauns, and Bacchantes, blended together in drunken riot. The Gallery astonishes by the novelty of the perspective produced by so unusual a length, and is covered, on both sides, with a profusion of paintings, ancient and modern, of the French, Flemish, and Italian schools,—some by the most eminent masters.

The palace of the *Louvre* itself, which is quite independent of the gallery, is regarded as the most beautiful in France. The effect of the inner court, of four hundred feet square, is exquisite; and the harmony and symmetry of this elegant quadrangle of Grecian architecture, are at once felt by every stranger. The *colonnade*, or eastern façade, is the admiration of Europe; and the whole is a costly and superb monument of the splendid reign of the Grand Monarque.—One of the most pleasing sights in Paris is the *Exposition des Fruits de l'Industrie Française*. On a former visit, an opportunity occurred of seeing this biennial exhibition, which was shown under a temporary erection surrounding the quadrangle of the Louvre, and containing an immense collection of the most remarkable specimens of French ingenuity and skill, in the mechanic and manufacturing arts.

The localities of these two gorgeous palaces, are associated with events the most momentous, and appalling in the French history. What scenes of corruption, and profligacy, and slaughter, have not here darkened the glory and the chivalry of France! What memorials are these edifices—of the luxury, the rapacity, and the uncontrolled power of her princes, and of the terrible retribution that came at last! Catherine de Médicis rewarded Delorme, the architect of the Tuileries, by giving him two abbey, though he was not bred an ecclesiastic! Here,

in 1791, the unhappy Louis XVI. was no longer his own master, and this splendid palace became his prison-house, from which he and the royal family were glad to make their escape in disguise, only to be brought back to greater humiliation and woe:—and here was acted the dreadful scene of the 10th of August 1792, when the palace, and all its precincts, were one frightful arena of massacre and carnage, and the staircases and ballustrades were choked up with naked carcases,—while the flames, at midnight, threw their terrific glare over the ghastly dead, and the yet palpitating bodies of the mangled living !

In one of the splendid halls of this palace, after the king's death, sat the Convention, which had condemned him; and here, under the influence of a lawless mob, and an infatuated ambition, the party prevailed who ruled France by the guillotine. In these gardens, on the 20th Prairial,* Robespierre celebrated the *Fête de l'Etre Suprême*, the infidel orgies of which, were but the prelude of the speedy fall of this detestable tyrant, on the 9th Thermidor.†

The 13th Vendémiaire,‡ desolated the château and garden of the Tuileries, more than any former tumult; the whole neighbourhood was the scene of murderous conflict between the royalists, and the

* 8th June, 1794.

† 27th July.

‡ 4th October, 1795.

troops of the Convention under Bonaparte; and the palace once more flowed with blood. Again, on the 18th Fructidor,* the two parties of the directorial government were on the verge of producing another sanguinary revolution, when the cannon of General Augereau occupied the garden, and threatened to bombard the château.—What changes has not the Tuileries since seen ! Bonaparte's iron domination,—the Consulate,—the Empire,—the Restoration, the Hundred Days, the second Restoration,—the Revolution of 1830,—the throne of the Barricades ! It is scarcely possible not to feel a tumult of strange and mournful emotions mingling with the view of this massy pile,—the emblem of the greatness, and the reverses, of the French monarchs !

If the Louvre recalls associations of its own, they are not less tragical. In the halls of this palace, as it existed in 1572, the treacherous and diabolical massacre of the Protestants was planned, by the infamous Catherine de Médicis, and her son Charles IX.,—whose misery it was to have such a mother ! Most of the Huguenot lords and gentry had been inveigled to Paris, on pretence of an invitation to be present in the Louvre, at the marriage festivities of the king's sister and Henry of Navarre, a Protestant prince, — a union which seemed to promise much for France—long distracted by religious wars. The cold-blooded per-

* 4th September, 1797.

fidy, and fiendlike determination, with which this conspiracy was carried on, is almost incredible; and it is difficult to account for the insensibility of the Protestants to the warnings which portended their danger. The worthy Admiral Coligny fell the first victim. On the 24th of August, the arrival of the Sabbath morning was announced by the tocsin sounding from the steeple of the neighbouring church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the signal for entering on the pre-concerted and well-arranged work of massacre, which was general for three days, and did not wholly cease for nearly a week !

The Louvre was one of the scenes of blood : Henry, the royal bridegroom, and the Prince of Condé, only escaped death by agreeing to go to mass ; and their attendants were butchered : all Paris was one great slaughter-house ; Charles himself assisted in the orgies of destruction,—firing from a window upon the Huguenots, and impatient of the delay occasioned by the loading of the carbines that were handed to him. The Seine, the streets, the courts, and houses, presented one disgusting and inhuman spectacle of assassination. At least ten thousand persons, of all ages, and of both sexes, are computed to have perished in Paris alone ;*—and, in the provinces, twenty thousand

* Peter Ramus, the opponent of Aristotle, and one of the most enlightened men of his time, was among the number.

more ! The ambition of ruling without control, appears to have been the main impulse of the queen-mother, in being the prime mover in this infernal scheme ; and this demon, in the shape of woman, exhibited the strange combination of a mind enslaved by astrological superstitions, and a heart fearlessly daring in unbounded crime, alike restless of restraints, human and divine. This example of atrocity is an awful illustration of the ultimate consequences of mixing up religion with politics, and of identifying with the struggles of ambition and of power, an element which has only to do with this world at all, as an inward moderator, and an antagonist force to all evil passions.

The *Rue St. Honoré* is the Cheapside of Paris : and to the west of it, are some of the finest parts of the metropolis ;—as the *Rue Rivoli*, along the north side of the garden of the Tuileries, the *Rue Castiglione*, the arcades of which lead to the *Place Vendôme*, the handsomest square in Paris, surrounded by uniform houses, and adorned in the centre with an elaborately-wrought and lofty column, after the model of Trajan's pillar. This monument, which is one hundred and forty feet in height, was erected by Napoléon, to commemorate the campaign of 1805. The stone shaft is covered with plates, cast from the cannon taken from the Austrians, and represents the battles ; and the whole has the effect of bronze. The *Rue de la Paix*, a short but very

elegant street, leads from this square to the Boulevards.

Nothing can be conceived more imposing than the views in the immediate suburbs of the city, on the western side. The garden of the Tuileries, with its terraces, its foliage, its orange-trees, its piece of water, and its walks, contributes its effect in giving to Paris a luxurious air; while the taste of the people for an out-door life lends to it the aspect of a more southern city, and the vast variety which it exhibits make it not the representative of France only, but of Europe. The gates of the garden open into the great area of the Place Louis XV., the spot in which the unfortunate Louis XVI., his consort, and his sister, met their fate.

This is decidedly the most magnificent part of Paris: on one side is the stately royal palace, with its princely gardens: opposite are stretched out the extensive Champs Elysées, their foliage inviting the pedestrian loungeer to seek the shade, and the long, broad, central avenue de Neuilly, animated with the motion of horses and various vehicles; while, on a gentle ascent, where the vista terminates, at the distance of a mile, the most superb public monument of the French capital rears its vast, massy arch, in imperial and dusky grandeur, relieved on both sides by the dark shadows of the adjacent trees. This edifice, which is near the Barrière de l'Etoile, is called the *Arc de*

Triomphe, and was commenced by Napoléon in 1806. The avenue of trees continues to a great distance beyond the arch, forming the road to St. Germain; and the entrance to Paris, on this side, is probably unrivalled for grandeur in Europe.

As you stand in the *Place Louis XV.*, with this magnificent *coup-d'œil* before you,—on the right, at the extremity of the Rue Royale, is the exquisitely chaste and beautiful edifice, the *Eglise de la Madeleine*, looking, for whiteness, like a temple of alabaster. In the same direction, and forming the northern side of the area, runs one of the handsomest ranges of building in Paris. On the opposite side, is the statue-crowned bridge of Louis XVI., and, across the river, is seen the classic front of the Palais Bourbon, the French House of Commons, while in the back-ground, rises the elegant and aspiring dome of the Hôtel des Invalides.

One of our visits was to this immense building, the Chelsea Hospital of France. It is an asylum for four or five thousand old soldiers, and is situated near the Ecole Militaire, and the Champ de Mars, a vast area, celebrated in most of the popular movements; and which recalled especially the assembly of the ‘hundred days.’ The *Hôtel des Invalides*, founded by Louis XIV., cannot fail to strike every beholder with surprise and admiration,

—so vast is its scale, and so well is it adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. The extent of the galleries gives an effect to the interior, which well harmonises with its plainness. The library was instituted by the Emperor, for the advantage of the pensioners, a number of whom we saw reading,—and these veterans appeared as much at home in their great mansion, and in their library, as though these had been their patrimony. Napoleon has everywhere left the impress of his greatness, and of his knowledge of mankind; and had it not been for his insatiable ambition, he might have been the greatest benefactor of France, and have spared to the inmates of the Invalides, the page in his history which tells of Spain, and Moscow, and Leipsic, and Waterloo.

The chapel of the Invalides, surmounted by the dome, is one of the most splendid and costly monuments of the magnificence of the reign of Louis XIV.,—a magnificence, however, over which imagination always fancies the first prophetic shadows of the future revolution to hang. The interior of the chapel is adorned with the trophies of war, taken from the European nations, and, among the rest, some from the English. When the allied armies approached Paris, in 1814, the old soldiers who gloried in beholding the standards which they had won, under Napoléon, from the Austrians, destroyed a number of them, lest they should fall into the hands of their

enemies.—You may enter this church many times, and not see a single individual at private devotion, which is seldom the case in other churches; but Bonaparte's soldiers were not likely to gain the habit of looking on their religious ceremonies as much more than an appendage to the glory of arms.

The churches in Paris are numerous; and several of them are much admired. *Nôtre Dame*, the cathedral, is interesting from its ancient associations, having been originally founded by the Merovingian kings, and marking the locality of the previous pagan worship of the Roman times. The present structure dates from 1160, and has a venerable appearance, remarkably contrasted with the airy elegance of many of the modern buildings of the city. Its two flat and stunted towers, rear themselves in massy gloom, over the gay and busy population, and seem to point back to a more solemn age, as the stern chroniclers of bygone years. The interior is spacious, but not so striking as some of the Belgian churches.

The church of *St. Roch*, a locality of the sanguinary scenes of the 13th Vendémiaire, is remarkable for the splendour of its decorations, and the arrangement of its altars, one behind another, which give it a theatrical effect. We happened to be present during the solemnisation of an annual fête, and a 'procession of the *true* cross.' A very small

crucifix, under glass, let into a large cross, was carried round the church with great pomp, the procession halting at several stations adorned with pictures representing the life and sufferings of Christ: each picture was honoured with throws of incense, and with bows;—the whole affair partook largely of the ludicrous; but popery still rears its head, with its cap and bells, in the infidel city, and the church was thronged,—chiefly with women. A marriage, in the meantime, was taking place at one of the altars: the ceremony was very long, and at one part of it a canopy was held over the pair, whose numerous friends formed a separate congregation; for the multitude were too intent on the celebration of the fête to indulge their curiosity.

The church of *St. Etienne du Mont* is remarkable for the lightness and singularity of its architecture, and for the monuments of Pascal and Racine. Here also is the tomb of St. Geneviève, the tutelar saint of Paris, before which candles were burning, and devotees kneeling. She died in 512. *St. Sulpice* is one of the finest churches. It is of modern date, and is a bold and magnificent structure, both within and without. The grand Doric and Ionic portico has an imposing effect, but the two towers are studiously different from each other, in style and in height,—a sacrifice of uniformity to variety, which is not very pleasing to the eye. The

architecture of the great church of *St. Eustache* exhibits a singular mixture of Greek ornaments with a barbaric style.

The *Pantheon* has proved, by the changes of its appropriation, a sort of index of the times. It was erected by Louis XV., as the new church of St. Geneviève. The Constituent Assembly transformed it into a general mausoleum for great men, and for many years, the frieze of its noble portico, which is an imitation of that of the Pantheon at Rome, bore the inscription *Aux Grands Hommes, La Patrie Reconnoissante*. After the Restoration, it was re-consecrated, and the smoke of incense again ascended beneath its lofty dome, amid the pomp of the Romish worship. Under the *Citizen-King* it is once more a superb mausoleum. The plan of this grand and majestic temple, is a Greek cross, and its general appearance something like that of St. Paul's in miniature. The dome of this edifice, and that of the Invalides, rise dominant over all the other buildings in Paris. In the vaults below the Pantheon, are many small apartments filled with tombs, which are shown by candle-light, and a train of solemn emotions is excited, while the guide points to the names of those, celebrated in the great Revolution, or in the annals of infidelity, or in the armies of Napoleon, whose bodies, in the awful silence of these catacombs, so contrasted with the scenes in which many of them once mingled, await the dread summons of the archangel!

There are several public cemeteries in Paris, besides the celebrated one of *Père-la-Chaise*. This vast depository of mortality, contained, ten years ago, upwards of twenty-five thousand tombs. It is situated on a rising ground, without the wall, on the east, commanding one of the finest views of the domes and towers of this magnificent city, whose population it will one day rival. Amidst foliage, and on ground undulated in various directions, are scattered the memorials of the dead, from the humble grave, with its plain slab, and single chaplet of amaranth, perpetually renewed by bereaved affection, to the splendid mausoleum, which tells what grandeur and honours its tenants had to leave for the narrow house appointed for all living ! Urns, pyramids, obelisks, little chapels of Grecian, and of Gothic architecture, and solid massy sepulchres, are crowded together on every hand ; and in the central part is a chapel for the funeral rites of the Romish church. Many of the tombs are inscribed with the most touching memorials of sorrow,* and the cha-

* The following are examples :

' Ci-gît.	' Ici repose.
• • • •	• • • •
Au meilleur des Fils, Par la plus malheureuse, Et la plus tendre des Mères,	Repose en paix, ombre chérie, Les larmes de ton Epoux, et celles de ta Famille
Toujours inconsolable !	Couleront sur ta tombe, jusqu'au
Et ses infortunés	moment
Sœur et Frères !	Où ils viendront te rejoindre !
	<i>De Profundis.</i>

racteristic ardour of the people may in some measure be seen, in the expressions of grief which may be found in this populous grave-yard. The new-made widow, and the orphan child, may be seen renovating the amaranth, which adorns many of the tombs, in the form of a chaplet, a heart, or a cross; and the whole is a deeply-impressive scene.

The *Luxembourg*, and the Palais Bourbon, are the localities of the French legislature. The garden of the former is one of the most delightful and frequented walks of the capital; and this chaste and beautiful palace is adorned with many fine paintings and sculptures, and contains, among other remarkable things, the handsome but small chamber of Peers, of a semi-circular form:—also the splendidly-adorned apartment of, the foundress, Marie de Médicis, wife of Henry IV., and mother of Louis XIII. The *Palais Bourbon*, where the Deputies of France hold their sittings, is one of the greatest ornaments of the metropolis, having a broad, magnificent peristyle towards the Seine, adorned with twelve lofty Corinthian columns. The form of the *Salle des Séances* is similar to that of the chamber of Peers, but the hall is larger, and is in a style of great elegance.

The *Hôtel de Ville*, and the *Palais de Justice*, are the seats of the civil and criminal administration. The latter is interesting as the ancient site of the Roman Prefecture, of the palace of some of

the early kings, and of the *Maires*, their masters. Here is a small but beautiful ancient Gothic chapel, now used for records. So many of the large buildings in Paris are *Palais*, that even the Exchange is called the *Palais de la Bourse*. It is an elegant, and classic edifice, and the ornamental paintings of the interior are much admired. On looking at this building, a Londoner can scarcely refrain from thinking how short a time it would retain its beautiful whiteness in the English metropolis.

Paris possesses a great number of literary institutions: the oldest is the *Université Royale*, long so celebrated throughout Europe, and comprising a number of colleges, in which is taught every branch of science and literature. The faculties of Science, Letters, and Theology, are united at the ancient *Sorbonne*, originally founded in 1253, by Sorbon, chaplain of St. Louis,* and rebuilt by Cardinal Richelieu in 1629. The faculties of Law, and of Medicine, give their lectures at two other separate establishments in the neighbourhood.—The *Bibliothèque du Roi*, in the *Rue Richelieu*, is the largest library in Paris, and is probably unrivalled in the world, containing more than 400,000 volumes.

The spacious grounds called the *Jardin du Roi*, or *Des Plantes*, are the grand locality of the general science of nature, where all the stores of the vegetable; animal, and mineral kingdoms, are open

* Louis IX.

to the inspection, alike of the scientific student, and the passing visitor, and where Daubenton found occupation for fifty years in the study of nature.

To an English eye, several of the numerous *Fountains* in Paris have a very novel effect; and the abundance, and tasteful disposition of their waters, and the elegance and beauty of their structures, give to some parts of the city an air of luxury and southern grandeur, which is not always sustained by the localities in which these *jets d'eau* are situated. The numerous *Passages*, or *Galleries*, which are imitated in miniature, in Burlington and Lowther Arcades, also form a remarkable feature of this city of varieties, especially when the motley crowds press through these brilliantly illuminated bazaars in the evening. A different impression is felt by the stranger, as he gazes on the proud, historical trophies, raised by the Parisians to their magnificent monarch, in the triumphal arches called the *Porte St. Denis*, and the *Porte St. Martin*, erected within two years of each other, and inscribed *Ludovico Magno*.

The numerous *Marchés*, and *Halles*, cannot fail to attract notice. Many of the former are very spacious and commodious, and are adorned with fountains. The *Halle au Blé* strikes the eye by its large cupola; and near it is the *Colonne de Médicis*, or the celebrated pillar, which the wicked and superstitious Catherine de Médicis erected, in

1572, for the purposes of astrology. The vast *entrepôt* called the *Halle aux Vins*, is a magnificent monument of the reign of Bonaparte.

The *Abattoirs*, or slaughter-houses, remove from the crowded parts of the city all the annoyances attendant on the killing of animals: the *Abattoir Montmartre*, is one of the most considerable, where sheep, oxen, and calves, to the amount of some thousands, are slaughtered every week.

The most interesting Manufactories to visit, are that of the *Gobelin* tapestry, in which natural objects, and historical pieces, are exquisitely wrought, on a web of silk, or worsted;—and the *Manufacture Royale des Glaces*, where mirrors of the largest and most splendid description are made.—But the remarkable localities of this city, the emporium of taste, the seat of French literature, and science:—its libraries and museums,—its hospitals, palaces, and churches,—its squares, walks, triumphal arches, fountains, gardens, markets, gorgeous coffee-houses, and taverns,—not to speak of its places of gay and thoughtless amusement, are innumerable.—It may be added that strangers meet with little difficulty in getting access to most of the public curiosities, as it is generally sufficient to show a passport.*

On the Boulevards, we observed the impres-

* A few places require an express order from the government; as, of late, those vast domains of mortality, the *Catacombes*. In Paris the passport was still required, but the practice

sion which the balls of the 'infernale machine' had left on the trees near the *Café Turc*, and on the wall of its garden. This diabolical device of Fieschi to destroy the King and the royal princes, and the havoc which was made of human life, appeared to have excited the universal horror so foul a deed deserved, which might have thrown France, in a moment, into confusion and anarchy. An attempt, in some respects similar, was made, at the corner of the Rue Nicaise, to assassinate Bonaparte when first Consul, by means of a barrel of gunpowder, then called *la machine infernale*.

Several parts of Paris still bear traces of the Revolution of 1830. We noticed, particularly in the Champ de Mars, and at the Louvre, that certain spots were marked, as being the places of the fall, and of the burial, of some of the active agents in the conflict. The Louvre was one of the main points of attack during the memorable 'three days,' when the government, untaught by the awful lessons of the past, again roused the people to take the redress of their wrongs and grievances into their own hands. The graves of those who fell at the Louvre, are under the façade, on the east

of registration was not enforced, which we had met with in Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, compelling every male traveller, immediately on his arrival in a town, to write in a government book, his name, birth-place, the place he last left, and his next destination.

side: the place was still adorned with evergreens and flags, showing how the memory of the dead, as martyrs to the liberties of France, is cherished by the Parisians.

A restoration, after a revolution that has originated from within, is always a political experiment of great difficulty, and is seldom favourable to freedom. The people have changed,—the elements to be governed are no longer the same; but the princes of the dynasty are apt to cling to their ancient ideas, and are anxious to reign with the prerogatives of their forefathers, though more than ordinary tact is necessary, in order to discern the temper of the times, to allay suspicions, fears, and jealousies, to harmonise opposing interests, and to carry the national mind along with the government, in the maintenance of authority.

Rarely did prince undertake a less enviable task than that which fell to the lot of Louis XVIII., when, in the spring of 1814, after twenty-three years of exile, he trod over the spoils of his country, to ascend the throne of his ancestors, under the auspices of the European armies. The concussion produced by the fall of Bonaparte, had loosened the bond which, during his reign, had held the hetero-

geneous materials of society together, and they had now become a mass of disorganised elements. There were the imperialists of the late reign,—and the royalists,—and the republicans of 1789,—a new and an old nobility, with clashing claims,—and a clergy eagerly seeking all their ancient ascendancy. Multitudes were weary of wars, and conscriptions, and a military despotism, the glory of which had departed, and they wished for some salutary change. This feeling was cherished widely among the agriculturalists;—but their hopes were mingled with apprehension and anxiety, especially in the case of the landed proprietors. Many were to be found, of the manufacturing and commercial part of the nation, who were willing to believe that the restoration was likely to prove favourable to their interests, and, excepting those who viewed the change politically as decided royalists, they welcomed it, probably, more than any other class.

Those whose attachment to the ancient regime had now the opportunity of displaying itself, saw in the dignified smiles of Louis, and the grace of the Comte d'Artois,* the return of the old court, and the promise of basking, as in days that were gone by, in the sunshine of the royal favour. But the military were chagrined,—and the pride of the nation was wounded, to see the glory of the French

* Afterwards Charles X.

arms trampled on, by the victorious legions of the Allies, and while their 300,000 bayonets escorted Louis to his throne, he became identified with the defeat and the humiliation of France.

The court, and the emigrants in general, consisted of those who had become strangers to their country, and were aliens, as much from her politics as from her soil, possessing no sympathy with the progress of her public mind. France was not the France she had been before the Revolution,—the style of the Bourbon rule was obsolete, and a monarch, like Louis XVIII., destitute of firmness, deficient in energy, and of a temporising policy, who seemed more intent on avoiding present inconveniences, than on adopting a comprehensive and uniform scheme of government, was not likely to merge, in the support of his dynasty, the different factions of the new and the old regime, and, in ten years, to hand down a sceptre powerful enough in itself to repress, by its own weight, the latent elements of confusion, or to compensate in any measure for the want of skill in him who should next attempt to wield it.

A throne was to be consolidated on the wreck of that mighty one, which, though it had reared itself into a superstructure of the most towering and colossal despotism, had nevertheless been deeply based in the chaos left behind by the sweeping disorganisations and desolations of the Revolution. The extraordinary genius of the archi-

fect of that throne had enabled him, by an easy transition, to combine into one fabric, the republic and the empire, and had erected an absolute dominion, not of legitimacy, but of military glory, which enchanted the spirits that it subdued, and rendered them its willing slaves, by enlisting the national vanity on its side. It was now too late for mere legitimacy to be a sufficient prop to power; and he who would be the restorer of the throne of the Capets, must remodel it with new materials, and not endeavour to reconstruct it on the ancient plan, from the fragments into which it had been shattered, by the convulsions and the earthquakes that had overthrown it.

Louis did not succeed to the sceptre of his ancestors,—he succeeded to the Revolution,—to Bonaparte,—to the throne of *new* France :—but there was a party who looked for the return of feudalism, and the old Bourbon system, the divine right and holy anointing of kings, the antique state and exclusiveness of the court, and the ghostly and mysterious dominion of the clergy :—all this was scarcely less reasonable than it would have been, for the post-diluvian family to have expected to find the surface of the earth unchanged by the waters of the deluge. The ultra-royalist party gained ground during the reign of Louis XVIII., and the reaction on the people was, a strenuous liberalism, which, under the wrong-headed Charles X., came into direct collision with the government.

—and the Bourbon power was at once laid prostrate in the dust.

The theory of legitimacy, given forth to the world by the Congress of Vienna, was calculated at once to delude the returning dynasty with false images of its own position, and to provoke contempt among the people, by its absurd inconsistency. For the inference to be drawn from its doctrines was, that there had been no radical change in men's minds,—that the Revolution, and the career of Bonaparte, which had been operating on the public mind for a quarter of a century, were to be regarded merely as an extinct rebellion; and that the stupendous events, and mighty changes, of the Consulate, and the Empire, formed but an episode in the reign of Louis XVIII., and were now to be forgotten. Moreover, the very same theory which pronounced Bonaparte a usurper, acknowledged, as lawful sovereigns, several of the kings whom he had created.

The *Charte Constitutionnelle* itself, drawn up on the accession of Louis, though proclaiming civil and religious liberty, the freedom of the press, equal rights, deliverance from the conscription, and no invidious exemptions from taxation,—was, notwithstanding, ill-starred, and ill-omened in its birth. It was not a compact, as it ought to have been, between the head of the state, and the members,—it was studiously put forth as one of those documents, said to be *octroyés* or *granted*, as a sovereign boon

from the King.* It possessed also, with the general complexion of a limited monarchy, several of the features of despotism, inasmuch as it secured to the King alone the right of proposing a law, and of determining whether any amendment to it should be discussed: a wide door was found to be opened to practical abuse, in consequence of the monarch being intrusted with the establishment of 'regulations and *ordinances* necessary for the execution of the law, and the safety of the state:' the ministers also were entitled to speak in both chambers, solely in virtue of their *office*.

It would have been surprising if the new order of things,—so different, in its genius, and its origin, from any of the changes that had occurred since Louis XVI. sat on the throne, had been found to secure the goodwill of all the incongruous parties which now formed the French nation. The censorship of the press was complained of by the republicans, as inconsistent with the freedom promised in the Charter, and their alienation from the new government was increased. The Parisians were discontented with the police regulations, and the revival of the ancient forms and usages of the monarchy. The very agitation of the question relating to the property of the emigrants, excited apprehension among many, and the annuities

* Nous avons accordé et accordons, fait concession et octroi à nos sujets etc.—*Charte Constitutionnelle*.

granted to those whose estates had been sold, provoked the envy and jealousy of all, excepting the royalists themselves. Louis felt himself obliged to court the marshals and generals of Napoleon, but the soldiery were in the highest state of irritation, on finding their influence and their pay diminished, and their corps disbanded and re-formed,—while the badges of their glory, and the eagles of the Empire, were exchanged for the *fleur de lis*, which they had been taught to despise. The continuance of the imposts called *droits réunis*, on articles of consumption and convenience, produced serious discontents, as some pledge had been given that they should be taken off; which the condition of the finances, however, did not allow.

In this state of things, Bonaparte re-appeared in France, on the 1st of March, 1815. There was no opposition to his progress,—which rather resembled a triumph, than a daring adventure to regain a lost throne. Some of the marshals were passive: Massena appeared to connive, and even Soult, the minister at war, was suspected of doing the same: Ney came forward, and offered to take Bonaparte dead or alive, and, a few days afterwards, joined him, and proclaimed to his army that the Bourbons were unfit to reign. By the 20th of March, the Tuileries had again changed masters, and the ‘hundred days’ commenced.

The army supported Bonaparte; but the nation

at large, wearied of expensive wars, and the conscription, had less confidence in him,—and the liberal party, who were strong, compelled him to promise a Constitution of greater freedom than that of the Empire. The four great Powers, England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, combined once more to put an end to the sway of the great military chief, and agreed to raise more than half a million of men. The legions of the Allies poured down on France, the battle of Waterloo decided the fate of Bonaparte, and Fouché was placed at the head of a provisional government; and now, Louis was once more sovereign of France, which had never been so prostrate since the days of Henry V. of England, and the battle of Agincourt.

The French army that evacuated Paris retired sullenly to the banks of the Loire, and at length yielded a reluctant adhesion to Louis. While the result of the 'hundred days' gave another humiliating blow to the military influence which was an obstacle to constitutional government, it tended more than ever to weaken the confidence of the people in public men; whose doubly violated oaths proved that interest rather than principle was their guide. The vast armies of the Allies occupied two thirds of the country, which elsewhere was the scene of insurrection and bloodshed:—but the ultimate effect of the whole was, a decided re-action in favour of ultra-royalism.

The *Chambre Introuvable*,* which met, in October 1815, three months after the second return of Louis, granted to the government the power of arbitrary imprisonment, without trial, and banished for ever from France, all who had taken part in the death of Louis XVI., or had accepted office under Bonaparte, after his return from Elba. Several individuals were executed, numbers of judges and other functionaries were dismissed, and the royalists were in the complete possession of power. The violence of some of the ultras of this party, induced the prime minister, the Duke de Richelieu, to dissolve the Chamber, and a more moderately royal one met in November, 1816. This change took place under the influence of Decazes, whose maxim was *royaliser la nation, et nationaliser le royalisme*. A new and more liberal law of election was passed, and the ultra-royalists lost ground in consequence of the discovery of their intrigues, in fomenting disturbances at home, and seeking for influence abroad.

By the end of 1818, the allied troops had evacuated France; but Louis, the same year, joined the *Holy Alliance*, a scheme which originated in the tendency too common among monarchs, to cling for support abroad, in order to enable themselves to maintain ideas of kingly power no longer

* The name given to the first Chamber of Deputies, after the second restoration, on account of its anti-national character.

suited to the state of their subjects, instead of finding their stability in the convictions of those, for whose good alone they reign. Though the obsolete spirit of royalism was again reviving, and the Duke de Richelieu, the prime minister, declared against further popular freedom, and wished to check it by altering the law of election, Decazes triumphed in the Chamber, and liberal principles were maintained.

Dessoles succeeded Richelieu, but his ministry was overthrown in 1819, in consequence of not being able to maintain itself between the extreme parties; and Decazes was made premier of a ministry, not more harmonious in itself than the preceding. The assassination of the Duke de Berri, in 1820, roused violent clamours against the liberals, and produced great excitement between the two parties. Decazes, vilified by the ultra-royalists, and mistrusted by the liberals, resigned, and the Duke de Richelieu was again at the head of the government.

The ministry of Dessoles had been conducted on the principle of maintaining the popular law of elections, and both Dessoles and Decazes were of the moderately royal party, and for the most part carried the King with them. *Monsieur*, soon destined to overturn his dynasty by his obstinacy and folly, was the patron of a more violent policy, and aimed at great influence over the government.

Both of Richelieu's administrations were attempts at mediating between the weakness and indecision of Louis, and the rashness of his brother.

Richelieu's second ministry was embarrassed with the laws, left by their predecessors for discussion, respecting personal liberty, the journals, and the elections; and now the absolutists prevailed; and their influence soon became evident in the administration, whose power was fortified by the talents of de Serre, and afterwards of de Villèle. Parties, however, had now become more subdivided, and there were not only the *right* and *left*, or the high and low parties, but also the *right* and *left centres*: the spirit of faction increased, and violent mobs were frequently assembled in Paris. In 1821, the ministers were unable to maintain themselves between the parties, a temporary coalition of which overthrew them, and de Villèle became premier of the *sixth* administration. Strict royalism, which had already begun to gain the ascendancy, was now triumphant; and for several sessions, including two elections, the liberal party lost ground in the Chambers; so that in 1824 they received the name of *La Faction des Seize*, in allusion to the leaders of the Fronde, the party who opposed the court and the minister Mazarin, in the minority of Louis XIV.

During these sessions, the trial of all offences of the press was taken from the jury: the peers, in a spirit contrary to the charter, resolved that no

member of their House should be arrested on account of a civil suit: also the censorship of the public journals was renewed. Conspiracies and insurrections occurred in various places;—there were some troubles in Paris; and a kind of Carbonari* society was detected. The liberal party were defeated on the great question of the expedition into Spain, and 100,000 men were sent, in 1823, into that country, under the King's nephew, the Duc d'Angoulême, to suppress democracy. The campaign was successful, and the Bourbons gained a triumph, both in France and Spain. The septennial act was carried; but the proposal for reducing the interest on the public debt, to defray the charges of the war, was lost. Châteaubriand, who refused to defend the bill, was dismissed from the ministry, and in the *Journal des Débats*, he became a strenuous opponent of de Villèle's government.

Louis XVIII. died in September, 1824. Though too vacillating in his policy, he had prudence enough, so long as he was equal to the task, in some measure to moderate the ultra-royalists; but during the last years of his life, he yielded to the influence of his brother Charles, and of de Villèle. Previously to this, he wanted firmness to keep down the ascendancy of the fanatical party, who wished to put back the political time-piece, to the days of the

* The name of a large political, secret society in Italy, who originally called themselves *Colliers*.

old regime; while proscriptions, and executions, and the massacres of the south, recalled the reign of terror, converted friends to enemies, and formed an indelible blot on the government, under whose sway they occurred.

France was indebted to Decazes for many of those plans for the improvement of commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and the mechanic arts, which marked the æra of the Restoration; during which period, the country was in a state of great physical prosperity. With this minister, the chance of the continuance of the Bourbon dynasty fell. When he began to yield to an aristocratic alteration in the existing popular law of election, and, in other respects, to recede from his former position, he arrayed against him Lafayette, and the liberals, and, at the same time, failed to conciliate Labourdonnaye, and the royalists, who looked on his measures with suspicion and contempt; while he forfeited the support of Foy, Constant, and the *Doctrinaires*.

Charles X. ascended the throne with popularity, in some measure on account of his personal activity as compared with the late King, and his royal manners. His abolition of the censorship of the public journals, produced an enthusiasm in his favour that was altogether remarkable; but it was a momentary flash, which soon proved to be a delusive harbinger of prosperity:—the spirit of the reign

soon sealed the fate of the monarchy. The line of policy adopted by the King, and de Villèle, gratified the aristocratical and *theocratic* party, while the government was becoming daily more unpopular. The bill for indemnifying the emigrants to the amount of nearly thirty millions sterling, and that for reducing the interest on stock, called forth loud condemnation.

The ecclesiastical measures betrayed the bigotry of the priest-ridden monarch; and, among these, a law of sacrilege was passed, punishing the profanation of sacred places and utensils with death. Superstition increased; processions were multiplied in the streets; and the Romish clergy, and the Jesuits, gained more influence than they had possessed since the times preceding the Revolution. The law relating to primogeniture, though thrown out by the peers, had been adopted by the Deputies, and was regarded, by the nation, as an index of the wish of the government to found a new aristocracy, and to disturb that legal equality of all, so dear to Frenchmen. The enormous expenses of the Spanish campaign, and the ill-concealed abuses which increased the amount, did not add to the popularity of the ministers.

The royalists, and the Jesuit party, were now at more open war with the liberals, two of whose journals were prosecuted. The government became more and more alienated from the feelings of the people;

and the state of things in Portugal, South America, and Greece, augmented the excitement. The failure of the law to crush the freedom of the press, was followed by violent demonstrations of joy, illuminations, and riots attended with bloodshed. The national guard testified their feelings against the ministry, at a review of 45,000 men in the Champ de Mars, and the next morning they were disbanded.

An *ordonnance* established a rigorous censorship of the press, which had been denied by the legislature, and this, the most obnoxious of all measures, was made to tell its own tale, by whole columns of the journals appearing blank. De Villèle saw that the ministry was losing ground: he dissolved the Chamber, and seventy-six new peers were created. The elections were unfavourable to the ministry, and, in the rejoicings at Paris, fifty persons were killed by the *gendarmes*.

The triumph of the liberals was followed by the resignation of de Villèle,—a man of talent, but not possessed of grasp enough for the crisis:—a slave to circumstances, without a grand principle; often acting contrary to his convictions, in order to obviate the difficulty of the moment, or to avoid resigning; and who drove the chariot of the monarchy to the verge of an abyss, from which it was scarcely possible for it to be recovered.

De Martignac was at the head of the next ministry, in January 1828; and he appears to have been

soon convinced that it was not in his power to save the throne. Most of the members of the administration had been supporters of de Villèle; but their measures were more moderate and liberal than his. They had to manage four or five different parties in the Chamber, besides the court. The liberal party carried, by a small majority, the insertion, in the address to the King, of the words *système déplorable*, as applicable to de Villèle's administration; and after gaining strength by the informality of some of the elections, they proposed the impeachment of the late ministry, charging Villèle with 'high treason against the people,' with causing the Spanish war, the disbanding of the national guards, the support given to the Jesuits, and the Trappists, the creation of seventy-six peers, and with interfering in the elections. The impeachment fell to the ground, but it manifested the state of parties. The ministers conceded the dismissal of obnoxious *préfets*, more liberty to the press, and a law to regulate the jury, and the elections, the purity of which had been much corrupted by their predecessors. The ordinance which the King was obliged to grant, calculated to check the influence of the Jesuits, raised the hostility of the clergy, who pronounced it to be a conspiracy against religion; but the Pope advised them to yield.

The ministry were not cordially supported by

the King, nor, on the other hand, had the *côté gauche*, or liberal side of the Chamber, sufficient confidence in them: hence they had no solid basis. The King thought they were too much influenced by popular opinion; but, after de Villèle's strong anti-popular measures, the concessions they made, appeared to the nation like an acknowledgment of the weakness of a government, which only gave what was wrung from it, instead of spontaneously devising liberal things.* The former administration had trodden on the extreme limit of authorised power, and this aggression had not overawed the liberal party,—the concessions of the present administration were a kind of retreat, not a pacification. Hostility to the Bourbons was gaining ground, and there was an increasing impression that they could not stand.

One of the most popular deeds of this ministry, was their determination not to remove, on account of political opinions, any of the officers who commanded the troops in the Morea. This declaration added to the displeasure of the ultra-royalists, while loud complaints were heard from the liberals, in consequence of a measure of a very different character,—the granting of pensions to peers whose income

* How different a spirit actuated the framers of the English Reform Bill!—many persons of the most liberal politics were not more gratified, than surprised, at the extent and generosity of the plan.

was less than 30,000 francs. At length, the ministry could command neither party, and Charles determined on the experiment of a decidedly royalist government.

De Villèle's ministry had been characterised as *le ministère déplorable*,—that of de Martignac, as *le ministère phraséologue*,—and now, on the 8th of August, 1829, came *le ministère impossible*, composed of the Prince de Polignac, a bigotted Romanist, who was completely identified with the old regime, Labourdonnaye, a violent partisan of the *côté droit*, or aristocratical side of the Chamber, and other high royalists. The nation saw, in the King's choice, open war with free institutions, and that the attempt to bring the monarchy into union with them was abandoned: hence the cry against the ministry was universal. Labourdonnaye soon resigned; and, after various changes in the cabinet, de Polignac alone retained his place, to guide his new colleagues to the edge of that precipice over which they were about to plunge both themselves, and their infatuated sovereign.

The King's speech, on the 2nd of March, 1830, as remarkable for its graceful emphasis, as for its lofty spirit, caused an instant depression in the funds. The address of the Deputies was carried against the ministers, condemning their presumed line of policy, and respectfully warning the King, of the consequences of continuing in office an administration to which the nation

was strongly hostile. Charles replied that his resolutions were fixed, and that his ministers would represent his views. The Chambers were immediately prorogued, and great excitement followed all over France, accompanied with a furious paper war. Associations were formed for printing pamphlets to oppose the government. The names of the majority who voted the address, were published in various forms,—and to have been *en des* 221, was a badge of honour. The ministers *purified*, as it was called, every branch of the administration, and many *préfets*, and other officers, who were not sufficiently subservient, were dismissed, journalists were prosecuted, and the sale of snuff-boxes and other articles, inscribed ‘221,’ were prohibited.

The anniversary of the entry of Charles X. into Paris, was celebrated with great pageantry, and the deluded monarch, and his ministers, were securely dreaming, amidst the full pomp of monarchy, on the brink of ruin. The Chamber of Deputies was dissolved, to re-assemble in August; and the King sought to influence the elections, by a weak and ridiculous proclamation,—while the ministers plied all the manœuvres used by de Villèle, in 1824. The success of the French arms at Algiers, was known in Paris on the 9th of July; and amidst fêtes, and *Te Deums*, and illuminations, the ministry seemed to think they saw the prelude to gaining a triumph over liberty at home, and some of their abettors broached this doctrine.

De Polignac became more violent and determined, and at the same time more detested; while the priests enchained the conscience of the monarch, and blinded his mental vision. The elections increased the opposition to two hundred and eighty votes. The ministers immediately concerted with the King to suspend the liberty of the press, —and with the will, but without the talent for despotism, they drew up a miserable state-paper, which attempted to shield, by sophistry, what no reasoning could reconcile with the Charter. The celebrated and fatal *ordonnances*, were issued on the 26th of July,—one dissolved the Chamber, and consequently annulled all the elections; a second entirely extinguished the freedom of the press; and the third commanded a new and aristocratical law of election. Most of the liberal journalists determined that their papers should appear, in spite of the *ordonnances*; and their seizure, on the 27th of July, was the signal of revolution.

Desperate conflicts now began, between the people and the soldiery; the Marseillaise Hymn, the song of the revolution, was on innumerable tongues; and all Paris was in arms. The pavements, and the public carriages, were converted into barricades, across the streets and boulevards; and, for three days, the contest was going on, in various parts of the city: in the mean time, Charles had fled,—the tri-colored flag waved over the royal palaces,—and the Bourbons had ceased to reign.

Upwards of 3,000 individuals were killed, or wounded, during the progress of this Revolution,—another awful example of the consequences of attempting to maintain arbitrary power, in opposition to the growth and developement of the national mind ! No crisis ever bore more completely the aspect of a struggle for principles. It was a moral revolution, like that of America,—not a scene of anarchy and plunder among citizens,—but of a people fighting for their liberties, against the instruments of arbitrary power.

It is melancholy that so much blood must be shed, to teach princes that they can no longer hold their crowns as an independent patrimony, apart from the voice of those over whom they reign !—The proudest monarchs must be exiles from their thrones, to proclaim to all other potentates, that their power, and their grandeur, exist but for the good of the community:—that hereditary government is but a form, in which the majesty of nations may be embodied most safely for themselves, and that when any *legitimate* ruler ceases to reign for the public weal,—tramples on the sacred claims of freedom,—and forgets the interests of millions in his own will, the time is come for a higher power to utter forth its mandate,—that kings may know that the source of all sovereignty, on earth, is in the people,—before the indignant thunders of whose voice, no tyranny can stand.

LETTER XXII.

Religion in France—History of Protestantism—Persecutions—
Present state of Protestantism—Institutions, and exertions—
Toleration—Moral state of France—Infidelity—Romanism—
—Demoralisation of the capital—Versailles—St. Cloud—Mont
Calvaire—Ruel—St. Denis—Amiens.

THE entire population of France is estimated at 33,000,000, of whom only about a million and a-half are nominally Protestant: the rest are Roman Catholics and unbelievers. Though, in the large towns, the majority of the *men* may with propriety be regarded as of an infidel character, the great body of the people are still, in a considerable degree, attached to the Romish religion. There has been a gradual re-action, of late years, in its favour, and this has no doubt been very much owing to the bitter experience which many thousands have had, of the effects of infidelity, and their ignorance of a system which can better meet

the wants of the immortal spirit, and lay a more satisfactory foundation for human hope, than Romanism.

The hierarchy and ecclesiastics consist of 14 archbishops,—of whom two are also cardinals,—66 bishops, 174 vicars-general, 680 canons, and 29,495 inferior clergy,—making a total of 30,429. The amount which is to be paid from the treasury for their support, during the year 1836, is 33,976,600 francs, or 1,359,064 pounds sterling; and for 1837, it is likely to be rather more than 34,000,000 of francs. The ministers of the established Protestant church are in number 596, of whom 366 are Reformed, and 230 Lutheran, the latter being chiefly confined to those parts of France which are adjacent to Germany. Each denomination has a Theological College, in which the candidates for the ministry are educated: that of the Reformed Church is at Montauban, and that of the Lutheran at Strasburg. The sum appropriated by the government for the maintenance of the Protestant worship, during the year 1836, is 856,000 francs, or 34,240 pounds; and it is probable that it will be increased, for the following year, to 890,000 francs, or 35,600 pounds.

The history of the Reformed religion in France, has been a truly mournful one. After the sanguinary wars of the League, the Huguenots obtained from Henry IV., in 1598, the celebrated

Edict of Nantes, which guaranteed their civil and religious liberties. The measures of Louis XIII. again roused them to defend their rights by arms, and that monarch was compelled to confirm the Edict. During the greater part of the reign of Louis XIV., this engagement, which he, with his two predecessors, had declared to be perpetual, was shamefully broken; and at length the last semblance of legal protection was removed, by the formal revocation of the Edict, in 1685. This abolition of liberty of conscience, was followed by torture, and military executions, wholesale murders, the destruction of the Protestant churches, and the flight of more than 500,000 of the most virtuous and industrious of the citizens of France, from their native land.

From this period, the Protestants were exposed to every kind of oppression; and during the reign of Louis XV., while religion was reviving in England, by means of the scope which freedom gave to the labours of Whitfield and Wesley, France was filling up the measure of her iniquities, by adding, to the profligacy of her court, and the demoralisation of her people, the guilt of carrying on a fierce persecution against the best part of her population. The Protestants, whose only crime was their religion, were tracked and hunted from their caves and hiding places, by bloodhounds; condemned to prisons and galleys; subjected to various kinds of

torture, with the loss of property and life; and several of their ministers were publicly executed.

It was not till the Revolution was making rapid strides towards producing a universal change, that the Protestants obtained the first shadow of a civil existence, in 1787, through the agency of such men as Turgot, Malesherbes, and especially Lafayette,—men who were among the best and most judicious friends of the unfortunate Louis XVI. But the Protestants were still without freedom; they existed only on sufferance; and they had much to receive from a new order of things, which, however, they were unjustly charged, as a body, with bringing about. Towards the close of 1789, the Romish clergy, many of whom had previously been the promoters of change, became alarmed for the property of the church, and the Protestants were made the scapegoats of the Revolution. The massacres at Nîmes, in 1790, and the dreadful re-action which attended them, were occasioned by the attempts of the fanatical partisans to produce a counter-revolution, in the south of France, on pretence of upholding the Romish religion; and the Commissioners appointed by the King and the National Assembly, in their report, entirely vindicated the Protestants from blame.

The confusion and disorganisation that ensued on the progress of the Revolution, gave the fanatic party the opportunity of occasionally renewing

their attacks in the south of France, till the consolidation of power in the strong hand of Bonaparte restrained their fury; and the Protestants, during his sway, enjoyed their civil rights. The Restoration found them honourably sustaining those relations to the State, to which they had been admitted from the beginning of the Revolution; but the proclamation which announced the return of the Bourbons, was the tocsin for the commencement of scenes which were not unworthy of the days of Charles IX., or of the assassinations and butcheries of the Jacobins, in the worst times of the Revolution. The cruel outrages, and the treacherous and atrocious massacres, that took place at Nismes, and in other parts of the department of the *Gard*,* in 1814, 1815, and 1816, by the agency of the partisans of the refugee priesthood, are a blot of infamy on the escutcheon of the Restora-

* Amidst cries of *Vive le Roi*, in the taverns and public places, the sanguinary persecutors were accustomed to sing, in the *patois* of the country, cannibal songs, in the chorus of which were the words,—‘*We will wash our hands in the blood of the Protestants—we will make black-puddings of the blood of Calvin’s children!*’

Lavaren nostri mans

Dia lou sang di Proutestans.

Duon sang deis enfans de Calvin

Faren de bondin.

See the *History of the Persecutions of the Protestants*, by the Rev Mark Wilks, who has during many years employed himself for the religious benefit of France.

tion which will never be effaced. During these years, and even to a later period, the Protestants were the victims of a ferocious bigotry and intolerance, under the mask of loyalty to the Bourbons; and the government, if it did not connive at their sufferings, at least maintained a faithless and disgraceful indifference to them, notwithstanding the promises of the Charter.

The Revolution of 1830 secured to the Protestants all their rights, and placed them, in relation to the State, on the same footing as the Catholics. Provision has been made that, in the Royal and Communal Colleges, as well as in the Normal and Primary Schools, the children of Protestants may receive instruction in the religious faith of their parents; which law protects them from the proselyting influence of the Catholic priesthood. This just and wise course of policy emanated from the King Louis Philippe himself, and M. Guizot, his late Minister of Public Instruction.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Protestant churches in France, like those in many other parts of the continent, declined greatly from the doctrines and piety of the Reformation; but, for the last fifteen years, evangelical religion has been making gradual progress, and there are now many faithful and zealous ministers of the Gospel.

Numerous institutions have been established, the object of which is to extend the kingdom of Christ: as the *French and Foreign Bible Society*; which, during 1835, the second year of its existence, has distributed six or seven thousand copies of the Scriptures: the *Protestant Bible Society*; which has circulated thousands of the same, for many years: the *Paris Tract Society*, which, in 1834, issued half a million of tracts: a *Missionary Society*, which supports nine labourers in South Africa: a *Society for the Education of Poor Children*, which has nearly 800, in its establishment in Paris: and the important and useful *Evangelical Society*, for promoting in France, the preaching of the Gospel, the dissemination of the Scriptures and religious books, the encouragement of pious schoolmasters, education for the ministry, and the building of chapels.

Good is also attempted from without. The *British and Foreign Bible Society* maintains a large depository in Paris, from which, in 1835, upwards of 60,000 copies of the Scriptures were sent forth to benefit France. The *Evangelical Society of Geneva* employs several preachers, and about twenty *colporteurs*, who labour in the eastern departments of the kingdom. The *European Missionary Society* has also ten or more agents in this wide field: and the *Wesleyan Missionary Society* maintains thirteen or fourteen ministers, of

whom five or six address English congregations in Paris, Boulogne, Calais, and other places; while others preach in French.

So far as *law* extends, toleration, or rather religious liberty, is enjoyed in France; but the efforts which are made, to promote evangelical religion, are still liable to vexatious hindrances. A law exists, directed against seditious publications, which prohibits the sale or distribution of pamphlets, tracts, and the like,—but has been explained, by *ordonnance*, not to include *Bibles*; yet the subordinate officers of the police sometimes give trouble to Bible-agents. Religious tracts cannot be safely distributed without a written license from the *Préfet* of a department, or other officer; and when he happens to be either ignorant or bigotted, the license is difficult to obtain. Redress indeed, in case of grievance, can always be found by applying to the government; but this cannot be done without trouble and delay. By the Charter of 1830, perfect freedom of worship is secured to all; but an old unrepealed law, which forbids an assembly of more than twenty persons, without permission from the magistrates, is sometimes annoyingly brought forward to contravene the Charter. It will require time to drill the local agents, the *Préfets*, and *Sous-Préfets*, who are often under priestly influence, into those just sentiments on this subject, which characterize the government:

but those who have the best means of judging, think there is much in this country to encourage the highest anticipations of Christians.*

The influence which France has exercised on all the surrounding nations, renders its moral and religious state, not only a topic of local, but of European interest. The unbelief which has so widely prevailed, has gone hand in hand with a false philosophy, flattering to the national vanity,—an extreme corruption of manners,—and a despised and palsied system of superstition, which haunted the imagination, when it did not restrain the conduct. The infidelity of France is eminently that of the heart, which has rejected God, for the idolatry of the passions.

The authority of the philosophers has been greatly weakened, in all reflecting minds; and the unbelief of the encyclopædists, has been found to have no real basis, in those sciences which it was wont to boast of as the foundation of its speculations. An enlarged and advanced system of knowledge has brought no incense to the flimsy sophistry of the school of Voltaire, and his kindred band of virtual atheists. Infidelity and materialism have

* For those of the above statements which relate to the present aspect of Protestantism in France, and for some valuable facts of the same kind in regard to Belgium, and Switzerland, the author is indebted to his esteemed friend the Rev. Robert Baird, of Paris.

been felt, by many, to be too cold an abstraction, and connected with too gloomy prospects, to lay a firm hold on the mind. Some of the events of the political world, which have swept over France like a destructive whirlwind, have taught awful lessons of the miseries and horrors, which desolate a nation when the passions of men once break loose, unrestrained by moral principle, and the sanctions of religion !

These and similar considerations, have been forced on the attention of thousands; and however sunk in apathy to religion, or in moral corruption, are millions of the French,—it may be hoped that infidelity has passed the zenith of its pride and glory. It has indeed descended in the scale of society, where it may still be found boldly rearing its head; but men of politics, and literature, and taste, are no longer, as they were half a century ago, in the foreground of unbelief, as the loudest claimants of the character of *esprits forts*. Religion, of some kind, has been felt to be necessary; and since the late revolution, there has been a change in favour of Romanism, a very considerable increase having taken place in the attendance on the Catholic worship, particularly among the superior classes of society. The withholding of political power from the clergy, which has rendered the Revolution of 1830, so obnoxious to them, has been coeval with an increase in their

real influence, and the result has been very far from showing that even a deeply erroneous and corrupt religion must 'lift its mitred front in courts and parliaments,' in order to gain an ascendancy over the public mind.

The religious liberty, also, which it is the aim of the new government to secure, has, in some cases, left room for the spontaneous offer of homage to a ceremonial, which lofty spirits, not wholly subdued by superstition, disdained to pay, till they could yield it unbought,—when it was no longer, as in the case of our own once disgraceful Test Act, a moral prostitution for the sake of place and honour. It is true indeed that Romanism has hitherto been the chief gainer by what infidelity has lost; but we must look at the effect of religious liberty on the grand scale. The advantages that will result from leaving religion to itself, to fight its own battles, are becoming every day more apparent in France. It is in this way alone, that the friends of the gospel will be enabled to obtain legitimate and untarnished victories, over a sentimental superstition on the one hand, and a turbulent and democratic atheism on the other. Not long ago, a mistaken suspicion of collusion between the Romish clergy and the government, to restrain the licentiousness of the press, at once opened anew the brazen mouths of infidelity, to vent their rage and venom against Christianity itself.

The irreligion, unbelief, and vice of Paris, have long been a theme of sorrow to the Christian philanthropist, and a master element of social disorder and misery to the nation. The trite remark that '*Paris is France*,' is scarcely less true of its moral influence over the country, than of its political importance. While the revolutions which have occurred in the capital, have quickly extended themselves to the Jura and the Pyrenees, the Belgic border and the Ocean,—the opinions and the manners, the literature and the habits, which are diffused through France, in the great towns, acknowledge Paris as their grand source: It has unquestionably the full influence of a great metropolis; and its own population, of nearly 800,000 souls, gives to it a momentous moral interest. The demoralising practice of gaming is one of the most preminent evils in this vast city; and the precious time that is lost, and the misery that is entailed, by this dominating mischief, and especially the suicides which it occasions, are appalling to contemplate.*

The desecration of the Sabbath, is a characteristic

* There is a place in Paris, on the north bank of the Seine, called *la Morgue*, in which the bodies of persons unknown, that have been found dead, are exposed for three days to public view, that they may be claimed by their relatives; and it is calculated that there are three cases of suicide to one of murder, though instances of the latter frequently occur, from quarrels at the gambling houses.

of Paris, which cannot fail to strike the observation of every Englishman. Extensively as this day of religious privilege is undervalued in our own metropolis, there is no comparison between the two cities, in respect to its outward observance. In Paris, the markets, and half the shops, are open during the morning, and the proportion of ~~men~~ who attend worship in the churches is small. After mass the Champ de Mars is frequently the scene of horse-racing, and Charles X., and his court, were accustomed to encourage this Sunday amusement by their presence. Various museums are open to the public during the day; and it is a favourite time for many of the sons of science to make excursions into the country, for the purpose of collecting specimens of vegetable, or mineral nature.

In the evening, the numerous coffee-houses are full, the shops are shut, the semblance of religion which the morning attendance in the churches presented, is over; the public gardens, and all the humbler rendezvous of pleasure in the environs, are thronged; the theatres are open; the Champs Elysées, and the Boulevards, are crowded; and gaiety and dissipation reign triumphant. The Christian Sabbath has thus been almost universally lost, as to its effect on the population; and the Catholic religion has proved but an inefficient control to the depravity of this great city, which is one of the

most licentious in Christendom. With an external decency of manners,—with less of vulgar and obtrusive vice, than is seen in the English capital, Paris is unquestionably in a far more extensively and deeply diseased moral condition.* Vice is here legitimated, and can lift its head as virtue, without a brand. Domestic life, the cradle of national morality, the guarantee of social order, and the nursery of religion, has long been strangely and extensively polluted; the home has ceased to be the school of virtue, and a predominant licentiousness, and a laxity in the conjugal bond, have converted the hearth into an altar to vice. The gospel will here have to gain triumphs, almost similar to those which it has achieved in heathen countries, in altering the very structure of society, and in annihilating practices which, though utterly repugnant to Christianity, have obtained the sanction of custom, and are not considered disreputable, in the heart of Christendom.

Few strangers visit Paris without making an excursion to the sumptuous palace of VERSAILLES: nor is there any other single object that conveys

* For several years in succession, 8,000 children, born in Paris, have been deserted by both their parents, and left to the care of the hospitals.

such an impression of the luxury and grandeur of the reign of Louis XIV.,—that brilliant and delusive era in the French monarchy, which was but the prelude to its decline and fall. The city of Versailles itself, one of the most beautiful in France, is overlooked by the traveller, in his admiration of the vast and splendid château, the apartments of which are in number upwards of 1,500; and the whole extent of the western front is nearly 2,000 feet.

The extensive gardens are as striking as the fabric itself; and the vast basins, the splendid water-works, and fountains; the pavilions and temples; the innumerable statues; the parterres, the shrubberies, and the orangery; the magnificent avenues; the exquisite secluded spots, among which are the *Bains d'Apollon*, and the *Bosquet de la Colonnade*;—in short, the objects of lavish grandeur, which are seen on every side, including the two small palaces within the precincts,—and the theatrical effect of the whole scene, complete the picture of a reign of magnificent conceptions, and of the triumph of the arts,—but, at the same time, of unbounded and ruinous luxury; and a melancholy gloom seemed to overhang the tranquil lake, which lay solemnly shaded at the extremity of the vista formed by the trees of the great avenue which leads from the terrace; and the silent stateliness and pomp of all things, appeared fraught

with the images of revolution, and to tell of those scenes with which it here opened on astonished Europe.

ST. CLOUD is a *bijou* of a palace, with an elegant and costly interior, and noble gardens. This was the favourite residence of Bonaparte; and it was at this place that he began his extraordinary career, by dissolving the Directory who were holding their session in one of the halls. Here too was signed the second capitulation of Paris, when the mighty chief finally ceased to reign.—On the way from this place the rich and beautiful collection of porcelain, in the manufactory at *Sèvres*, well repaid our curiosity.

On a former visit to Paris, a remarkable scene presented itself at *Mont Calvaire*, at the fête of the '*exaltation of the holy cross*.' Nothing could exceed this exhibition of superstition. Three crosses, with figures on them as large as life, stood on the summit of the hill; and, below, a ghastly figure represented Christ in the tomb, round which devotees were kneeling, and offering tapers. The adjacent church was crowded with worshippers; and after mass, the Bishop of Nancy, in his robes and mitre, with his crosier in his hand, and attended by a train-bearer, walked down the hill, in procession, to the grave-yard, and, standing amidst the tombs, delivered an address to the living, exhorting them to pray for the departed. The people afterwards

re-ascended the hill, singing one of the *Cantiques de Calvaire*, which expressed, in the most harrowing language, the lamentations and cries of a soul in purgatory. What a strange mixture do Paris, and its environs, present, of superstition and infidelity !

ST. DENIS is a place of great interest, as the burial place of the French kings, for more than a thousand years. Louis XIV. declared that the reason why he left his palace at St. Germain was, that he did not like to see the steeple of St. Denis always before his eyes. Alas ! the glories of his reign were not those which would tend to render agreeable the contemplation of the hour, when he must be numbered among his ancestors, in the last of all pomps, that of death !—During the Revolution, so great was the hatred against monarchy, that the bodies of several of the kings were dragged from their repose, and their bones scattered in the air ; but the tombs have been restored, and the crypts in which they are contained, constitute one of the most impressive and interesting sights in the neighbourhood of Paris. In one part of the vaults, we saw the coffin of the unfortunate Prince de Condé, in a dark apartment, gloomily lighted by a lamp which is always kept burning.

The church itself is undergoing a thorough repair, and will be one of the most brilliant temples of Romanism, though the oriflamme of the ancient kings no longer waves over its altar, and its trea-

sure, once among the richest in Christendom, is despoiled. The tomb of Francis I., which is in the nave, is considered the finest in France. Bonaparte did much to restore this beautiful church, after it was dismantled, in the reign of anarchy : and he was ambitious to mingle his ashes, here, with those of the legitimate monarchs, in a vault, for the security of which he prepared massy brazen gates :—but his last home was destined to be in another, and far distant clime.

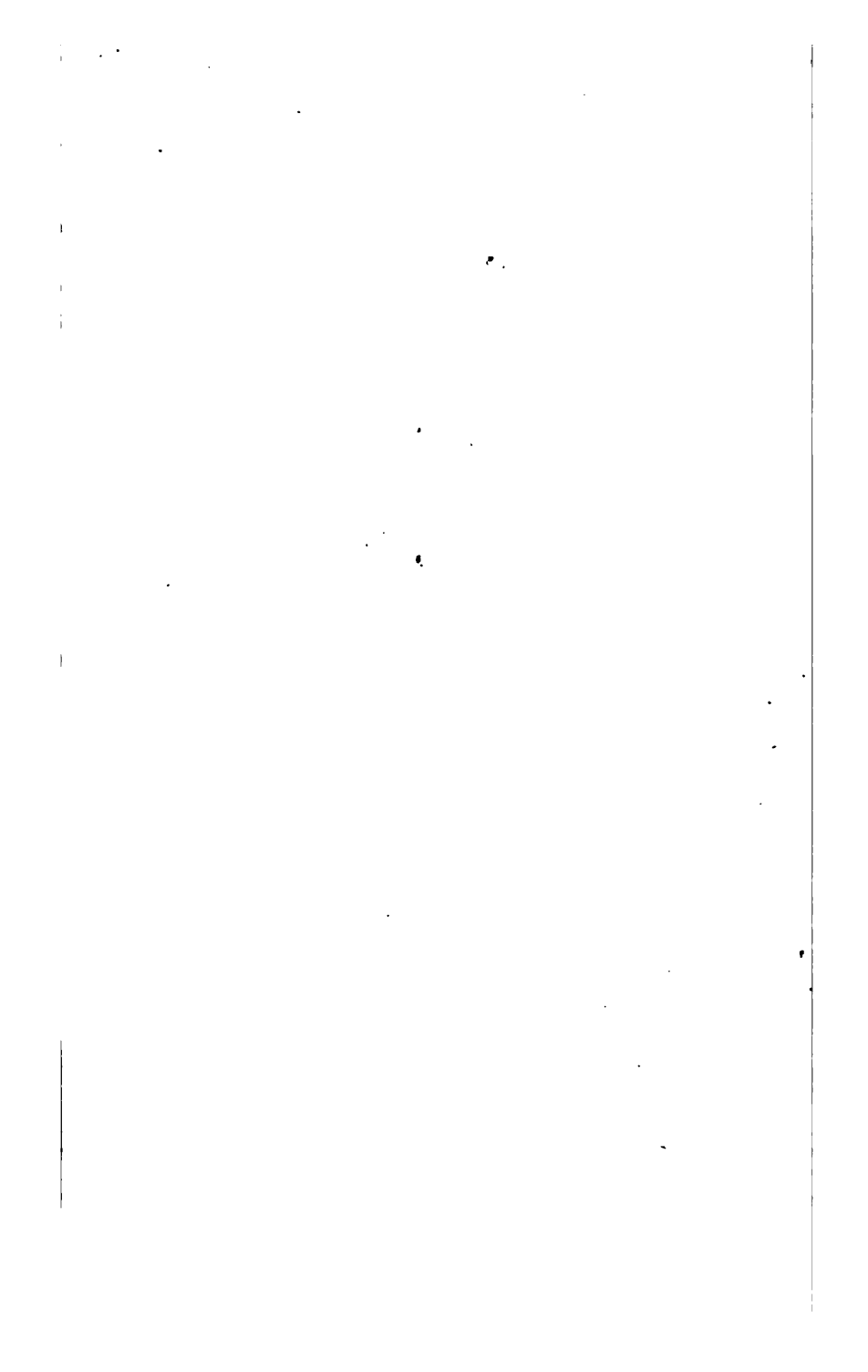
A tedious journey to Calais, of two nights and a day, relieved by a stay at AMIENS just long enough to inspect the stately cathedral,—and a short but stormy passage across the channel,—brought us to the white cliffs of Dover, and to the shores which Almighty Goodness defended by the billows that roll upon them, when the flames of war desolated the Continent of Europe.

THE END.

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